

THE WESTERN
HOME MONTHLY

THE NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY

OCTOBER
1932

10¢



“Canada’s Greatest Magazine”

See Page 63

Have **YOU** tasted this famous bacon smoked the new way?

(Pardon us, madam, while we talk to your husband. He's interested in this, we're sure, because it concerns a dish men are mighty particular about—their breakfast bacon.)

MEN: There's a new sort of bacon on the market—incomparably better. A famous old brand . . . the largest-selling bacon in the world . . . Swift's Premium . . . but smoked a new way. Swift's Premium . . . *Ovenized!* In three different ways it's finer than ever before.

FLAVOR. A richer blend of fine meat flavor and the tang from hardwood smoke. Zestful. Yet it scores one hundred for mildness too.

TENDERNESS. Tenderness that yields instantly to your fork . . . a melting texture on your tongue.

COLOR. Even the color is finer. A brighter, ruddier brown. A powerful appetizer, the sight of this bacon sizzling in the pan.



You can enjoy this new goodness only if you get Swift's Premium Bacon. All Swift's Premium Bacon is *Ovenized*. No other kind is. Buy it ready-sliced in pound and half-pound packages or sliced from the slab. Both packages and slab are easy to identify. The packages are plainly marked Swift's Premium, and the slab bears the word SWIFT in tiny brown dots down the full length of the side.

Swift Canadian Co., Limited
Purveyors of Fine Foods



Three important improvements—all due to an improved way of smoking!

Years ago Swift perfected a way to keep Premium always uniform. There's been no change in that. No change either in the unique mild Premium cure. None in the long smoking over hardwood fires.

Only the *way* of smoking is different. By a special method, Swift's Premium Bacon is smoked in ovens—*Ovenized*. Tasting alone can tell you all this change has meant.

Take home a package of Swift's Premium, and you'll see the dawn of a new era of breakfast table pleasure. With her first taste, your wife will thank you for the tip. You can get Swift's Premium Bacon—the only kind that's *Ovenized*—from any quality dealer.

HEAR "THE STEBBINS BOYS"—Outstandingly popular radio program, evenings over WJZ and coast-to-coast N.B.C. networks.



SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON

Ovenized

ALL SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAMS ARE OVENIZED, TOO



"I TELL YOU *it's a tragedy* TO LOSE THESE TWO TEETH *... in front...*"

THE SPAN of good looks is lengthening along with the span of life. Both men and women are learning to *care more* about preserving the outward signs of youth—the complexion, the hair, the teeth. Treatments have improved so rapidly—science has done so much to help—that there is little or no excuse for failure.

When teeth begin to "go," for instance, it cannot be blamed wholly on Nature. It is largely a personal failure—a lack of care or a lowering of personal standards. That is how our acquaintances are likely to regard it, and *that* is the real tragedy.

More than fifty teeth in a hundred . . .

More than half the adult teeth that are lost (more than fifty in every hundred) are chargeable to that all-too-common condition of the gums known as pyorrhea. Many people are

careless about pyorrhea. To them it is always "someone else" who is going to get it. And then comes the discovery that the silent disease has been sapping the structure of their gums and teeth, perhaps for years. With this stealthy approach, is it any wonder that four out of five people over forty are afflicted with pyorrhea?

Devoted 26 years to pyorrhea study

Dental science has made great progress in the treatment of this undermining disease of the gums, but professional opinion is still overwhelmingly in favor of *prevention*. Probably the best-known name in the pyorrhea field in America is that of Dr. R. J. Forhan, originator of Forhan's Toothpaste for the teeth *and* gums. Another preparation he perfected is used by thousands of dentists from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This is Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent

for dentists' use only. Dr. Forhan devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research and practice. Both products contain the same active ingredient. So let your dentist give you a close examination twice a *year* and use Forhan's at home twice a *day*!

Fight against the loss of your natural teeth

Avoid the tragedy of lost teeth. Don't wait for bleeding gums to tell you. Use Forhan's night and morning, on teeth *and* on gums. See the directions. Take this matter seriously and instruct your children too. Forhan's is the finest toothpaste you can buy, but it is more than that. It's the double-duty toothpaste. There's a big *protection-plus* in every tube. And the big brown tube lasts a long time. Forhan's Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S



"Such skin troubles usually result from faulty elimination"

explains DR. KOENIGSTEIN, the celebrated Vienna skin specialist

DID you know that the condition of your skin depends very largely on the functioning of certain *internal* organs?

That is the subject of an important medical treatise by Dr. Hans Koenigstein, head of the Clinic for Skin Diseases in the great Rothschild Hospital in Vienna. *He says:—*

"A great number of persistent and painful skin diseases can be traced directly to disturbances of the digestion brought on by the retention of waste matter in the intestines. I have found that troubles such as pimples, boils and acne are usually the result of faulty elimination.

"Laxatives and cathartics cannot correct this trouble permanently. The dermatologist will find in fresh yeast a food of great value in overcoming constipation and the resulting skin diseases.

"Fresh yeast acts to clear away skin eruptions *from inside the body.*"

If your skin is broken out, or your complexion dull, take this suggestion: Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day.

Eat it regularly, faithfully . . . a month, two months—as long as you like. It can't hurt you.

Then notice, not only the improvement in your complexion, but how much better you *feel*. Yeast, remember, literally strengthens and "tones" the stomach and intestines . . . stimulates secretions . . . promotes assimilation . . . purifies. It brings about easy, regular elimination of the body's waste.

You can get Fleischmann's

Yeast at grocers, drug stores, restaurants, soda fountains. Write for booklet. Dept. W-10, Standard Brands Ltd., 802 Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

DR. ENRIQUE CARRASCO CADENAS, the eminent Spanish medical leader, states: "Fresh yeast increases the self-disinfecting power of the skin." DR. HYNEK, author of "Roentgenology of Stomach and Intestines," says: "Yeast is universally recommended."

"The Doctor Suggested That I Eat Yeast . . ."

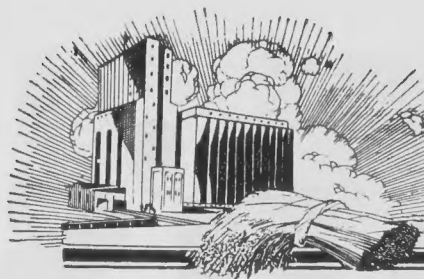
"I was terribly worried about my complexion," writes Mrs. Vera George of Montreal. "The doctor suggested that I eat Fleischmann's Yeast to clear up my blood. He said a sluggish system and impurities in the blood were the reasons for the infection.

"I ate three cakes every day. The sluggish feeling left. I have never been worried about my complexion since."



IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors recommend. Eat 3 cakes daily, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).





EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXIII

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Curtailing Privileges of Education

ONE measure of the culture of a people is the interest they show in the education of their children. When chief attention is given to the activities of adults, and when the development of children and adolescents is considered to be of secondary importance, the state is making for its own destruction. When the schools and other agencies of culture are wisely-conducted and liberally-supported the future well-being of the people is assured. The history of Persia, Greece, Scotland, might be compared with that of Rome, Spain and Mexico. The future always belongs to those who prefer spiritual excellence to material possessions.

Just now the children and youth of our own nation are in an unfortunate position. They are not receiving the same care and assistance that their parents received when young. In one-fourth of the rural schools the teaching year has been cut from ten to eight months; in some high schools instruction in the higher grades is no longer given at public expense; in the universities the practice has been adopted in more than one province of doubling the tuition fees, thus shutting many students out of the classes.

With regard to the children in the country, it may be said that parents who can buy only half the clothing that they purchased two and three years ago, do well to provide even a limited amount of school education; and in addition to this it is urged that in some respects the education given in the home is superior to that furnished by the school. It is at least practical, while that of the school is more or less bookish. Admitting the force of these arguments, it is yet painfully true that there is no deprivation that children will miss so much as the education that is given in a well-conducted elementary school. The fact that some elementary schools are not well-conducted, is no argument against schools in general. On the whole they are probably more efficient than the other institutions that are concerned with the training of children. If sacrifice has to be made at the present time, and this undoubtedly is the case, it should not be made unduly at the expense of the children.

As to children of high school age any one can understand the double harm that may be done by keeping them out of school. They are missing what they might receive in knowledge, habit and life-preparation, and, moreover, they are in danger of losing interest in life because they can find out of school no suitable occupation. There is no tragedy greater than that of young life seeking an outlet for its energies, and yet finding none, because the world has none to offer. So it is a serious thing, indeed, when the high school closes its doors to the most promising of its students. Nor does the problem find a solution in taxing those who are able to attend. In that case the children of the poor would never be admitted. They are often the very people that would profit most by attendance. In any case school fees never pay the full cost of the upkeep of a school, and in the end the very poor must help to pay the cost of educating the children of the fairly well-to-do. This, of course, is manifestly unfair.

In so far as the state undertakes the responsibility of educating its citizens, it should offer its privileges equally to all. In Canada we have for many years adopted the policy of supporting elementary and secondary education, and it is not flattering to our wisdom, our generosity and our foresight to revert to the belief and practice of last century. If there are not funds available two things may be done. The cost may be lessened by encouraging extra-mural work, the direction being furnished by the State. In addition to this, non-productive enterprises at public expense may be curtailed, and people may give up some of the luxuries in which they indulge. It is not a matter of boasting that as a people we spend far more on candies and cosmetics and moving picture shows than we spend on schools.

As to university education, there is no doubt reason for thinking that we have advanced beyond

our reasonable limit. There is only one province that can afford to support a fully-equipped university. The Western Provinces are to be congratulated on their ambition but not on their wisdom, in emulating the larger universities. Were the courses offered less pretentious, and more in keeping with the modest demands of a young country, the cost of operation would be reduced, and the doubling of fees would be unnecessary. There is no reason why summer schools doing university work should be self-supporting, and the cost of university during the winter should be so excessive. In any case the same objection to increase of fee holds, as was put forth in discussing the high school. In this country we should stand for equality of opportunity.

Speaking generally, it may be said that if Canadians are prepared to get back to the simple life, and are prepared to conduct higher education on simpler lines, they can keep all schools open. The first care of a country is the education of its youth.

The Foundation of Righteousness

"VANITY of vanities," saith the preacher, "All is vanity." Were he here today his words of wisdom could well be uttered as a warning to those who in their efforts to make all are losing all.

We can almost hear him say: "Men, old and young! Give up trying to make yourselves honored and happy by amassing wealth. Your honor and happiness depend upon what you are and not upon what you have."

We can hear him also saying: "Nations of men everywhere! Give up this notion that a country's progress can be measured by the number and strength of its industries, the volume of its trade, and the number of its wealthy men. There is only one measure of greatness—the character of the people."

Canada has a right to be proud of the standards set up and adhered to by her pioneers. The story of the early days is rich in deeds of heroism, in illustrations of unselfishness and kindly co-operation.

She has a right, also, to be proud of her record as a nation. She has gone from triumph to triumph, in trade and industry, in invention and discovery, but never for a moment has she neglected the educational and religious training of her people. Her churches and schools have won the commendation of visitors from all lands. In the fields of science, literature, philosophy, and even in the field of sport her sons have achieved world distinction. She has by no means been the least among the nations.

But there are those who say that now she is slipping. The personal qualities that distinguished her pioneers are no longer revered; trickery and dishonesty are daily practised; there is bitterness in politics, in trade, in religion; and through it all there are evidences of man's inhumanity to man.

Unfortunately there is some reason for these gloomy outpourings. There was never in the olden days in Canada anything that approached the domination of trade, industry and politics by a few highly-privileged people. The power of the textile trusts during the recent Conference, and the influence of the power trusts during the last election, are sufficient proof of the statement. Nor were there in earlier days violations of trust equal to those of today. There were fewer who were compelled to take the suicide's way because of defalcation, fewer who sacrificed honor and friendship in the mad rush for wealth. The current of life is no longer that of a smoothly-moving stream. It resembles the mad rush of a roaring mountain torrent. It is not surprising that many crafts are capsized in mid-stream.

The practical problem just now is to regain our high estate. Fundamentally this does not mean a return to the older modes of living, but a re-establishment in personal and national life of the great Christian virtues. There is no other way to greatness. Personal honor, honesty, faithfulness, are the elements of character that truly abide, whereas cunning, deceit and breach of trust end in disaster. And as for national prosperity, there is only one

method of assuring it. It would be good if every citizen every week should read again and make his own the thought of Macaulay:

Then none was for the party,
But all were for the state;
Then the rich man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then goods were fairly portioned,
Then spoils were fairly sold;
And Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Natural production, manufacture, transportation, commerce—the extension of all these is important, but the one great essential for us is that we possess that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

Patient Judgment

NOTHING that has happened in the management of Canadian institutions has shocked the people more than the exposures in Manitoba of the misuse of University and Church funds by the bursar and those directly or indirectly associated with him. It is too early to pronounce a judgment, for neither the amount of the defalcation is known, nor the nature of securities that have disappeared, nor the condition of the books, nor the persons concerned in the theft, nor the use that was made of the money, nor the responsibility for failure to check receipts and disbursements—whether it was with the Board of Governors, or with the auditors or with the bursar, or the investment company—or whether the University Act was so faulty that it made misdemeanor of this kind possible. There are a hundred things to be uncovered, and the Government has done the right thing in appointing a Judicial Committee to investigate. The Church authorities have also acted wisely in getting a committee at work. The daily press has been unreasonable in asking the Government and the Board of Governors to make a statement before there was enough information on hand to justify a judgment. Those who followed the Lindbergh case remember how everything was upset by the insane conduct of the newspapers in reporting every movement, real and fancied. It might easily be the same in this case. There are no people quite so anxious to have the whole matter sifted and to have wrong righted as the Government and the Board of Governors. Matters will not be helped by putting in the daily press the latest gossip. When a full revelation is made it will be bad enough. Sometimes those who are censured severely at first are afterwards found to be deserving of some degree of sympathy. Perhaps the real culprits have not yet been named. It may be that it is wise to let the investigating committees have a free hand.

The Twin Monsters

WHOM the gods would destroy they first drive mad. Just now we cannot get away from the impression that the nations of the world, in their stubborn resolve to retain their armaments, have gone plumb crazy. As might have been expected, Germany has now announced her intention of arming as completely as her neighbors. Thus has France's policy of security brought insecurity. Thus has further warfare been rendered more probable. Thus has growing goodwill given way to mistrust.

Nor is France alone at fault. Japan's action in the East, and the fact that her policies are shaped by the military leaders, does not permit her for a moment to consider the possibility of reducing armaments, and, so long as she manifests this attitude, the other nations will make no move.

It may be that the decision of Germany will have a wholesome effect, but this is not likely. If in times of seeming peace a disarmament conference ended in failure, it is not to be expected that the rattling of sabres in a fresh quarter will change the attitude of the nations when they meet in council.

Day by day it becomes more apparent that the primary cause of world-misfortunes is selfishness as expressed in extreme nationalism. It is coming to be such a pass that love of country is ceasing to be a virtue, because it closes the heart to the misfortunes of men and women in other lands. Armaments and tariffs! If they were only done away with, what a lovely world we might have!

Waterman's

38 MILE TEST

..like signing your name
728,514 times...

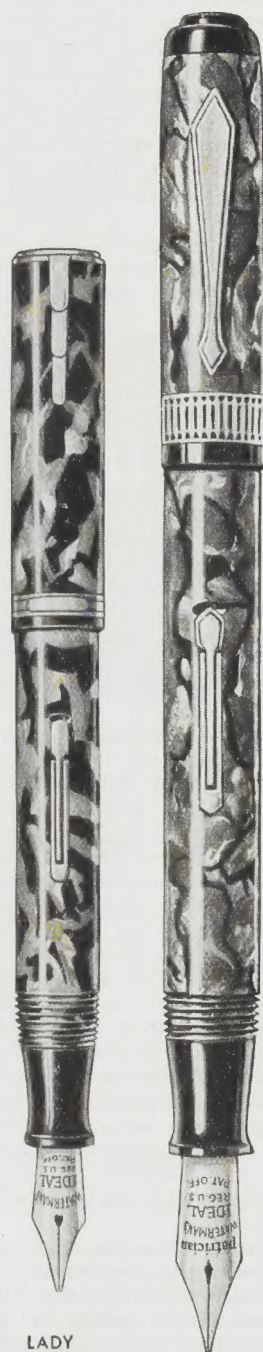
Think of it! Four pen points—a Waterman's and three competitive makes—each traversed a distance of approximately 38 miles in a mechanical writing test made to determine their comparative ability to withstand wear. This distance was equivalent to signing an average signature 728,514 times . . . years of usage crammed into a matter of hours.

The microscope-photos illustrate the results. The three competitive points showed decided wear and developed various flaws . . . while the Waterman's point emerged with its original roundness and smoothness—as good as new! A dramatic demonstration of the superiority of the Waterman's pen as a writing instrument!

This enduring quality, together with rare beauty of design, combine to make Waterman's the biggest dollar-for-dollar value in a fountain pen—whether you pay \$2.75 or \$10.00. And with seven different styles of points from which to choose you are certain of getting a pen that will exactly suit your style of handwriting.

The next time you buy a pen, whether for yourself or as a gift, be sure to insist upon a Waterman's! The name is your guarantee of years of perfect writing performance . . . and, after all, that's what counts! L. E. Waterman Co. Limited, Montreal, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco.

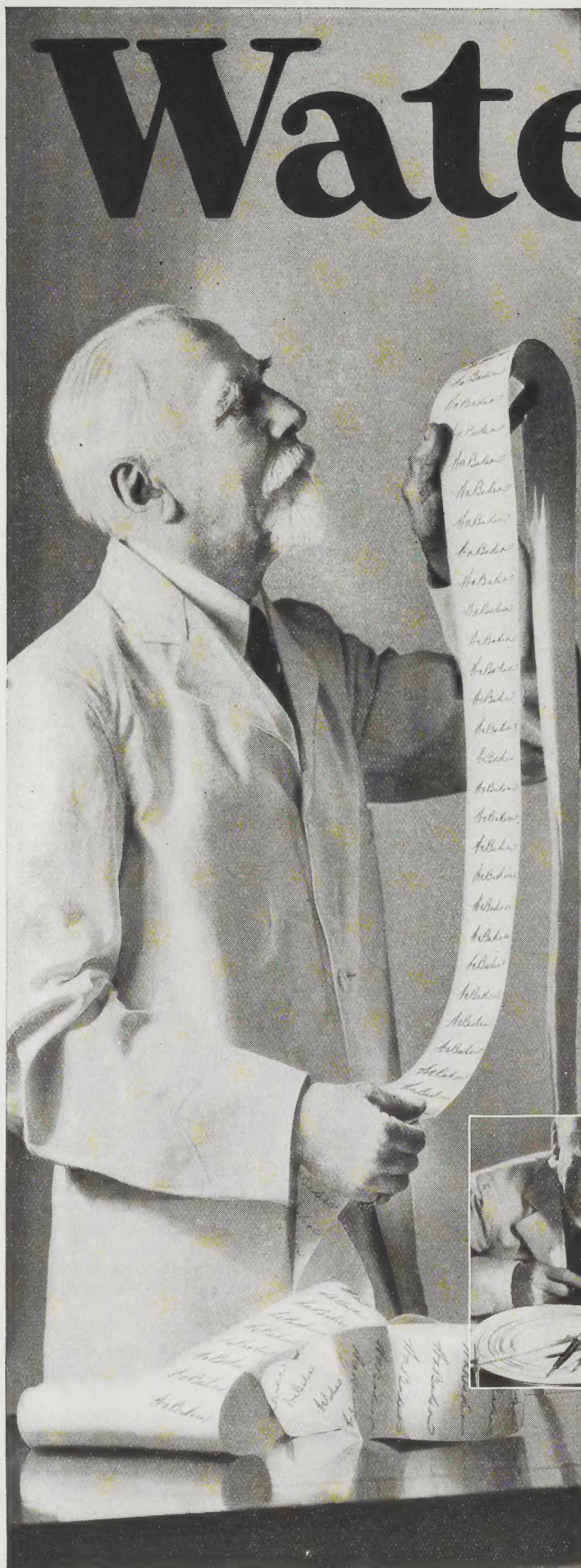
As the microscope-photos show, only the Waterman's point came through the 38-mile writing test in perfect condition.



LADY
PATRICIA

PATRICIAN

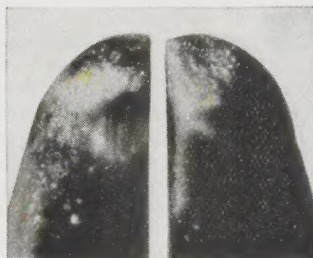
Do you know you can get a Waterman's . . . the world's finest writing instrument . . . for as little as \$2.75?



Other Make No. 1—Both point tips worn flat. Ink channel obstructed by worn metal.



Other Make No. 2—Right hand point worn shorter than left. Tip extremely rough.



Other Make No. 3—Ridges worn into entire writing surface. Right hand tip flat and pitted.



Waterman's — Perfect roundness and smoothness unaffected by severity of 38-mile test.

W A T E R M A N ' S • P E N S • P E N C I L S • I N K S



Meet

He rose and faced a girl he had never seen before, who held his letter of introduction in her hand. He stood before her stunned into speechlessness.

Miss Pomeroy!

MR. ARCHIBALD HIBBARD restored the season's prettiest debutante to the shelter of her mother's wing and thanked her for the pleasure she had given him, gallantly concealing the fact that, incidentally, she had reduced him to a physical condition approaching collapse. As he turned away he was suddenly caught up and buffeted along the floor of the ballroom by several pairs of determined dancers, who showed their further disapproval of his presence by treading severely upon his feet.

The experience, added to what he had already undergone, embittered Mr. Hibbard. He received their light-hearted words of apology with an inarticulate mutter, and, feeling very much like an unwilling child on a merry-go-round in full swing, he plunged wildly off into a recess in the wall that looked like a shelter. His instinct had been right. It was a shelter, and in the next instant he was out of the crowd and resting on a wide window-seat.

The retreat was empty, and though it was also very small, it seemed to the appreciative young man to offer all that for the moment he asked of

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

life. Thin silk curtains protected him from the unsympathetic gaze of his companions in pleasure, and a potted palm suggested mutely but eloquently that the spot was designed for a sentimental tete-a-tete, and not as a hiding-place for a guest deaf to the call of duty. But Mr. Hibbard ignored this intimation and set about the rehabilitation urgently required after three hours in a crowded ballroom. He pulled at his waistcoat, smoothed his hair with his hand, and straightened his tie; and, after somberly regarding what he mentally classified as "the well-defined footprints" on his shoes, he removed these blemishes with a leaf from the potted palm.

After this he noticed that the musicians were playing the opening bars of the next dance, and, with the deep sigh attending an unwillingly awakened conscience, his brow cleared. For a few carefree moments he need not wedge himself into the overcrowded ballroom. Of course, what he should be

doing, as he instantly realized, was joining in the attack on the buffet and bringing glasses of punch and plates of chicken salad to yon distant frieze of purple dowagers. But Archie dismissed this reflection as soon as it was born. He had firmly decided never, under any circumstances whatever, to attend another dance, so it really did not matter what his fellow-guests thought of him. As for his sister Mollie, who had dragged him to this affair, in the warm month of May—a hideous time to have a dance—he would have a few words to say to her in the morning about the things that are worth while and the things that are not, pointing out that if she cared to waste her life—. It was at this precise moment in his reflections that he discovered *her*.

She was a girl, and a very young girl, probably not more than eighteen. He had never seen her before, and yet why hadn't he? Why had she not been among the dozens of debutantes with whom, during this season, and especially during this evening, he had fox-trotted and hesitated? Was she a stranger in New York? Had she just come to the ball? Surely she could not have been here all the



Illustrations by John F. Clymer

evening without bringing the dancers to her feet in an ecstasy of admiration. Beyond question she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and, safely hidden behind the silk portieres, Archie stared at her through their narrow opening with his heart in his eyes. She was small and slender and dark, with wavy, blue-black hair, and blue-black eyes, a complexion like white velvet, and an expression of proud dignity much older than her years, an expression saved from hauteur only by an adorable dimple at the corner of her mouth. She was not dancing, but was the heart of a little group of men and girls, all strangers to Mr. Hibbard.

Suddenly Archie blinked and drew a quick breath. He had been staring at her movelessly, almost breathlessly, for some time, five minutes, ten, fifteen, he had no idea how long. He knew only that during the interval, however long or short, he had been in a trance. He, the level-headed, the unromantic, the unassailable; he, who had never been in love and abysmally was beginning to fear that he never would be, had been bowled over utterly, had lost his head completely after one long look at a girl he had never seen before. She smiled, and at the smile Archie's heart stopped, leaped, then beat suffocatingly. Again he drew a quick breath, and his blood seemed to sing in his ears.

Unconsciously he spoke aloud, a little thickly: "Great Scott!" he muttered. "What's the matter with me? It—it doesn't come this way!"

But it does, sometimes, and in the next instant Archie knew it. He knew it by the panic which filled him with the discovery that she was moving, going out of his range of vision, that he was losing her. He pulled the curtains apart with a jerk and started toward her, only to collide with a man he knew who was plunging in the opposite direction.

"Haxton," he cried, "wait a minute. Who's that girl over there, the one with the hair? Do you know her?"

Haxton stared around stupidly, like the ass he was, Archie reflected. As if there were more than one girl in the place to look at! Then, following the direction of Hibbard's eyes, Haxton's expression brightened: "Oh, that one, yes!" he said. "Rippin', ain't she?"

"Who is she?" Hibbard's tone held a warning to stupid young men.

Haxton lost it, however. "Nice girl. Friend of my sister's. Pretty," was his calm reply.

"Who is she?" Archie spoke through set teeth.

Haxton recoiled as if the other had made a threatening advance on him. "Say, what's the row?" he stammered.

"What's her name, you chump? Who is the girl?" "Oh-h-h!" Haxton's comprehension now was too complete. He grinned widely.

Archie felt his face grow red. "Will you introduce me?" he asked, more quietly, pulling himself together.

"Surest thing you know. Wait till I get this stuff down the throats of the McCreedy twins."

It was at that precise moment in his reflections that he discovered her. She was not dancing but was the heart of a little group of men and girls, all strangers to him.

Haxton, Archie now observed, was laden with two plates of sandwiches and salad, on each of which a glass of punch trembled precariously. "They've been waitin' an hour," he explained as he turned away. "Frightful crush out there. Right back." He elevated his plates above the throng and shouldered his way ahead after another meaning grin at Archie and a soothing injunction to "keep cool."

Archie remained where he was, hot with impatience. She was still in sight, and that calming fact enabled him to wear a deceptive air of self-control. He watched the crowd round her, searching vainly for a face he knew, and at intervals he plucked a friend from the dancing throng in the hope of finding someone else who could introduce him. But evidently she was a stranger, for none of the men he held up had met her. He was capable of anything by this time, and, as Haxton did not return, he was thinking of dragging his hostess away from the supper-room to make the presentation, when a familiar face smiled up at him, and Betty Corson, his sister's dearest friend, laid a hand on his arm.

Archie greeted her with pleasure. He liked Betty Corson, largely because she had no sentimental nonsense about her. "I've been looking everywhere for you," he declared. "By the way, do you happen to know—"

He had turned to face Betty. Now he looked around to find the object of his dreams, and suddenly the universe grew black. Incredulously, and struggling with a tendency to rub his eyes, he stared at the spot where she had been. She and her little group had disappeared as completely as if they were part of a fairy pantomime and a trap-door had opened beneath them.

The look of consternation on Hibbard's face was so unmistakable that Betty Corson sympathetically clutched his arm. "Why, Archie," she gasped, "what has happened?"

Again Archie pulled himself together. Strange things were occurring, but he could not discuss them, even with Betty Corson. Had he fallen asleep and dreamed the girl? For a moment he almost believed that he had.

"It was the fear of losing you," he explained, with recovered assurance. "It just swept over me how easily we might have missed each other in this crush!"

But all the time he was dancing with Betty his mind was full of the other girl. Had he lost her forever? But of course he had not. He did not know her name, but Haxton did, and Haxton should make up for tonight's fiasco by bringing them together within twenty-four hours. When he had turned Betty over to her next partner, he sought Haxton.

That gentleman was refreshing himself with a cigarette in the smoking room. "Awfully sorry, old chap," said the culprit, as Archie appeared. "Couldn't possibly get away, and now she's gone. 'Fraid it's all off, too, for she's going on a yachting trip tomorrow. Jove! there's Miss Carey!"

He darted for the door, but Archie, too quick for him, jumped forward and stood with his back against it. "Who is she, and whose yacht is she going on?" he demanded.

"The Wetmores'. You know 'em. So long."

Haxton jerked open the door and fled, leaving Archie wearing a seraphic smile. This was luck. The Wetmores were among his best friends, and his sudden determination to be a guest on their yacht was based on the pleasant certainty that they would be glad to have him. Just the same, he would make sure of it: he wasn't leaving anything more to chance. Escorted by an over-eager servant, he hurried to his host's telephone and called up Mrs. Wetmore.

"Hear you're off for a cruise tomorrow," he said, after a preliminary greeting. "I'm a bit under the weather, and I wondered if you—"

"Oh, Archie, will you come?" Mrs. Wetmore's voice as well as her words breathed hospitality. "Jack will be enchanted, and so shall I."

The matter was arranged in the next two minutes, and Mr. Hibbard hung up the receiver with a look of triumph. There were business reasons why he should not leave town at present, but he ignored them all and gloried in the wonderful new impulse that was driving him on. A week on a yacht together, a whole week of moonlight nights and sun-flooded days, of deck walks and talks! It was ideal! He couldn't possibly have planned it better; it would give her several days to get acquainted with him before he asked her to marry him, and there would be several more, in the same ideal setting, after she had accepted him. Archie did not stop to analyze his conviction that she would accept him. He had found her, and she was his, which was all that counted.

The Waterfowl sailed early the next morning, and young Mr. Hibbard, despite his love and longing, was the last guest to arrive. He had not slept at all until five in the morning, and then he had overslept. His host, convinced that he would not appear at all, was about to give the starting-signal, when the young man hurried on board; and the jocular greetings he received from his fellow





passengers were mingled with the farewell whistle of the yacht as she cast off her moorings and slipped into the river.

Archie's eyes were very brilliant, and his heart pounded against his side as he waited for *her* to appear. She was not in the little group that greeted him, but he knew girls well enough to realize that she was probably fussing in her cabin, getting into ship togs. He was glad to find Kirby on board, and Betty Corson's mother, though without Betty; also the Blinns, a delightful pair of "newly-weds" he had recently met and liked. But *she* remained invisible, and at breakfast, before *The Waterfowl* was an hour on its way, his hostess awoke him from his second dream.

"We had hoped to have two delightful Southern girls with us," she told her guests, blithely, with no idea of the blow she was directing at one buoyant heart, "but late last night they telephoned that they could not come. The mother of one of them was ill. It's a pity," she added, sympathetically, turning to Archie, "they would have played so prettily with you and Mr. Kirby!"

Archie agreed that it was a pity, and his voice sounded strange in his ears. Sick despair had overwhelmed him. Here he was, cooped up for a week, while *she*, the wonderful, the indescribable, the unapproachable *she*, was in New York, where he might have remained to meet her today if he had not acted like an emotional idiot. After breakfast

he retired to his stateroom to think things over, and, though his first audible reflections were of a nature to blister the finish of *The Waterfowl's* excellent woodwork, he grew calmer as he reviewed the situation. There was, he realized, a way of escape. The yacht stopped at several ports, and at the first of these he would find a telegram demanding his immediate return to New York by rail.

This plan was shattered, however, when, late that afternoon, his hostess again prattled of her missing guests. "I did so want

you to meet Miss Pomeroy," she said. "She's a Southern girl, from Tennessee, and one of the prettiest creatures I know. Her sister, who married Dick Edington, was a classmate of mine at Farmington."

"Miss Pomeroy's dark, isn't she?" asked Archie, with deep guile.

"Very, and very lovely, in an unusual fashion. By the way, she was at the Van Vleits' dance last night. Didn't you meet her there?"

Archie shook his head. "I saw her, though," he admitted. "Is it her mother who is ill?"

"No, her cousin's mother. But both the girls went home. They all live together in Nashville."

"Oh, then Miss Pomeroy's on the way to Nashville now?"

"Yes."

Archie did some rapid thinking. By leaving the yacht the next day he could be in Nashville the following morning with a letter of introduction to Miss Pomeroy from Mrs. Wetmore. Thus managed, the thing would be pretty raw, but he was desperate. His only course was to confide in Mrs. Wetmore, who was a good sort and would understand.

She did understand, so well that, thirty-six hours later, Mr. Hibbard found himself waiting for Miss Pomeroy in the big living-room of an old Southern house, all wide halls, family portraits, and cut flowers in bowls and vases. [Continued on page 39]

Calamity House

By MABEL BROUGHTON BILLETT

Illustrated by B. V. V. Matteson



Meanwhile the man in the doorway grew impatient. "Come out and show yourself," he admonished with an unprintable oath, "Honest folks don't skulk in the dark."

WHEN Clarke Helmer, with a sprained wrist, stopped his roadster at the home of Dr. James Townsend, the big gloomy house on the outskirts of the village of Glenlogan, in a valley of the Selkirks, known locally as Calamity House, he discovered the body of a woman who had been killed by a blow on the head. Immediately he phoned Major Kettlewell of the Glenlogan police, and then, as he turned toward the doctor's surgery, was himself knocked senseless by a monkey wrench in the hand of the doctor, who later insisted that Helmer must have murdered Mrs. Townsend. This report was spread through the village and Helmer, who was a stranger there, only escaped lynching through the speedy intervention of Marion Crofts, a hospital nurse, who rounded up Major Kettlewell and a party of Great War Veterans to the rescue.

During the Major's absence someone returned to the scene of the crime and removed all fingerprints. The coroner's inquest brought out little of interest apart from the fact that at three twenty on the afternoon of the murder Mrs. John T. Agar had called on Mrs. Townsend and, finding no one home,

had left her calling card in the door, and the further evidence of Peter McTaggart, a truckman, who at three forty had seen Mrs. Townsend trying to look through the window into the gardener's cottage on the Townsend place, a cottage that had been untenanted for some time and which McTaggart believed was used by bootleggers. He had recognized Mrs. Townsend by the plaid coat she was wearing.

After the inquest Major Kettlewell paid a visit to the gardener's cottage by a roundabout way and, while there, surprised a Chinaman who evidently knew the place well and was in search of something. The Chinaman escaped out the back door.

Charters Darrach, the doctor's stepson, called home by the death of his mother, decided he would not return to the University. By his mother's will he was left the family residence and also one thousand shares in the Lone Star gold mine, where a lucky strike had been made the previous week, while the doctor received some cash and one hundred shares in the Gypsum mine, of very doubtful value. The doctor was appointed sole guardian of the boy until he should come of age.

On the morning following the inquest Major Kettlewell called at the hospital to see Helmer

PART II

"YOU haven't come to arrest me?" he inquired whimsically, as the major entered.

"That depends," smiled the officer. "Your car was seen going through Shulus at ten minutes past four on the afternoon of the day Mrs. Townsend was murdered. According to witnesses you were traveling at about thirty miles an hour, which would bring you to the scene of the crime at twenty minutes past four, the time mentioned in your evidence. Fifteen minutes later you telephoned me. What were you doing in the meantime?"

"I was reading the *Glenlogan Times* all through."

"Exactly. Will you ring the bell?"

For a young man who had been hankering after that bell all afternoon Clarke Helmer did as he was bidden rather gracelessly.

As Marion Crofts entered the officer rose.

"Miss Crofts," he said, "can you tell me positively that Mr. Helmer has not seen the *Glenlogan Times*

since his admission to the hospital?" The nurse wrinkled her pretty forehead.

"I can only speak for the first two nights and today. I came off duty at seven o'clock yesterday morning, had the day off, and came on at seven this morning. During that time Mr. Helmer has not been in possession of the local paper, nor has he received any visitors."

"Who was on duty the rest of the time?"

"Miss McNeil and Miss Crawford."

"Will you call them?"

The nurse consulted her watch.

"Miss McNeil is on night duty, and is supposed to stay in her room until four, from that time until seven she is free to leave the hospital."

"And Miss Crawford?"

"This is her afternoon off. She will be back at nine."

"Will you be good enough to tell them that I shall be here at a quarter-past nine, and that I shall have to ask for a few minutes of their time?"

"Now, Mr. Helmer," as the nurse withdrew, "if you can remember what you read in the *Glenlogan Times*, and the testimony of these other two young ladies coincides with that of Miss Crofts, you are automatically eliminated from the list of persons involved. As a matter of fact, the Coroner practically cleared you when he said that the victim met her death about three o'clock, but the evidence of Peter McTaggart upset that of the Coroner. I rather imagine it is a difficult matter to determine the exact time of death almost twenty-four hours later. How much of what you read do you remember?"

"None of the local items I'm afraid, although I read every word of them. The advertisements of two Canadian chartered banks, Montreal and Toronto. A display putting the needs of the library up to the townspeople, and two or three lines calling for tenders for an addition to the public school. The card of Doctor James Manson Townsend setting out the office hours he does not keep, and a notice of the meeting of the W.A. I remember that distinctly because it occurred to me that the doctor's wife had gone there."

"Do you remember the layout of the paper?"

"Let me see. Golf upper left-hand corner. That filled the first column and continued over to the next. There had been a cup game. Then came a half column of local jottings, visitors and that sort of thing. Then the usual bunk about leading public men expressing confidence in the country; there was a lot of that. The inside sheet had a number of 'take notices' which seemed to refer pretty much to water rights. I didn't read it—not the little print, that is."

Some of it had to do with how various ranchers branded their cattle, and what would happen if anyone took one. I think that's about all I remember. Wait a minute! there was something on the first page about the coal being cleaner, and something about a box factory and its orders."

"Good!" approved the officer. "In order to complete my records I shall get the testimony of the other nurses about the paper, but," he hesitated uncomfortably, "I should like you to know that personally I did not doubt your story."

Clarke Helmer put out an impulsive hand.

"Thank you, Major," he said. "I believe I owe my life to you."

"To Miss Crofts," corrected the other gravely.

"She gives you all the credit. I guess it's about fifty-fifty. I was wondering if you would permit—"

"Certainly," interrupted the major, with a slightly heightened color, "you are free to go at any time."

"That wasn't what I was going to say," grinned the American. "As a matter of fact I intend to stick around for a while."

"You will be leaving the hospital soon?"

"I could leave tonight, if there was anything stirring."

The officer deliberated a moment, rose, looked down the corridor and closed the door.

"There is something," he said.

"Can I get in on it?"

"As a matter of fact I need help, and I have reasons for not wanting a local man."

Briefly he set out the circumstances in connection with the bootleggers' cottage and the necessity he was under to discover what the cellar beneath the kitchen held.

"It would be asking for trouble to go down leaving the entrance unguarded," he concluded, "and if I took a local man there would always be the chance of someone getting wind of the *cache* and upsetting my plans, for if there is whisky I intend to leave it there."

"You think they will come back for it?"

"I'm not sure, but the Chinaman was pretty keen about something in that cellar, and I'd like a few words with him."

"What do you know about the doctor being mixed up with a gang like that?"

"I don't know as much as I'd like to," admitted the officer. "Perhaps after tonight I'll know a trifle more. At any rate I'll be back shortly after nine o'clock."

Left to himself, Clarke Helmer rang the bell determinedly.

"I'm leaving," he announced as the nurse entered.

"Tonight?"

"Yes! The major is coming back for me."

The girl went white.

"You don't mean—"

"Bless your dear little heart! No! I'm not even suspect."

"I didn't see how you could be."

"Oh! Less likely things than my arrest happen right along. If a local bonehead had been holding down the major's job I might have been put to no end of trouble."

"And now you're free to go," she said, and her words lacked warmth.

"Yes, but I'm not going. I have too many liabilities here. I tried to balance accounts with the major this afternoon, but he disposed of me with frigid tact. They're all alike, these Englishmen, when it comes to putting you back where you belong."

"He's not popular with the townspeople, perhaps that's the reason. Would you like your tray early?"

"No thank you. I don't leave until nine o'clock, and my bag is

already at the hotel. It appears the major took charge of my car and effects when I was brought back here."

"In that case I'll say good-bye."

"Good-bye nothing! I told you I wasn't leaving town."

"Good evening, then."

"That's better."

"We are supposed to humor our patients if their wishes are not beyond reason."

"Mine are—absolutely."

But the nurse was already on her way to answer a bell which tinkled querulously down the hall.

IT WAS half an hour before moonrise. The unlighted windows of Calamity House peered out like sightless eyes into the night, and the shadows lay thick along Cemetery Lane.

Since crossing the bridge Major Kettlewell and his companion had not spoken, but each knew that the other was watching the house narrowly. It would have been preferable to arrive at the cottage by the road which circles the town to enter Cemetery Lane above the hill, but Glenlogan's estimates did not include a car for its police department, and the American's coupé roadster was in the garage where most of the married men of the town whiled away their evenings. To take it out at that hour would have occasioned more comment than it was wise to invite. Since the afternoon of the inquest, the major had found no time which he could spare to paddle

the raft back to the island, so that it was impossible to reach the cottage from that direction, even had he been willing to expose his voluntary helper to the hazard offered by the stepping stones in the dark.

Fortune, however, had so far been kind, in that they had met no one since leaving Main Street at Cleasby Avenue. It was not likely that they would meet anyone in the lane, since the town was not partial to the environs of Calamity House, nor to the house itself for that matter.

Entering the lane, the two men groped their way forward, until the rising ground warned them that they had the cottage in their rear. After that they went on for another fifty feet, to where the thorny hawthorn hedge gave place to a fence of woven wire. Between this and the hedge they located an opening through which they were able to squeeze.

"We must be opposite the place where I left the raft," whispered the major. "Let's have a look."

He led the way with assurance to the water's edge. But the raft was not there. Thinking that he had miscalculated the distance from the cottage they decided to separate, Major Kettlewell going up the river towards the hill, while Clarke Helmer turned in the direction of town.

It was not nearly so dark down by the water, and the major quickly realized the futility of his search. He turned and, still following the stream, overtook the other on the farther side of the cottage, which the density of the thicket completely concealed. Making their way laboriously [Continued on page 22]



An aged Chinaman, whom his mistress addressed as Loo Sing, served cocktails.



The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin,
of Great Britain.

Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, of Ireland,
who occupied a difficult position,
but proved himself throughout
the Conference a cultured diplo-
mat.



THE Imperial Conference was a great event. History is not always blind to potential achievements. We have been taught to believe that if not now then hereafter, we shall get credit for the things we have attempted to do. Kindly Providence will cover with leaves of forgetfulness our failures and say, after all, we meant well. Nothing very great is accomplished in a day. Thoughtless eulogists and chronic pessimists alike deserve our condemnation. The Fathers of Confederation made a nation out of scattered provinces. Bold statesmanship, on the other side of the line, built from sundered states a mighty nation. There are murmurings of a United States of Europe and, in the recent Conference, we moved, wisely or unwisely—only history can decide—to substitute for the bond of unity in ideas an economic bond as part of the cement of Empire.

On that policy there will of course be questionings—the outcome only time can tell! Freedom may be a greater bond than compact. A loosely bound commonwealth may hold together while one confined within the lines of treaty might fly apart. Despite the outward show of harmony there were frictional points of contact in the conference now ended which might have led to serious consequences. The difficulties which stand in the road we are taking seem almost impossible of settlement but,

"Men become great from facing the unequal,
States become great because they do and dare."

It is seldom that men meet in conference without finding points of agreement as well as points of difference. A conference is a rank failure if it accentuates the difficulties and forgets the possibilities of agreement by compromise, concession and mutual good feeling.

THE MAIN OBJECT

THIS Conference met for one main purpose—to reduce tariffs, or lower obstructions to trade. Following the war there was an upward sweep of national feeling which motivated the people of every nation in the world. Canada, because of its great foreign trade, was one of the last to feel this impulse. Canada yielded in the end, and Great Britain went over to protection. Whatever difference there may be on the fundamental question of free trade and protection the feeling of the world today is practically unanimous that tariffs have been carried too high and must be reduced.

This conception was made quite clear in the message of His Majesty the King at the opening of the Conference:

"The British Empire is based on the principle of Co-operation and it is now your common purpose to give the fullest possible effect to that principle in the economic sphere. By so doing you will set in motion beneficial forces within the British Commonwealth which may well extend their impulse also to the world at large."

Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett emphasized this point when on the opening day he said:

The Imperial

By R. J. DEACHMAN

"When we reach an agreement by which our products pass more freely from one Empire country to another, we drive clear channels through the stagnant pools dammed up by world upheaval and naturally we carry past the boundaries of the Empire and to its benefits establish once again throughout the world that commerce which is its very life blood."

The Conference itself, in the summary of its conclusions, makes this statement:

"The nations of the British Commonwealth having entered into certain agreements with one another for the extension of mutual trade by means of reciprocal preferential tariffs, this Conference takes note of these Agreements and records its conviction:

"That by the lowering or removal of barriers among themselves provided for in these Agreements the flow of trade between the various countries of the Empire will be facilitated, and that by the consequent increase of purchasing power of their peoples the trade of the world will also be stimulated and increased."

THE PERSONNEL

THERE clearly was the objective of the Conference. To accomplish this purpose there assembled in Ottawa forty-seven delegates and approximately three hundred advisers, consultants and assistants. No small measure of credit must be handed to the latter. The work of an Imperial Conference is not performed in plenary sessions, the meetings are not held in the open so that anyone may attend. The work is complicated and detailed. It consists of an examination of apparently minor individual problems dovetailing in the end into the strange mosaic which we call a treaty or pact. In all this work the experts and advisers have a role almost as important as the men who occupy the more formal and dignified position of Delegates. On the other hand, on the Delegates there must devolve the conception of general principles on which a stand must be made and the harmonizing of divergent opinion, a task in which tact, rather than expert knowledge, becomes the guiding factor, if success is to be the ultimate result.

A Conference such as this is a great organization. It is an organization which must be hammered into efficient form in a relatively brief space of time. If it were merely a machine, a machine could be set up and put to work. Here the human element plays a factor and it is not the easiest thing in the world to organize a conference with all the diverse elements of which this Conference was composed and make it run smoothly and efficiently. That task fell to the lot of the Secretary of the Conference, Dr. O. D. Skelton, Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs. That he succeeded in carrying out his task in a manner which was eminently satisfactory is admitted by everyone who came in contact with the work.

THE CAPITAL CITY

OTTAWA offers a charming place for a meeting of this kind. It is a city of singular beauty. Nature has been



Hon. E. N. Rhodes, Minister
of Finance.



Signing the Anglo-Canadian Agreement in the Chamber of the
House of Commons.

Conference

kind to Ottawa and art has aided nature. The expenditure of federal government money has added greatly to the natural charm of the city and the sometimes torrid heat of the month of July gave place this year to moderate temperatures and reasonable rain fall, leaving a green, dust free city, which brought from one of the Irish delegates the suggestion that nothing could surpass it "except Old Ireland of course." The House of Parliament, the scene of the meetings, is dignified and majestic. The site was selected by Queen Victoria in 1858. The main buildings have since been burned and rebuilt in somewhat grander scope and style. Age has given them an atmosphere, historical associations cling around them. The statues of the Great carry the mind backward to past events, and the blending of the new with the old, the carillon of bells and the eternal background of the Gatineau Hills, all combine to leave a memory which let us hope will linger with our guests "till falls life's eventide."

THE DELEGATES

THE British delegation was naturally the centre of interest, though other countries were not without their striking personages. Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin was outstanding. He is a leader in business, a gentleman with a refined literary taste and a much better public speaker than is generally recognized. One knows instinctively that he would make an admirable neighbour as a rancher in Alberta or a farmer on the plains. It is impossible to avoid the feeling that you could borrow anything you wanted from Stanley Baldwin and know that he would esteem very highly the opportunity you had given him to be of service to you. He has tact, but it is not the strained tact of diplomacy, rather it is the expression of fine natural feelings. It would be difficult to picture the Conference without him. He was ballast to the ship, anchorage in moments of storm. Neville Chamberlain brought a distinguished name to the consideration of tariff policies and J. H. Thomas was a picturesque figure, interesting, human, likeable, a proof of the fact that a man with a character may surmount difficulties and rise to a prominent position in the ever changing scenes of British politics without the advantages of great wealth or the gift of having been born to the purple and the gold.

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Bruce, a former premier of Australia, has had a distinguished record in war, business and politics. To these accomplishments might be added good looks and youthful prowess in the field of athletics. Hon. J. G. Coates, Minister of Public Works, was representative of New Zealand.

In every Conference there is special interest in the delegates from those countries with which we have quarrelled in the past or "with which we are now quarreling." That is one of the characteristics of the British people—the capacity to retain friendly relations despite family rows past or even present. Hon. N. C. Havenga, Minister of Finance, served in the Boer Army in the South African war. Sir Atul Chandra Chatterjee, recent High Commissioner for India in London, a Hindu with a Western education and wide experience in past Conferences, represented his troubled native land with capacity and distinction. Nor could one forget in this the Irish delegates. Messrs. O'Kelly, Lemass and Ryan, who held a difficult job and did it well.

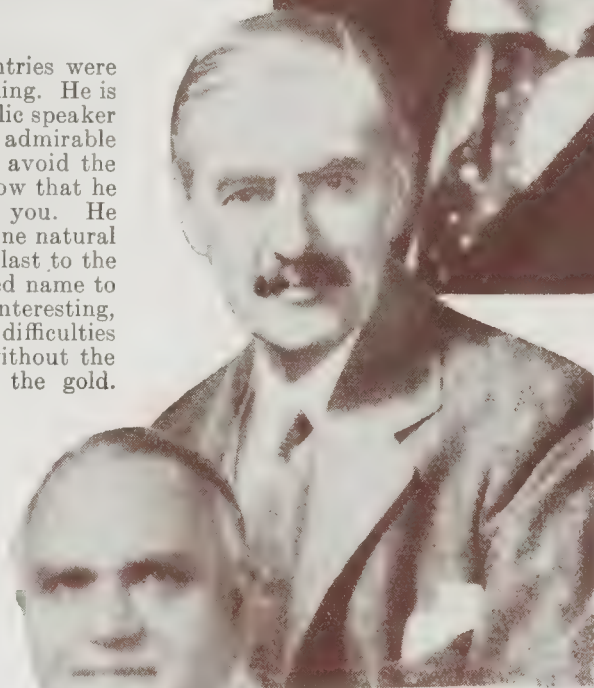
THE TASK

THE task before these men was tremendous. Its skeleton outlines shows its Herculean proportions. Their object was to increase trade within the Empire, yet this must be done without unduly

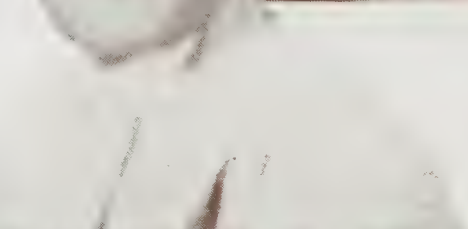
[Continued on page 50]



The Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, Premier of Canada.



The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, who brought to the Conference a name long distinguished in British Empire Trade Discussions.



Sir Atul C. Chatterjee, Head of the Indian Delegation.



THE MEN OF THE CONFERENCE

Front Row (Left to Right): Sir Henry Strakosch, G.B.E. (India); Hon. L. E. Emerson (Newfoundland); Hon. P. G. W. Grobler (South Africa); Hon. H. S. Gullett (Australia); Rt. Hon. Sir George Perley (Canada); Sir Atul C. Chatterjee, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E. (India); Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly (Irish Free State); Rt. Hon. J. G. Coates, M.C. (New Zealand); Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin (United Kingdom); Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, K.C. (Canada); Rt. Hon. Stanley M. Bruce, C.H., M.C. (Australia); Hon. N. C. Havenga (South Africa); Hon. F. C. Alderdice (Newfoundland); Hon. H. W. Moffat, C.M.G. (Southern Rhodesia); Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain (United Kingdom); Hon. W. Downie Stewart (New Zealand); Mr. Sean Lemass (Irish Free State); Hon. P. D. L. Fynn, C.M.G. (Southern Rhodesia); Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas (United Kingdom).

Second Row (Left to Right): Hon. W. A. Gordon, K.C. (Canada); Hon. Alfred Duranleau, K.C. (Canada); Hon. C. H. Cahan, K.C. (Canada); Hon. E. B. Ryckman, K.C. (Canada); Schibzada Abdus Khan, C.I.E. (India); Hon. R. J. Manion (Canada); Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman (United Kingdom); Sir Padamji Pestonji Ginwale, Kt. (India); Dr. James Ryan (Irish Free State); Hon. A. P. J. Fourie (South Africa); Sir George Schuster, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., C.B.E., M.C. (India); Hon. Hugh Guthrie, K.C. (Canada); Rt. Hon. the Viscount Hailsham (United Kingdom); Sir George Rainy, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E. (India); Hon. Edgar N. Rhodes, K.C. (Canada); Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, G.B.E., M.C. (United Kingdom); Hon. H. H. Stevens (Canada); Mr. R. K. Shanmukham Chetty (India); Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour, Bt., D.S.O. (United Kingdom); Seth Haji Abdoola Haroon (India); Hon. Arthur Sauve (Canada); Hon. Robert Weir (Canada).

McLeod of Dunvegan

By JANET MUNRO

Illustrations by Ralph C. Smith

HUDSON BAY never looked as picturesque as on that day in 1704. The dark silhouette of the fort, relieved by the gleam of the sugar-loaf bastions, lay low on the Nelson, outlined against a gray sea edged with a frill of frozen shore. Close around the fort the leafless brush encroached, delicate, wavering lines of black against the white.

It made rather a lovely etching altogether. The man lying on top of the rise three hundred yards north scarcely appreciated it. He ground his teeth and muttered as he watched the smoke rising from the chimneys through foggy air shot to amber by the brief noonday sun.

The gate on the river swung wide open. A score of gaily dressed individuals emerged, preceded by deerhounds of the true hunting type leading a pack of lesser curs. The man leaped up and shook his fist menacingly, then sank back into the snow again unperceived by those below.

A few minutes later they passed close to him—women with the high sweet voices of the upper class, men whose suave, rounded enunciation proclaimed them of the court. They were talking animatedly in French as they swung along on their snowshoes, holding the deerhounds in leash. Finally they wound out of sight to Flamborough Head.

The man rose cautiously. He was tall, lithe and eagle-beaked. Flashing dark eyes shone from a face brown as a berry. He did not look like a Cree, but anyone would have taken him for a Sioux. Nevertheless he was Roderick McLeod, of the McLeods of Skye, brought up in Dunvegan Castle on the cliffs of Northern Scotland.

Like many of the later younger sons of his race, he had thrown in his lot with the Hudson's Bay Company, founded by a Stuart. Indeed exiled James the Second held shares in the company until the council abrogated them to themselves after his death abroad. Roderick McLeod, up from Albany Fort in disguise with his band of Crees, had a right to curse. Had it not been for that picturesque pirate, D'Iberville, who had captured every fort but one on the Bay seven years before, Roderick would have, ere now, succeeded Governor Bailey at York.

Indians and their leader took the path to the fort. Knocking at the gate they were refused admittance until La Grange, the commander, should return from his deer hunt. They disposed themselves picturesquely about on the river bank to await the issue. Presently La Grange and his cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen came hallooing through the woods, their huskies dragging a dead moose on an improvised sleigh while the deerhounds made stately way ahead of them.

McLeod scarcely concealed a sneer—La Grange and the French bloods, in disfavor with Louis the Fourteenth, with the beautiful companions of their exile, court followers all, banished to Hudson Bay! Even to Fort Albany the scandal of their doings at Fort Bourbon, as they called it, had penetrated.

Soon the commander sent for the visitors. A man spoke to them in Cree. Roderick answered that he had been the interpreter of the Hudson's Bay Company's governor. He asked leave to camp within the fort and hunt for them. He offered to bring in his furs.

The women crowded laughing around him. Only one held back—a petite person with golden hair piled high on her small head above a delicately tinted oval face. La Grange addressed her as sister, and "Yvonne." She was the one thing that he truly loved, and not for worlds would he have left her behind him to the wiles of a gay court. McLeod saw that she was different from the others. She had not been in the hunting party. Several times she caught him looking at her. She was the first white woman that he had seen in seven years.

Drawing near, he held out for her inspection a beautiful silver fox skin. She smoothed it softly like a child, raising iris eyes to his. For a long minute they gazed at one another in wonderment. Then he turned away trembling and confused, while she, equally confused, shrank to her brother's side.

The upshot of the interview was that "Kitchekemow," (Big Chief), as his Indian guides called Roderick, was assigned a log hut



The priest reined sharply, and then seeing who it was, "How now, my friend, who carries off a noblewoman of France as he would a hare from the woods? You . . ."

between the inner palisades and the outer fortifications. He and his Indians were to trap and to keep the fort supplied with fresh meat. In return they would be paid in trade with ammunition, tobacco, tea, blankets and such trinkets, calico and things, as they fancied.

McLeod had played the Indian to admiration, sinking his own Parisian French into a mess of *patois* and Cree. At that it did not come hard to act the part. His Celtic darkness had acquired an added swarthinness from years of sea winds and summer suns. If he concealed a courtliness which was natural in the presence of the sister of La Grange, his eyes refused to obey him and express the indifference of the Indian towards a mere female. But in either his Scotch or Indian incarnation he remained proof, at all times, against the blandishments of the female ex-court followers.

NOT ONCE, but many times that winter, her brother ordered him to conduct Yvonne and her Breton nurse on short excursions hunting hares or fishing through the ice within sight of the fort, while the rest of the gay crowd went on long deer hunts too fatiguing for the young girl.

The nurse was old and fat and had to be conveyed to the scene of operations. Roderick grinned to himself as he thought of what the castle ghillies would have said had they seen him meekly drawing a fat peasant woman on a hand sleigh. Frequently the old woman stayed, warmly wrapped in furs, at the edge of the timber while he and the French girl went on down through the woods.



"Your name?" he said, hoarsely, "you who have posed amongst us as a savage!"

The man had to be constantly on the watch to remember not to give the girl his arm over fallen timber, or across frozen hummocks in the muskeg. Sometimes they hunted with bows and arrows to save ammunition, and because she wished to practise the art.

On one fatal afternoon McLeod walked ahead as usual, peering to right and left. Yvonne's sudden aim at an unexpected Arctic hare went wild. Her arrow pierced his left arm driving right through the buckskin shirt. She screamed and floundered through the snow to him as he drew the head out slowly, shoving up his sleeve. The blood spouted from the wound and flowed down his arm which, behold, was white as her brother's, even though a line of brown ended at the wrist.

"Your handkerchief, mademoiselle, and twist it hard above the wound," he said, gritting his teeth.

She did as bid with a square of muslin and Mechlin lace. He held the knot with his other hand while she found a stick to use for a tourniquet.

"It will stop in a minute. Twist it tighter," he commanded, forgetting himself and speaking in English.

In a few moments the flow ceased. Holding the appliance steady she said, also in English, "You are European, and you speak like a Scotchman. Who are you? Our enemy?"

"Not yours," he answered, eyes keen and guarded. "I am Roderick McLeod, of Dunvegan Castle, at your service, sweet lady. But in return, who are you, my countrywoman, whose accent is of Scotland to the south?"

"I am still Yvonne La Grange," she replied, a little scornfully. "My mother died when I was born. They sent me to my uncle Moray, in Edinburgh, where I stayed until my brother, Gaspard, brought me away."

A Moray! And the Morays had been rulers of Scotland! He removed his fox skin cap and bent

to kiss the hand that pressed back the stream of his life blood.

She almost let go her hold at that.

"You may cover me with wounds, Yvonne, and I should never feel them, for, long ago an arrow pierced my heart," he exclaimed, ceremoniously, in the manner he had learned at the French court in years of peace. It was a strange setting for an avowal, both of them knee-deep in snow reddened with his blood.

Once more she looked straight at him, as she had that first night at the fort when he strove to play the savage. Again a tremor shook him.

Holding her with his eyes, he said low, "If you do not love me, release the tourniquet and let me die!"

With a little proud movement she drew slightly away, when a trickle of blood ran from under the loosened handkerchief. She cried out and again tightened her hold, inevitably drawing up to his right shoulder as he craftily held the injured left arm close to his side.

"Yvonne, Yvonne," he murmured, clasping her about with his good right arm.

"I cannot let you die of the wound I gave you," she gasped, protesting.

"No, you cannot let me die of the wound you gave me—in my heart," he said into the rosy ear against his chin.

The wounded arm might have been forgotten and Roderick still have died of loss of blood had not the Breton woman called from the edge of the wood.

"Mademoiselle, mademoiselle, where are you? I cannot hear your voice. Are you lost in the woods?" And there followed a grunting and stirring as of someone disentangling themselves from numerous wrappings.

Only then the girl bethought herself of the peasant woman's innumerable muslin petticoats. Bidding her lover be his own surgeon she went back to explain the situation, at least part of it. After more puffings

and pantings a garment was separated from its owner and torn into strips. Returning to the victim of her bow and arrow, who by various means prolonged the operation, she managed to bandage the arm.

Their entry into the fort was unobserved by any but the chaplain. Caught by the expression of their faces he immediately escorted the girl to La Grange's private quarters. There on her knees she confessed the whole story to him.

He sat thoughtful for long, then said, "I am a loyal subject of the French king. Send this man to me. I will deal with him."

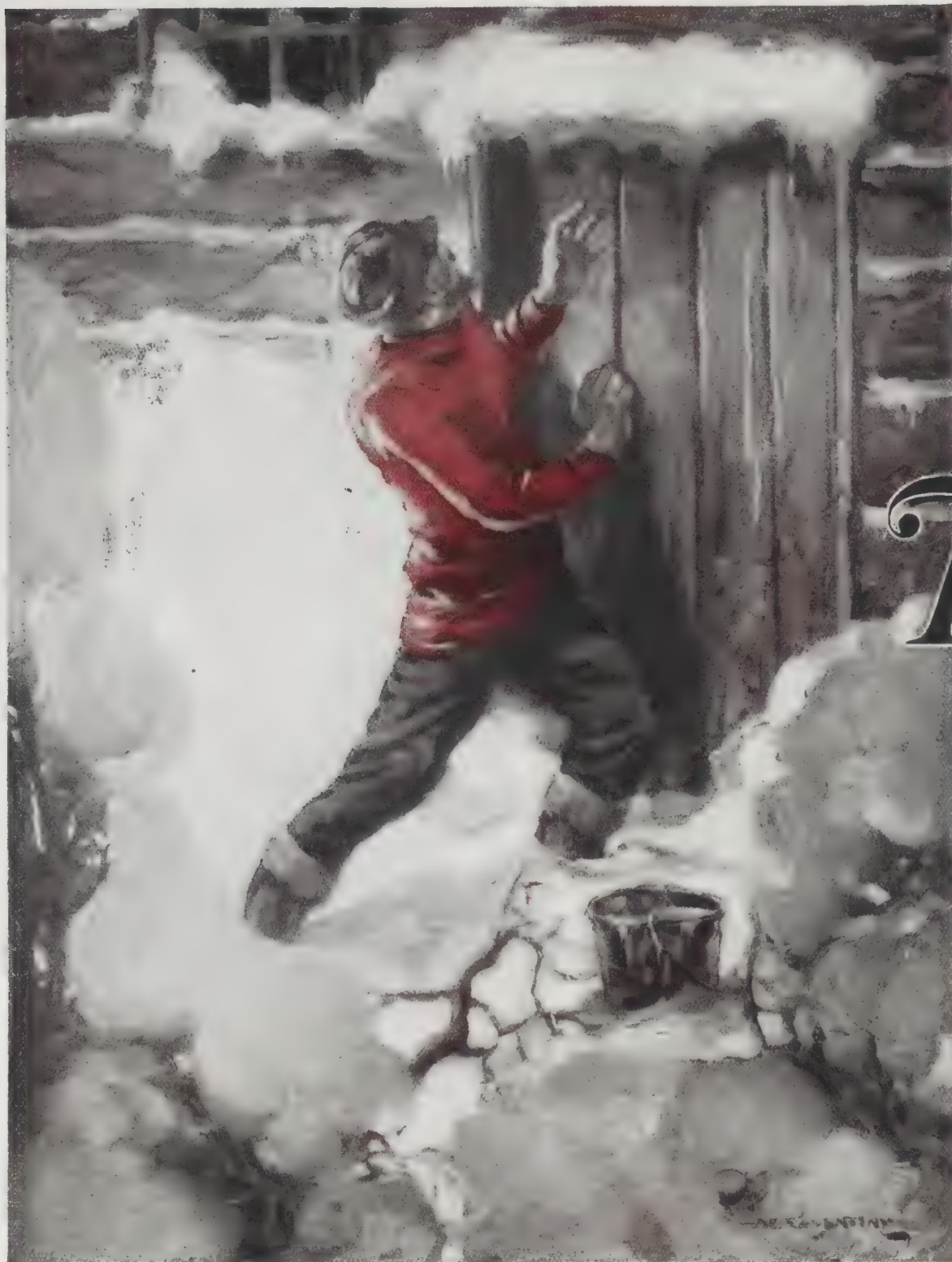
Trembling, she obeyed. It was next day before she learned that the priest had promised to keep their secret, but had put McLeod on his honor to do nothing to betray the fort to the English. Furthermore, he was to take his departure for the interior as soon as the river opened.

Always after that the chaplain accompanied them on hunting excursions. Yet while he understood English he was no master of broad Scotch, in which strange language both the culprits conversed freely in his presence, vowing indignantly that it was pure Anglaise.

BUT it was not for nothing that the McLeods had raided the Lowlands for centuries, carrying off beautiful maidens and flocks of sheep and droves of fat cattle. No Highland gentleman might with honor relinquish his claim on any of these. Besides, a wave of fear and disgust went over Roderick when he thought of leaving his love amongst the pleasure-loving young bloods and beauties exiled at Bourbon. Before better days should come for him and her she might be haled back to Paris to even worse.

Seeing La Grange always guzzling at his wine, and less and less equal to protecting her, she too became anxious. Then it was that a plan grew. They would run away and take the (Continued on page 37)

Must Retribution Always Follow?



Locked out, unarmed in the grey sub-arctic day of Yukon mid-winter the thermometer at forty-five below.

TYSON, the gunman, shovelled the last morsel of food down his throat, licked his greasy fingers, and sat back with a grunt of satisfaction. Most certainly his luck, after breaking so badly during his three-day flight across the barren lands toward the Alaskan boundary, had at last returned twofold strong. To stumble on this shelter in the vast wilderness of white was wonderful enough, but to find a fire glowing to thaw his half-frozen limbs, and a hot meal ready to assuage his desperate hunger, was a double miracle.

The wolves were howling again outside, as they had howled in his wake all day, grey shadows drifting across the snow, waiting for the night to close in, but this time Tyson did not shiver. Already he was recovering his conceit, his cocksureness, so badly shaken as he floundered through the driving storm in which he had lost the trail. Tonight he would rest and feed, tomorrow find safety across the border, where the Royal Northwest Mounted could not reach him. He was secure from pursuit now for several days, thanks to the blizzard in which he had so nearly perished.

He wondered who the owner of the cabin might be, though he felt fairly easy in his mind about their meeting. The news of his crime in Dawson could hardly have reached this outpost in the wilderness.

Idly he let his eyes wander about the dark little room, noting with satisfaction the sturdy, almost fortress-like construction, the comfortable box-bunk covered with red 'Bay blankets, the square tin stove ruddy with grateful warmth, the traps and pelts hanging on the stout log walls, the gold-pans and rocker in one corner.

On these latter his gaze focussed with sudden interest. So his unknown host was a prospector as well as a trapper, and prospectors sometimes had gold, a metal in which Tyson was extremely interested. He rose to his feet and began to make a careful investigation of the cabin.

A quarter of an hour later he found what he sought, a hollow niche beneath a corner of the rough flooring, too simple a hiding place for a wise crook like him, and his inserted hand thrilled to the plump outlines of two heavy bags of nuggets. He withdrew it hastily and sprang to his feet as the door flung open.

The man who entered was about his own size and build, though muffled in furs and parka he looked for a moment much larger. But as he thrust back the heavy hood Tyson saw the face and grunted with relief. He knew how to handle this patently honest and simply genial type.

GEORGE GASTON
VINCENT

answers this query

in

Trappers

Throwing down the bundle of raw, frozen pelts that he carried, the other man offered his hand. He seemed mildly surprised, but his first words dispelled any fear of recognition.

"Ha! Wasn't expecting a visitor"—he spoke rather slowly, as men do who live much alone—"Don't have them here often, in fact you're the first!"

His eyes travelled to the remains of the meal on the table.

"Glad you helped yourself!—Lost? Storm-bound?"

Smoothly Tyson lied to him, told a plausible story to account for his wanderings in the barren lands. His host laughed grimly.

"Well, it's tough luck you strayed from the trail and ran into the storm, but you had cheechako's luck, tilicum! There's not another cabin in seventy miles that I know of, and what with the barrens and the wolves we have hereabouts, it's a God-awful wilderness to be lost in. I've got a cache down at the forks of the Wolverine—you must have passed it on the way up—but apart from that, and what I've got in the cabin, this is starvation country!"

"Not but you're welcome," he went on hastily. "You can den up with me till the weather clears, and then, if you're making for the border, I'll grubstake you and put you on your way!"

SO FOR two days, while the storm blew itself out, Tyson enjoyed the other's hospitality. Like most lonely trappers his host, whose name was Harding, was almost pathetically glad of his company and ready to accept him at his own valuation. Whereas to another man the narrow, mean features, the set-back ears, and the close-set evil little eyes would have shouted warning; to him Tyson was a God-sent gift to help break the monotony of winter. Once his tongue was oiled with a little use, he made up for months of silence with an almost excessive loquaciousness. By supper time on the second day Tyson, whose apparently casual questions all had a purpose, knew that he had only come into this country the previous spring, had prospected through the summer, and intended to go outside for good after this winter's trapping.

"... And then anyone can take the cabin who wants it. Twenty years in the North's a long time, partner. but I've struck it rich at last!"

He leant across the table, "seemed on the point of saying more in his exuberance of self-congratulation; Then something, perhaps a tell-tale glint in his guest's eyes, checked him, and on that subject he shut up like a clam.

Not that his sudden reticence made any difference. Tyson had not for a moment ceased to plan how he should obtain the hoard of gold beneath the floor. He might simply have murdered Harding in cold blood, and in fact dallied with the idea, for conscience and gratitude had no place in his makeup. He might have risked pursuit and fled with the gold, seizing opportunity when the other went out on his trapline, had not a chance conversation with Harding given him the idea for a much more brilliant scheme. Plain robbery and murder were common crime, with common consequences; but to gain Harding's wealth, immunity from pursuit, and real freedom at a single stroke—that, he told himself, would be genius.

"No, you weren't so lucky to find the door open!" the latter had argued. "It's the law of the North. We always leave our doors open, mister, and matches on the table. You never know when some poor devil will happen along—and to shut a man out in this arctic cold is the same thing as slow murder! I've got a key"—he pointed to a large and rusty one hanging on the wall—"but I never use the darn thing, 'cept mebbe in the summer when I go outside for a spell, and there's a chance of tourin' half-breeds in the neighbourhood!"

"... the same thing as slow murder!" Carefully, thoroughly, Tyson thought out his plan, for he always prided himself on being a wise crook, one who left nothing to chance. and here, if ever, was the opportunity for a perfect, fool-proof crime.

It was Harding's morning custom to go down to the river with an axe, break the ice that had formed in the water-hole during the past twenty-four hours, and return with a bucketful for drinking. On the third morning Tyson, looking out, saw that the storm had broken and the sky was clearing, forewarning a more bitter cold. He decided it was time to act.

While his host was busy preparing the breakfast, he surreptitiously felt in the pocket of the heavy mackinaw coat the latter always donned for these short trips outside. His fingers found what they sought, Harding's water-tight match-box, which he quickly removed.

Half an hour later, when Harding went down to chop the ice, his axe-handle broke at almost the first stroke—Tyson had seen to that, too. He returned to the cabin, to find the heavy door shut and immovable, the single tiny window high up in the wall barred with a heavy block of wood. At

first, setting down the bucket, he was merely bewildered, especially as he was sure Tyson was within; a little later he was angry; and later still, as he began to feel the icy cold creeping through his inadequate garments, for the first time in his life in the grip of a deadly fear.

Locked out, unarmed, in the grey sub-arctic day of Yukon mid-winter, the thermometer at forty-five

below. Tyson, sitting in the warm darkness, could hear him calling out, tugging frantically at the door, beating vainly upon it with his broken axe-handle, and smiled. This was the first step in that beautiful crime, which, paradoxically enough, should change him from a hunted criminal to a free man with wealth on his hands.

"Tyson, Tyson, for God's sake let me in! Tyson, you devil, it's beyond a joke! I know you're in there—I'm freezing—for God's sake let me in!"

Tyson, listening carefully to catch the timbre of the other's tone, thought it time to speak. It was not here that he wished Harding to die.

"Yes, I'm here, Harding, but I'm not going to let you in! If you want anything, go to your cache on the Wolverine!"

"Why, for God's sake, why?"—there was horror and incredulity in the voice of the man beyond the door—"Why? Why?" he repeated.

But Tyson, secure inside the cabin, did not even bother to answer him. He was too busy feeling beneath the flooring in the corner, feeling for two heavy bags of gold.

HALF an hour later the cries and the feeble battering abruptly ceased.

"I'll take your advice, Tyson!"—the voice came hoarsely from outside, for the heavy exertion had drawn the frost into his lungs—"I'll take your advice and go to my cache on the Wolverine, but by God, I'll come back, and I'll hunt you if it takes me to the world's end!"

Tyson, peering through the little window, smiled evilly as he watched him go, floundering through the soft, new-fallen snow. Though it was desperate going without snowshoes, and his clothing was quite inadequate for the intenser cold to come, Harding would probably make the cache.

And when he arrived there, exhausted, half frozen, he would find he had no matches. Everything was proceeding nicely according to plan.

Three hours after the other man had disappeared in the scraggly timber that borders the barren lands, Tyson set out on the same trail, well-clothed and carrying one of Harding's rifles. Before he left he once more securely barred the little window,

[Continued on page 40]



Illustrations By
A. C. Valentine

He grabbed his empty rifle and swung it desperately, insanely, into the closing crescent of hovering snow-veiled beasts.

Alec's Purp

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

Illustrations By H. E. M. Sellen

ALEC HORWOOD sat back and regarded his dog with an expression of wrapt wonder. Conversation was apt to flag after supper, but Alec knew how to enliven it.

"You wonderful dog!" he mused dreamily. "When I look into those eyes of yours, I wonder whether I shall ever grow so good and wise as you!"

A snort from Alec's partner brought up the rear of this expression of sentiment. Steth Conway lay back on his soap box, his head in the frying pan hanging on the wall, and roared with assumed mirth. He kicked his legs into the air and roared, and one of his disreputable slippers smote the roof and ricocheted back to the floor with a flop. Alec's bull terrier removed its worshipping gaze from its master's face, seized the slipper, and proceeded to sever its last remaining threads of life.

"Take it from him!" shouted Steth. "Hi! That's my slipper, and a good slipper too!"

But now it was Alec's turn to roar with mirth, between intervals of encouraging the terrier to "give the slipper socks!"—no pun intended.

"Blow that dog!" growled Steth at length. "Now he's gone and torn the sole off! He's the bane of my life—that dog!"

"There weren't no sole on," replied Alec. "At least, nothing to speak of. Besides, what's the matter with the dog?"

Steth did not answer immediately. He was sadly fingering his slipper, and wondering whether, if he restored it to his foot, the terrier would grip hold of it again.

"I don't know why you want to bring a dog of that kind into the bush," grumbled Steth. "I told you he wasn't the right dog for the job, and no man in his senses would ever think of bringing a semi bull terrier out here. I'm sick of the dog."

"And he's sick of your slipper—or if he isn't, he ought to be," retorted Alec. "Fancy a man bringing slippers like that into a bush camp!"

Steth grunted. "The slippers are all right if the purp would leave them alone!" he growled.

"And so is the purp all right if you'd leave him alone," said Alec. "Man, he's got metal has that dog. He's a fighting dog! Don't you remember how he got hold of your leg when first you met? Don't you remember how he hung on and chewed? Law, man, but he showed his spirit!"

Steth rubbed his calf in recollection, and growled deepest thunder.

"That's why you're sore!" Alec pursued. "You haven't forgiven him for chewing you."

"What did he want to chew me for?" Steth demanded. "I never done anything to him."

Alec thought. "How did he know you weren't some ordinary hobo out to steal something?" he queried. "A dog can only judge by looks."



Through the gloom they saw a brown and white bundle stumbling uncertainly towards them. They switched on an electric torch—it was Chick, all right, Chick, dragging a huge dead lynx in his jaws.

"Hur!" growled Steth. "Which shows how much you know about dogs. Don't you know that they recognize one man from another by his smell?"

Again Alec roared with laughter. "Then that's why he bit you, old son!" he bellowed mirthfully.

Steth got up, and began vigorously to scrub a pan. "All the same," he said presently, "you're wrong bringing a dog like that into the bush. You wait till winter comes. He won't stand the cold. His paws are too small, and he'll sink in the snow. If you have a dog at all, you might as well have a *right* dog—one with a bit of the wolf in it." There was a long pause. Alec had had his bit of fun, and was prepared to let the old subject drop. As a rule they went over the same ground each evening. But Steth went on "chewing the rag." "A right dog, possessing proper northern instincts, such as a malamute. When a malamute hears wolves he's got sense enough to keep out of the way, but if that little rattlesnake of yours hears the wolves, I bet he'll charge out to fight the whole lot of 'em. That's when you'll lose him!"

Alec rose. "I'm going down to the creek to haul up the fish trap," he said, and away he went, taking Chick with him.

Steth and Alec Horwood lived in a wooden cabin high up on the breeze-swept margin of Mulberry River, and here, by dint of dynamiting the boulders

then picking up the bits, they were clearing the ground for an apple ranch. As a matter of fact they were the best of friends, as was indicated by their cheerful quarrelling, which invariably ended in smoke. Chick was the chief bone of contention, as unfortunately Chick had introduced himself to Steth by the impolite method of nipping his calf, but since then, though Steth would not have owned it for a full blown apple ranch, he had become quite fond of the dog.

So now Alec sauntered down to the river, wending his way along the narrow pathway through the pines and balsams, and half way down Chick suddenly charged off into the bush yapping loudly in pursuit of some animal. Alec judged that he had scented a deer or a woodhare; in a few minutes Chick would return, limping painfully after collision with numerous trees.

So, forgetting all about the dog, Alec, whistling gaily, hauled up the fish trap, extracted several gaping perch and wended his way back to the cabin. Darkness was near at hand, and Steth was seated on the step. For a while they sat together, discussing their plans as concerned the annihilation of the next boulder, till the chilly air, sweet with the scent of pine trees, intimated that it was time to turn in.

"Where's the purp?" queried Steth as he rose.

"Dunno," replied Alec. "He went shooting off after a woodhare or something."

Steth strode to the edge of the bluff overlooking the creek, and stood with his hands on his hips, listening to the sleepy rush of the river. It was now vaguely starlight, and presently Steth turned and motioned to Alec to join him.

"I fancy I heard something down there," he stated, pointing into the gloom of the forest. "Listen!"

They listened. There was a long silence, then a hideous caterwauling shriek came up, as much like the voice of Satan as anything one could imagine. It caused the blood to run cold in their veins, and almost instantly it was followed by the sound of yapping and snarling.

"The little fool's found a panther or something!" exclaimed Steth in a hushed voice. "It will tear him to ribbons if we don't go along. Come on, man!"

Steth picked up a club and barged off into the dense bush in the direction of the sound, while Alec ran back for the rifle. Bringing up the rear Alec could hear his companion crashing through the undergrowth ahead, and again he heard the thunderous growl of some immense wild cat.

Alec, guided by his ears, fought his way towards the tree in which Chick, presumably, had forced the cat to take refuge, knowing that there was no time to be lost. For these big cats, though they will flee into the timber when pursued by a dog, will not stay there very long. If the dog sets siege to the tree they very soon tire of it, and climb down to kill the dog.

Steth judged that the terrier was only a few yards from him, when there was a terrible crash in the darkness ahead, accompanied by yaps and more thunderous growls, and Steth knew that the wild cat, on hearing him, had descended and made off, the terrier in hot pursuit. He called Chick by name, but one might as well have called to the far-off stars.

Steth plunged on, and Alec, hugging the rifle, tried to follow by sound, but ere long he realized the hopelessness of finding them. The forest was full of echoes, and one could not tell which was echo and which was not. Alec plunged out into the trail, running this way and that as he tried to locate them, till after twenty minutes of it he found himself breathless.

There was silence now, and after a while Steth came along the trail from the creek end. He too was breathless. "I reckon you've lost your dog," he said. "I told you it would be so. That panther's got him, and it's no use trying to follow till daybreak."

Steth's voice was strangely depressed considering how he had disliked the dog, and realizing their helplessness the two strode back to the cabin. They lit the lamp, and Alec saw that Steth's hands and face were covered with scratches. "If I'd been a minute earlier I reckon I'd have been in time," Steth muttered. "Dang them wild cats!" he added savagely.

"I reckon it's lucky you weren't in time, Steth," replied Alec. "You ought to have waited for the rifle. I never dreamt you'd go bullheaded at it."

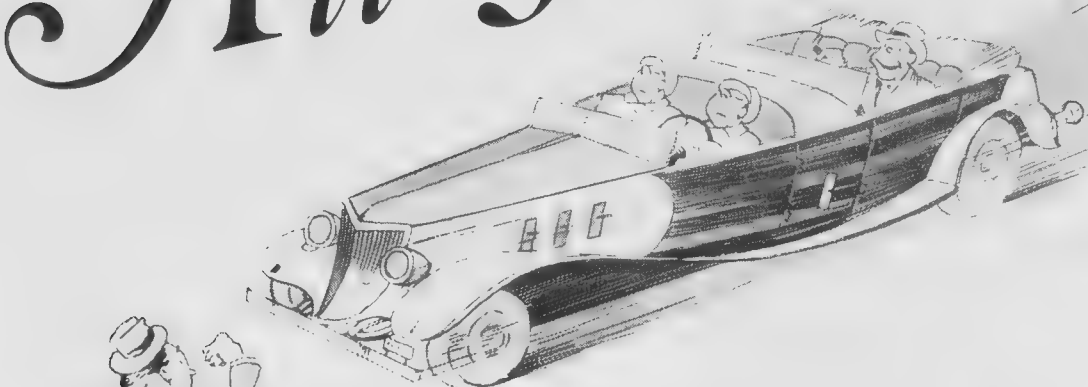
They undressed in silence, and got into their bunks, but not to sleep, for again and again that horrible shriek, ringing through the gloomy woods, seemed to echo in their ears. So it was near upon midnight when both were roused from a semi-stupor by a familiar sound of sniffing and snorting outside the door. They jumped up simultaneously, and simultaneously they exclaimed — "That's Chick!"

[Continued on page 44]



The bear struck out savagely at its small opponent. If one of those gigantic paws so much as touched the smaller animal it would be literally hurled over the tree tops, and clear it was that the terrier was taking enormous risks.

All Front



and No Shirt

By
ENID GRIFFIS

NOTHING is so calculated to raise the gorge of a long-suffering creditor as to open the morning paper and discover in a conspicuous position a photograph of one of his most delinquent "accounts" posed picturesquely on the rear-end of a Pullman coach waving a smiling farewell as he is whisked away to the mountains or to the seaside for a holiday of indefinite length. Nor does it improve his temper to learn that Mrs. H. deJ. So-and-So, whose long overdue account is already well up in the hundreds, is entertaining at a dinner party this evening, and that covers will be laid for twenty.

Yet this is the unpalatable dose which merchants, doctors, lawyers, butchers, bakers and domestics in all parts of the country are required to swallow daily since the practice of attempting to discharge one's financial obligations now seems to have become as obsolete as buttoned boots and tandem bicycles. Today almost every community has a high percentage of individuals whose paying habits, or rather non-paying habits, mark them as the spiritual kin of the levanter and the dead-beat. Society has always been the victim, in a greater or lesser degree, of this particular species of pest. The depression of the past three years has only served to aggravate its sufferings. Prominent citizens whose fortunes have diminished startlingly over night have suddenly found themselves faced with the choice of a return to the simple life, or the adoption of the life habits of the sponge. The majority apparently prefer the latter alternative. In the words of a man who has been in the retail credit business for nearly fifty years, there are people in "society" today who are maintaining their positions therein solely on their names, their past performances and their nerve.

A striking example of the length to which people will go to maintain their positions appeared recently in the press. A titled lady of London, who had become insolvent, applied to the court for a discharge from bankruptcy. In the investigation which the case entailed, it was revealed that her liabilities were \$81,970 and her assets non-existent. It was estimated that at one time she was spending borrowed money at an average rate of over \$5,000 a year, with little or no prospect of ever being able to repay it. Among her unsecured creditors \$2,250 was owed for clothing, \$100 for cigarettes and papers, and \$400 for the hire of cars.

THERE is another way in which the depression contributes to the difficulties of the credit situation. Chronic "four-flushers" are finding it just one more good excuse for side-stepping their just obligations, and are making the most of it in their own ingenious way. Not long ago a famous obstetrician was made the victim of the poverty racket. One of his patients who had just availed

herself of his services, came to his office in great perturbation. She was frightfully embarrassed at having to ask for special consideration, but her husband had sustained heavy losses, and, well—could the doctor find it in his heart to halve his usual fee? The practitioner granted her request, whereupon the grateful patient made a beeline to the nearest jewelry store and applied the difference toward the purchase of a pearl necklace. As she confided to a woman acquaintance: "I just had to have it, my dear; and my husband said he couldn't afford it." This lady would have made a perfect mate for a certain gentleman who, after having contracted debts to the amount of \$20,000, pleaded poverty when he was faced by his creditors, and naively suggested that they write off his debts to profit and loss. His argument was that many of his friends in a similar position weren't paying their bills, so why should he.

Department stores report that women are the worst offenders, which seems likely, since they do most of the shopping. The credit departments of fashionable emporiums all over the country are constantly receiving letters from harassed husbands who declare that they will not be responsible for their wives' debts unless all purchase orders bear their own personal O.K. Legally, however, they must be responsible, so that in most cases their desperate gestures are also vain ones.

The ways in which some women secure imposing effects without the outlay of actual money are numerous. A charge account furnishes the means for one of the most convenient and most popular. A woman buys a fur coat and pays \$5,000 for it—or rather, she charges it. A month later she returns it, explaining that money is terribly scarce—the stock market, you know—and she is afraid she will not be able to pay for the coat. In order to protect his position, the credit manager accepts the return of the coat. A few weeks later the customer repeats the performance at another store. Before the winter is over she has enjoyed being seen by her friends in several expensive coats without having paid a cent for the pleasure. The same practice is carried on in countless other lines. Hats and gowns are made to order and returned with the flimsiest of excuses after they have served their purposes. Even furniture and oriental rugs are kept for months and returned on slight pretexts. Losses on returned goods are even greater than on bad debts—and losses on bad debts amount in some shops to three-quarters of one per cent.

In prosperous times this situation can usually be met without resorting to drastic action, but when trade slackens for any appreciable length of time it becomes a serious problem. Business must go on as usual. New merchandise must be purchased. Overhead must be met and salaries paid. If the customers' bills are not paid, the store is eventually faced with one of three courses. It may raise its prices, cut down its expenses, or dip into its surplus capital. The last-mentioned step, however, would so seriously affect the store's credit standing at the bank that it is only resorted to in cases of gravest emergency. When business is already bad, the raising of prices is not calculated to encourage buying. The course which the store invariably takes, therefore, is one of retrenchment. Staffs are reduced, and more unemployment ensues. When people are unemployed, particularly people of the class which is obliged to pay cash for what it receives, they are forced to reduce their own expenses to the minimum. They cut down on food, clothing and rent. This in turn affects business in general—and so the vicious circle is continued. That the delinquent debtor is a definite factor in the prolongation of the business depression cannot be denied.

THE logical question to ask at this point is: "Why do stores allow themselves to become involved in this way? There are several answers. Sometimes they have the bad judgment to be impressed by a name, or by a person's social connections and personal recommendations, and they agree to extend credit before an investigation has been made of the applicant's trade references. Sometimes the prospective customer is introduced by a thoroughly reliable person who has been on the company's books for years. To cavil would be to risk incurring the displeasure of the "good account," even to the possible point of losing his business. Occasionally a person who is slow pay, or poor pay, has sufficient influence in "society" circles to secure new business for a shop, or to switch old accounts. Her behavior depends altogether on the leniency of her creditors. There are other people who deliberately build up one or two good accounts for the purpose of securing further credit. When they have achieved their purpose they proceed to enjoy themselves at the expense of the merchants. They rapidly become delinquent, and the store has its choice of continuing them on the books in the hope of eventually extracting the sum of their indebtedness, or of suing them, with the possibility of obtaining nothing.

The argument may be advanced that places which extend credit must expect this sort of thing and provide against it. This may be true when applied to the case of the store which caters to the so-called high-class clientele, but it falls flat in the case of the small, or definitely [Continued on page 47]

Devil's Garden

By
JACK BLACKBURN

GEOLGY, the science relating to the history and development of the earth's crust, together with the several floras and faunas which have successively clothed and peopled its surface, has revealed some startling theories. Much has been written and told about this old sphere upon which we pass our allotted span. Many explanations are no doubt well within the grounds of possibility—even truth—but I wonder if the mystery of the "Devil's Garden," at Rigaud, that little French-Canadian village on the Ottawa-Montreal main line, will ever be solved.

As one who has tried, like many others, and failed to either wrest this secret from Nature or turn the "Garden" into a profitable undertaking, I venture to doubt it. The "Devil's Garden" is truly named and its curious formation, coupled with the ill-luck which has dogged all attempts to remove and crush its contents, is one of the little known mysteries of this great Dominion.

Myth and superstition are attached to its history. The native of Rigaud will tell a story which makes the visitor smile. After my experience at the "Garden," I have formed the opinion that his

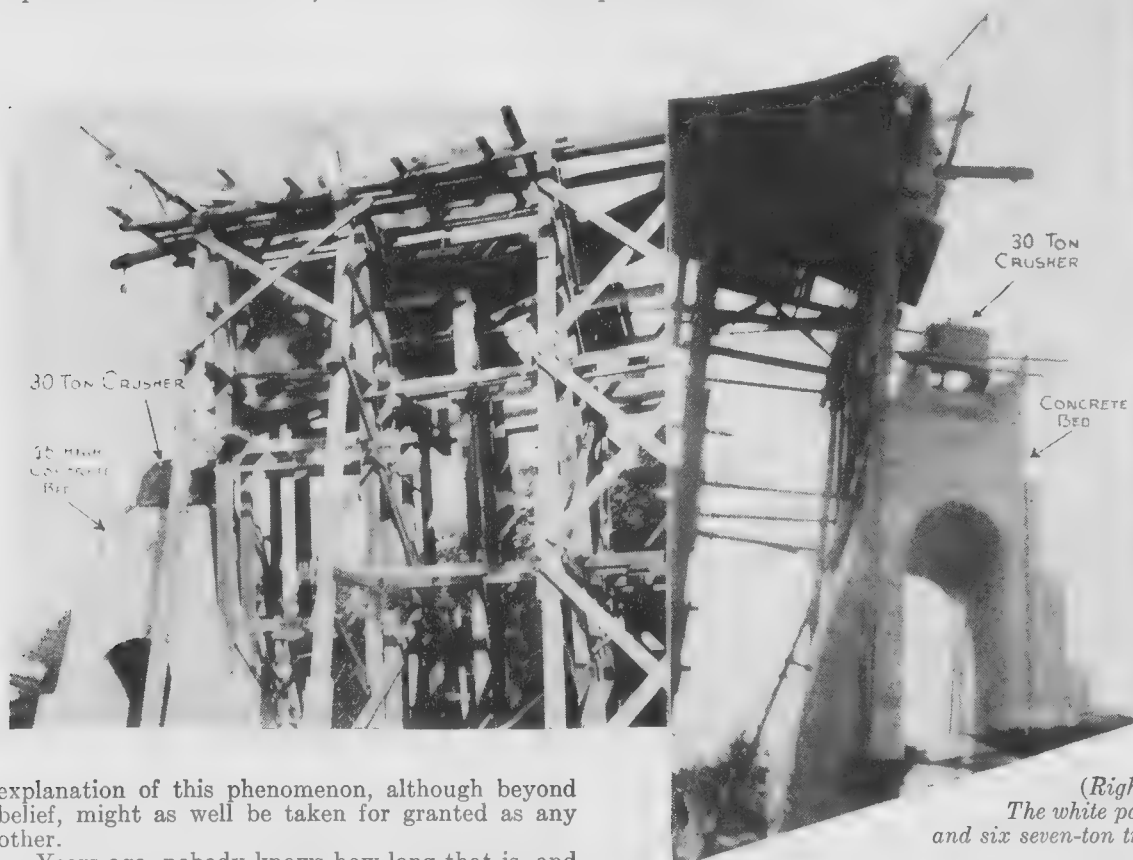


Part of the quarry, known as the "Devil's Garden." These stones were right on the top of the mountain, doubtless left there centuries ago in the glacial period.

Showing the frames for the 1800 feet of conveyor down the mountain. The belt is 16 x 3/4 inch rubber and weighs 4 1/2 tons. This track had to be first cleared by axe.



OTTAWA RIVER

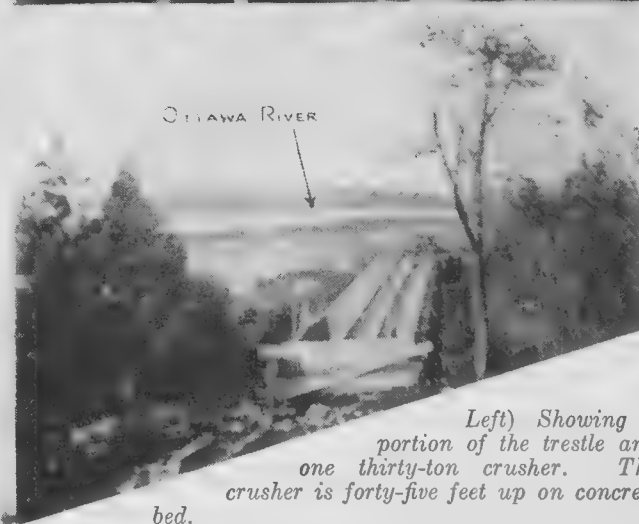


30 TON CRUSHER

30 TON CRUSHER

30 TON CRUSHER

CONCRETE BED



OTTAWA RIVER

Left) Showing a portion of the trestle and one thirty-ton crusher. The crusher is forty-five feet up on concrete bed.

(Centre) Part of the trestle and bin for thirty tons of stone, also concrete foundation and thirty-ton crusher.

(Right) Looking down the trestle from the mountain top or quarry. The white patch in the distance is the Ottawa River. A twenty-ton locomotive and six seven-ton trucks are on the trestle.

explanation of this phenomenon, although beyond belief, might as well be taken for granted as any other.

Years ago, nobody knows how long that is, and history doesn't say, a French farmer, living at Rigaud, cleared about twenty acres of land at the top of the mountain which slopes back from the broad expanse of the Ottawa River. It is a stiff climb to the summit, and no doubt the old man felt discouraged when he first saw the brush and splintered rocks that beset his path. However, he persevered and worked hard until his garden was ready for planting, and, having a sneaking regard for tubers, he decided to try them as a first crop.

Day after day he toiled up the hill with his seed. Row after row he filled with care and delight. This, he no doubt thought, will be a fine crop. Blessed with the mountain dew, warmed by the summer sun, sheltered with a wall of trees that rose like sentinels around him, there was no reason to doubt his reckoning.

At long last his job was almost finished. Only one row required seeding, but it was Saturday night and Sunday was a day of rest. He scrambled down the hill, weary but contented and at peace with the world. A few hours on Monday would complete a task that was a credit to any man.

However, being a conscientious worker, he couldn't help thinking about that last row. All through the midnight hours he pondered without sleep. Daylight found him still in a quandary. Even in those days a job worth doing was worth doing well. His seed was up there, on the mountain top. No one would see him if he slipped through the brush and climbed to his garden. The thought was father to the deed. Sunday morning found the old man hard at work. Two hours later he descended with a happy smile and a contented mind. Nature would do the rest.

But there was a catch in it. Unknown to the farmer, his Sardonic Majesty was watching closely and saw all that happened. He should have been pleased with the defaulter, but he wasn't. To say that he was angry would be to put it very lightly. Those who have seen the "Devil's Garden," will fully agree with me on this point. Only "Old Nick" himself would turn those potatoes into about one million tons of stone in a single night. No doubt the shock, when he saw his garden of stones, killed the old

[Continued on page 48]



DECORATION AS IT AFFECTS YOUR CHILD

WHEN I was studying Interior Decoration an instructor came to us one day and said, "I want you to design a children's nursery."

The girl who sat next to me, a naval officer's daughter, was delighted. The subject just appealed to her and she did a most fascinatingly colorful thing, using a gorgeous autumn forest as a background for wild woodland life. It was quite the loveliest thing of its kind that I have ever seen, and any child brought up in such a nursery would never in later life be content with anything second rate or mediocre.

In choosing and decorating a child's nursery or bedroom, two very important things must be taken into consideration. First and foremost is the fact that surroundings mean infinitely more to children than the average person would imagine. They are in the plastic stage when impressions have a lasting effect. It is therefore very essential that they should unconsciously absorb an appreciation of good line, color and design and the best way to achieve this is to be sure that only the most artistic things are in the rooms they call their own. The last objects their eyes rest on before they go to sleep at night and the first they see when they wake in the morning are the ones that are going to leave the most enduring impressions on their minds and memories.

The second thing to be considered—equally important but much better understood—is the subject of health. The room must be sunny. Preferably it should have an eastern or southern exposure, with lots of morning sunshine and fresh air and the windows should open from above and remain open all the year round. The walls are best painted with a flat-toned paint that can be washed, and the floor covered with linoleum or, if you are lucky enough to afford it, cork. In this way two purposes are served, the room is more sanitary and at the same time easier to keep clean.

Color plays an important part in life and affects children as it affects us all, to a greater or lesser degree depending upon our sensitiveness. Perhaps you have wondered why your highly strung little girl is always more difficult on the day that she wears a red dress. Red is too stimulating for those of a nervous temperament. Try dressing her in green, and do the walls of her room over a soft grey green or oyster green, and note the improvement. On the other hand, if healthy children are backward and find it difficult to study, they may just require a stimulant. Decorating the room in

By EDITH THOMPSON

which they study a very light orange will help amazingly. It is, however, by no means to be recommended for everyone and its effect on the different members of the family should be noted, if the study is a room in common use.

To give a concrete example of the effect of color: I recently stayed with a person who was suffering from high blood pressure and depression. Among my clothes were three dresses for afternoon wear, a purple dress with touches of shell pink that was quite new, a light blue and a rather passé green. I put the purple on only to be asked to take it off, the light blue was just tolerated but she wanted me to wear the green at all times. Quite unconsciously she seemed to sense the color that was best for her condition. Purple is apt to be depressing, blue is a stimulant and raises the blood pressure, but green lowers the blood pressure and is very soothing to the nerves.

IN THE nursery that I have illustrated, the color scheme as it stands is especially meant for summer but with a few changes should be equally good for winter. The walls are a neutral grey, with the panelling, window and door trims blue. Blue is a very lovely color to use in summer. It is the color of the sky, or the lakes, of the shadows cast by the trees and of the haze over the distant hills. It is stimulating and at the same time gives one a sense of coolness and space, but it is a most difficult color to use successfully on large spaces unless made very light or much greyed. So in this nursery I have used it merely on the small areas.

The floor, which of course should strike the darkest note in the room, is purple. This might be depressing to some older people but for children who are normally healthy and spend most of their time playing out of doors in the bright sunshine the color should just have the effect of subduing them enough when they play indoors to make life bearable for their mothers; after all mothers must be thought of too.

The purple note is repeated again in the silhouettes of the animals above, against a background of

yellow and violet and a foreground of green. Otto Schneider, the Californian artist, always made a great point of the color harmony being carried throughout a painting, and the same thing holds good in decorating a room. In other words if you use a color in one part of the room be sure that you have a touch of it again in some other part. In this

sketch the table and chairs are a repetition of the yellow above and the band in the linoleum of the violet. Some eastern people consider yellow the finest shade of all. They say it is a symbol of the best and noblest in life. It is like sunshine and brings a feeling of life into the darkest places, so in winter the effect of purple can be neutralized by adding two or three washable yellow rugs and one green one. If this does not give enough cheer, light curtains can be added. You will notice that I have not shown curtains in the illustration. In my opinion they are not absolutely necessary in summer, and if the color is right the room will not seem bare. However, it is a matter for the individual to decide. When curtains are used I would suggest using either one of the new waterproof materials or two sets of some inexpensive washing fabric, so that when one is in the wash the other set can be up, and in this way always immaculate.

Animals, birds and flowers appeal to very small children, but for older ones I would substitute, for the simple border, copies of famous paintings inset between panelling, using the panelling as a frame. Suppose for instance that you want to instill the ideals of the Knights of the Round Table. Panel the walls with moulding, choose as large a copy of Sir Galahad as you can procure, paste it in a panel and varnish over it. Do the same with copies of pictures of King Arthur and his other knights and the Lily Maid of Shalott. If you use colored reproductions, try and get ones that will harmonize with your general color scheme. Be sure that each picture conforms as nearly as possible in shape with the panel in which it is set and your walls will look very attractive.

When the children have thoroughly enjoyed these, paste another set over them or, if you do not want them destroyed, mount another set on cardboard, varnish it and put a new picture over each of the old ones, holding it in place by the addition of a tiny extra inner moulding.

In making your choice of a subject always bear three things in mind. Choose only something that will be an inspiration, [Continued on page 49]



Mrs. McAdoo demonstrates the first step—the Cold Cream and Tissues give a thorough cleansing.



Last step, the Vanishing Cream protects and holds the powder.

“Keeping my skin lovely is easy
with this quick daily care . . .”

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just how she gives herself a quick
home beauty treatment**

M^{RS}. McADOO is famous both for her crisp smartness and her many activities. Her chic young figure is snapped by society reporters at the smartest gatherings everywhere.

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As expertly as she manages the rest of her busy life.

“There are so many things I must do each day that I long ago decided to find out how to take proper care of my skin at home. And I did.

“It’s marvelously simple. Here’s what I do:
“First, *cleansing*—This Pond’s Cold Cream is the best cleanser I’ve ever found, it’s so rich and pure. It floats every speck of dust out of the pores—and these Pond’s Tissues wipe it all away in a second, they’re so much softer than any others.

“Now, being absolutely clean, my skin is ready for the second step—*stimulating*. A pad of cotton soaked with Pond’s Skin Freshener and pat, pat, pat like this—it tones and firms the skin, keeps your pores fine—brings up the natural color.

“Now comes—*protection*. If you don’t protect your skin, wind and cold and sunshine will play havoc with it. This Pond’s Vanishing Cream is the protection I always use. It’s invisible but it makes powder stay on for hours. And it doesn’t dry my skin. Now a bit of powder and a touch of lipstick and I’m ready to face the world.

“There— isn’t that a quick, simple beauty treatment?

“*At bedtime*—after cleansing with the Cold Cream and Tissues I always put on a bit more of the Cold Cream and leave it on

to lubricate my skin. It keeps away little lines and wrinkles. Cleansing, lubricating, stimulating, and protecting. My Pond’s method supplies every one of these!”

For 25 years in the most scientifically equipped laboratories, Pond’s has been making and testing preparations to beautify the skin. Be sure that you get Pond’s Creams—they are the most reliable that your money can buy.

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POND’S COLD CREAM is more than a cleansing cream. It is wonderful for bringing life and freshness to a tired skin. And to make a dry skin soft and supple. It has the perfect consistency. Not too heavy. Not so thin it dries the skin.

POND’S VANISHING CREAM is a godsend to women whose skin roughens and chaps. It smooths and heals the skin. Is not drying. Use it before and after exposure. And to hold your powder. One application will give your hands a lovely white transparent finish.

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Gillett's Lye cleans closet bowls without scrubbing...

WHAT woman doesn't want to get rid of it! The dirtiest, most unpleasant part of house-cleaning. Scrubbing out toilet bowls.

Thanks to Gillett's Pure Flake Lye... this annoying job has been made easy.

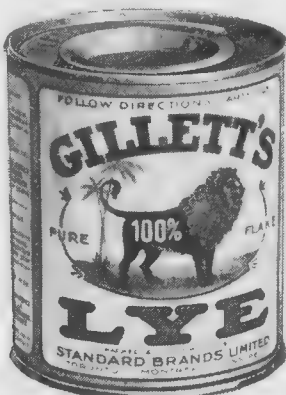
Just sprinkle Gillett's Lye — full strength—into the bowl. Off come all stains...without scrubbing. Germs are killed...odors banished...trap and drain pipe freed from obstruction.

And, more important, Gillett's Pure Flake Lye will not eat away enamel or destroy the finish of sinks and bathtubs.

Remember, Gillett's Pure Flake Lye makes *all* your household cleaning easier. Try a tin.

FREE BOOKLET: The Gillett's Lye Booklet shows you many ways to save drudgery by using this powerful cleanser and disinfectant. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



GILLETT'S LYE

EATS DIRT

inland, they passed the place in the darkness, and came to an abrupt stop against the thorns of the hawthorn hedge. At this the major reluctantly produced his flash, and slowly the two retraced their steps.

"I left that door shut," growled the officer, as he focused the light on the opening where the front door should have been. Let me go ahead." He put his revolver into the American's hand.

The flash he carried served only to make the unrelieved gloom more impenetrable, as with noiseless footsteps he took his way through the living-room to the kitchen. In this room Clarke Helmer overtook him, and sniffed the air suggestively. The officer was staring moodily at the floor and paid no attention.

"They've been here," he announced disgustedly. I don't suppose we'll find anything, after all. Look!"

The other looked and saw nothing out of the ordinary. There was a lot of soot scattered about, and there was what was quite obviously a trap-door. Being a tactful young man he asked no questions, and presently the officer bent over and tugged vigorously at an iron ring, to which the door slowly responded.

"The lantern's gone," he grumbled.

"Can't you explore by the light from your flash?"

"That's not it. If they have taken the lantern you can jolly well depend they have taken everything else too. Don't stand by the opening. If they wanted to rush you, they could knock you through and slam the door down on both of us. I'm going below."

The red spot of light from his torch made its way down the ladder, and disappeared in the darkness of the cellar beneath.

Clarke Helmer moved cautiously away from the opening and took his stand at the door leading to the lean-to wood-shed, which he opened. He was still gripping the revolver and somehow its contact made him nervous. What a sordid little village this one was, with its bootleggers who turned doctors by day, and its miners who turned tigers by night. The country was beautiful though. He hoped the good weather would last until he plucked up enough courage to ask Marion Crofts to come out for a ride in his car. He wondered if she would come. After all, she knew nothing about him except that he hadn't murdered Mrs. Townsend. Between that and absolute virtue there was a broad stretch of uncharted country.

To each and all of us is given some sense developed abnormally by comparison with the others we possess. Clarke Helmer didn't hear as quickly as most, and his gay good-humoured eyes missed many things which other orbs more craftily set saw, but his sense of smell was acute to the point of actual pain. There were certain odors not unpleasant in themselves, which hurt him like a physical blow, and one of these came to his nostrils now.

"Le Narcisse Noir!" he muttered, "of all things, and in all places." Of course it wasn't Le Narcisse Noir, it couldn't be. It was some late blooming weed which hid its perfume by day to fling it to the moist air at night. And he had been thinking of Marion, and had caught at the hint of the perfume she used. The perfume he was going to ask her to stop using, by the way, when he knew her better.

He started violently when the major spoke close to his ear.

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 9

"Hang it all!" he apologized. "My nerves are all shot to pieces. What did you find?"

"Nothing," replied the other. "It was just as I thought. They've cleared it out, lock, stock and barrel. There's not a single thing to indicate their illicit activities except the smell of this accursed place."

"Do you smell anything but home-brew?"

"Yes I do. I smelt it the first time I came in here. It reminds me of the black smoke of India."

"That wasn't what I meant," said Clarke Helmer quietly.

But the major wasn't interested in smells.

"It's a peculiar thing," he complained, "but down in the cellar it occurred to me that whenever there is any special devilry afoot, some person lugs Eatum Up Jack into town and gets him drunk."

"Don't tell me you have a local character by that name. I couldn't bear it."

"We have though, and at that he's not a bad chap. There were giants in the days when Eatum Up was born, and when he's sober he's as mild as milk, but when he gets filled up on etherized beer—look out. He cut loose last night and selected the only plate glass window in town to put his foot through; he would. It was a jeweller's window, too, and when I got there he was placidly reaching through the hole he had made and chucking the contents of the window into the street. He said they were ugly, and he was damned near right at that."

"What did you do?"

"What could I do? Lodged him in a cell after a scrap. He usually comes along quietly; that is, he does when I change into my trench coat and take time to put on my spurs. Last night I didn't have the time for make-up, so I measured what little science is mine against Eatum Up's weight."

"What makes him so fussy about clothes?"

"Oh! it appears he was born in some God-forsaken out-district, and has the greatest respect for an English officer. Cavalry, that is, infantry doesn't count. Hence the spurs. Did you hear anything while I was downstairs?"

"No! I smelt something though."

"What?"

"I thought I recognized Le Narcisse Noir. Don't laugh."

"I'm not laughing. There are not many women in a place like this who would purchase Caron's Black Narcis-

sus at twelve dollars an ounce. I only know one."

"So do I," said Clarke Helmer soberly.

And Unseen Things, mirthful and malicious, swung from tree to tree in mockery, for each man had thought of a different woman.

"Let us go down to the river," said the major abruptly, and led the way.

For the last five minutes it had been growing steadily lighter. The moon was rising, her glory hidden so far by the grim mountain which kept guard over the town. On the island the poplars stood out pallidly. Wraith-like the white jasmine clung. Slowly the water turned to purest silver. And then the pale planet triumphantly crowned the mountain summit to flood the whole valley with her light.

Clarke Helmer caught his breath sharply as the voice of the officer broke the spell which the night had laid.

"I see it," he responded fretfully, "but just the same, I didn't hear a thing."

"What does not seem reasonable to me," debated the major, "is that no one knew we were coming, and yet the raft was undoubtedly taken back to its berth in order to be in readiness for tonight."

"Oh! they weren't thinking of us. They were after something in the cottage."

"There is nothing in the cottage. I went over it carefully the afternoon of the inquest, all excepting the cellar, and I did that thoroughly tonight."

"Then they wanted to get to Calamity House without being seen crossing the bridge, and the little doctor obligingly punted the raft over to the island this afternoon. Bet you anything you like."

The major did not at once accept the wager. Instead he got down on his knees by the water's edge, and not trusting the moonlight, turned the light from his electric flash directly on the moist clay. When he rose his features looked harsh in the soft light.

"You were right about the Black Narcissus," he said grimly. "Let's get away from here. The bootleggers have nothing to do with the raft which anchors on the island."

"**D**IFFICULTIES," said Major Kettlewell, rising to throw a pine knot on the fire, "are the things that show what men are."

His companion, contentedly watching the blaze, seemed to consider a remark so profound its own reward.

"Illumination," went on the major, "is not granted to the mere thinker, but to him who acts while he thinks, and thinks while he acts."

"I hope," interposed Clarke Helmer apprehensively, "that you're not going to act tonight, and I know I'm not going to think. Not about the Townsend case, at any rate. I'm fed up on the Townsend case. Drink up your whisky, listen to the wind, and be content. Above all, be content."

It was a stormy night. Tirelessly the wind shrieked its way through the Aspen Grove Draw, to circle the valley and hurl its massed battalions against unyielding Iron Mountain. Flung back on neutral Glenlogan, and sullen in defeat, it lashed the unoffending village with rain, and pelted it with the stinging shrapnel of hail.

The Englishman set down his glass empty.

"For the first time since the murder of Mrs. Townsend I, Nebuchadnezzar, am at peace in my house. I rest in my palace. Is that the way it goes?"

[Continued on page 24]



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do you get
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and, my dear, it's simply
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LUX for dishes

Lovely hands for less
than 1¢ a day

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Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies
the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough

"It's a new one to me, but it sounds reasonably Biblical, and I hope both you and Nebuchadnezzar will stay put for the night."

"You are all for a quiet life."

"Which I do not get. Lord, yes! What geologist isn't? For us the waste places where fauna and flora whisper of vanished continents and the strange vegetable and animal life which they supported."

"If Flora is a friend of yours, I wish she would whisper a few words to me about one man."

"You mean the doctor?"

"I do. The road from Nicola is a trunk road, and seldom free of traffic, the bulk of which takes the short cut and reaches town by the Blackwell Hill. And yet, I have been unable to find anyone who will admit that he passed that way between three and four o'clock on the afternoon of Mrs. Townsend's death, and saw or did not see the doctor. Of course I'm up against the strong tribal instinct of this damned little town. The same instinct which made them itch to hang you, and which closes their mouths when they see me coming a block away. The incredible feature of the whole thing is that they don't like the doctor, and they did like his wife. Before the murder they chattered about the domestic affairs of the Townsends like a lot of apes in a tree, but you can't get a word out of them now, with the exception of some fool remark about how lonely the poor doctor must be, and how good he is to Charters, and how the boy won't go back to school, and how the doctor doesn't want to be harsh with him, and so on *ad nauseam*."

"In their chatty days did they ever accuse him of being a dope fiend?"

Not that I ever heard. Why?"

"Several things remind me of the heroin murders of Montparnasse, where a little fair fluff of a doctor, one of your countrymen, by the way, used to take a shot of heroin and go quietly, cunningly, and murderously mad. He did away with eight of his own patients before suspicion fell on him. I was in Paris at the time, and as soon as I laid eyes on Doctor Townsend I thought of that other mild looking man whom I had last seen blinking in a dock. Of course the fact that they resemble one another physically had a great deal to do with the way I felt. It certainly wasn't that I was prejudiced against Doctor Townsend, as I admit I am now. At that time I didn't know to whom I was indebted for waking up in a hospital ward with a bump like a goose-egg on the back of my head, and I didn't know just how close I was going to come to being hanged. Still, much as I dislike him, I don't believe that he has the pluck to murder, unless, as I said, he hits the pipe. Anyway, where's your motive?"

"What do you know about psychology?"

"Not much, thank God!"

"H'm! Wisdom and Folly each prefer the course which the other rejects."

"I'm not so foolish that I do not realize that in spite of myself I'm going to spend this evening talking about the Townsend murder. Get the psychology off your chest. In the language of my country, shoot!"

The major made up the fire until the sparks roared up the broad chimney, filled his guest's glass and his own pipe, and settled himself comfortably to do the better justice to his favorite theme.

"Some sensations," he puffed contentedly, "such as light and sound, are agreeable if not too intense, their pleasantness increasing with their intensity up to a certain point, on near-

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 22

ing which the feeling rapidly changes and becomes disagreeable, or even painful. So it is with a good woman.

"Doctor Townsend, a man of puny physique, was no doubt, in the first instance, tremendously attracted by the fine moral character and heroic proportions of his wife; possibly even by her capacity for administration. From local gossip I gather that with the impassiveness of bulk she managed his business, formed his friendships for him, and even directed him in the personal matters of clothing and diet.

"I know just how domineering these Brunhilds can be. What I do not know is just how much the average man will stand. Temperaments differ. The instincts of an earlier age of development become atrophied in some, and in the circumstances in which our ancestors worried their enemies, we only show our teeth.

"If the doctor was not directing the bootlegging operations which were taking place on his property, he was at least getting his rake-off on every bottle sold, and this rake-off was a very important matter to a man whose wife kept his books and banked his money in her own name. Now, just suppose that the doctor, returning from Nicola about twenty minutes to four, saw her poking her nose into that cottage. Wouldn't he be mad? And wouldn't he, knowing the kind of woman she was, be scared. If he didn't confess his complicity she would undoubtedly notify the police, and if he dared to tell her the truth he would be discovered 'holding out' on her, which I am told is the unpardonable sin between husbands and wives. If the motive seems trivial to you, you must take into consideration the many times and the many ways in which this woman had dominated and humiliated her husband. You must also bring to memory what you know of the mental process of a small man. How vain they are, and how anxious to assert the authority which is habitually denied them by their wives at all events.

"Now, suppose that the doctor in a funk reaches the house first, and goes to his office to think things over, and decide upon his line of defence. She comes in the back way and ferrets him out, and in all probability threatens to go to the police. God knows what she was rummaging in his desk for, but she was certainly after something, when she was struck from behind. The first blow was quite enough to kill her; she staggered, and printed her hand in the blood which streamed from the wound in her head down on to the white desk blotter. The majority of the blows fell after she was dead, indicating insensate fear or primordial rage. I attach no importance to the fact that her wrist-watch is missing. In fact, since nothing else was disturbed in the office or the house, I incline to the opinion that the taking of the watch was intended as a blind to the real motive of the murderer."

"Has it ever occurred to you," hazarded the American, "that the bootleggers were quite capable of following

the woman to the house, and doing her in?"

"Why should they? All they had to do was to clear out with their stock before the woman got word to the police. That is what they did ultimately. If they expected to carry on, a murder was the very last thing they would want in their business."

"Bootleggers are just as bad tempered as doctors, and almost as bad tempered as husbands; in fact they are notoriously bad tempered. Fifty per cent of the murders in the State of Washington are committed by bootleggers peeved about something."

"But would the bootleggers, do you think, have followed the woman to the house weaponless, relying upon picking up the woodshed axe, or the kitchen hammer, and eventually deciding upon a surgical instrument from the doctor's case? And would Mrs. Townsend have been standing rummaging in her husband's desk while the bootleggers got ready to attack her?"

Clarke Helmer's interest in the Townsend murder, save for a very natural desire not to be hanged for it, was perfunctory. He smiled blandly as the entrance bell pealed above the tumult of the storm.

Before the major could reach the door, the knob turned in a fumbling hand, and the door blew open, admitting rain, hail, sleet, and a boy drenched with all three.

Swaying uncertainly on his feet he gasped out a few unintelligible words, and as the officer flung a sustaining arm around him slipped quietly into unconsciousness.

"What did he say?" demanded Clarke Helmer eagerly, as they laid the boy on the couch.

The other shook his head helplessly. "I couldn't catch it. Something about a passage in Calamity House."

"Could it have been a message from Calamity House?"

"It could have been anything for all I heard of it. Is your car outside?"

"Yes."

"Then if you will take the boy to the hospital, I'll go down there and see if anything else has gone wrong."

"Look out for yourself, old man! It's just the night Calamity House would reach for you with its snicker snee."

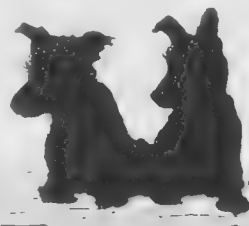
"Don't be an ass," laughed the major, shrugging himself into his slicker.

As he went up the desolate drive the pines lashed themselves into a fury over his head. Ominous and drear, the house endured the full violence of the storm. No ray of light flickered from its many windows. At the surgery door he rang the bell and waited. There was no answer. He tried the door. It was locked. Without the right to force an entrance he went back to the road, and, walking lightly and warily, returned. This time he thought he heard a movement in the surgery. He bent his ear to the key-hole, when the pandemonium of sound narrowed to a curious dragging noise which might have been caused by an old elm, the drooping branches of which swept the house.

"Damn the wind! Were those footsteps, or the rain drumming on the roof. No wonder the boy was oozy with fright."

A spherical light played for a moment on the door, then moved onward to focus on the officer's face and shut out his vision. From the darkness a spiteful voice which strove for dignity:

"Perhaps, Major Kettlewell, I can assist you."



[Continued on page 26]



You can see
with half an
eye that

that's a "Nugget" shine

When she saunters down the avenue in sunshine,
In drizzle, rain or any kind of slush,
Her shoes they twinkle brightly,
And her walk is always sprightly,
For she starts the day with Nugget and a brush.

At home she's only one of half a dozen . . .
There are several pairs of shoes that must be done . . .
But with NUGGET on the shelf,
Each one does his shoes himself,
And the battle for economy is won.

NUGGET SHOE POLISH

For Your White Shoes Ask for Nugget White Kid Cleaner

Champion

EXTRA RANGE SPARK PLUGS



① Note scientifically proportioned nose. Heat in this area is automatically controlled by this exclusive shape, which always keeps the nose cool enough to prevent overheating and pre-ignition.

② Note the scientifically proportioned neck. Heat in this area is likewise automatically controlled by this exclusive shape, which always keeps the neck hot enough to prevent carbon and oily deposits that bring about fouling.

ENABLE YOU TO ENJOY THE FULL LIMIT OF CAR PERFORMANCE

Modern automotive engines—the models of last year and the year before last—and even older engines with great mileage records behind them—all take on new life with a set of the new Champion Patented Extra Range Spark Plugs. These new Champions enable every engine in normally good condition to perform as never before. Conventional spark plugs limit engine performance by their inability to function over the entire power range. Champion Extra Range Spark Plugs eliminate these limitations by the unique and patented shape of the lower end of the insulator. The Champion patented extra range principle means the extra power to top all hills with certainty; the ability to achieve extra speed with a sustained full throttle without faltering; and the dependability of a heavy duty engine when the going is slow and tough. Your car richly deserves a set now, particularly if the spark plugs you are now using have gone 10,000 miles or more . . . Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario.

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 24

"Er, thank you! As a matter of fact I called to see if you were in need of assistance yourself. Your stepson—"

I was in the hospital when my son was brought in just now. He is suffering from shock."

"I thought as much, but what caused the shock?"

"That I cannot say. I have not seen the boy since morning, and he was in a state of coma when I left the hospital. I am exceedingly grateful for your interest, Major Kettlewell, but it is late, and I have a heavy day before me tomorrow. You will pardon me if I say good night."

"Good night!" said the major, and went thoughtfully down the dripping drive.

DURING the night the rain and sleet turned to snow, and morning found Glenlogan a village deceptively fair.

Clarke Helmer provided his car with chains, and Miss Marion Crofts shook out her mole coat from its summer wrappings, and hung it by the window to get rid of a moth-ball odor.

It was the nurse's late leave, and she and Clarke Helmer were to dine with Mrs. John T. Agar.

Their hostess received them with apologies for her husband's absence. A beautiful woman, the clouded amber of her gown matched but failed to rival the silken sheen of her hair, and her eyes were wide and grey and deeply troubled.

An aged Chinaman, whom his mistress addressed as Loo Sing, served cocktails and a few minutes later announced dinner.

"Isn't it strange," remarked Mrs. Agar as she seated herself at the head of the well appointed table, "that you two young people should go through the war unknown to each other and then meet under such astonishing circumstances in Glenlogan? Marion tell me that you went over with the Canadians, Mr. Helmer."

"Yes. I was in Vancouver when war broke out, and got away with the Fifth."

"You must have been very young."

"I celebrated my eighteenth birthday on Salisbury Plains."

"It's rather a wonder they took you, a minor and an American."

"Oh! I did the needful by swearing I was twenty-one. As a matter of fact I looked more than that; anyway, there was no one to object. The trust company which looked after my financial affairs until I came of age naturally took no responsibility, and my mother was in Paris when war broke out, and at that time rabidly pro-ally."

Marion Crofts' violet eyes darkened, and the hostess, sensing a clash of opinions, serenely directed the conversation into other channels.

"Bridge or Mah Jong?" she inquired later, as they took coffee in the living-room.

"Mah Jong," decided the girl promptly. "It rests me to handle the ivory tiles, and I want Mr. Helmer to see your table."

Agnes Agar smiled without gratification.

"Bring the red lacquered table, Loo Sing," she directed.

They built the three walls carefully to keep the Chinese devil out, and commenced to play.

"Pung!" said the hostess, retrieving the White Dragon and exposing the other two. "What does the White Dragon remind you of?"

"Of soap," responded Marion Crofts promptly.

"Washee person!" laughed Clarke Helmer. "Just at present it reminds me of a double which I shall not get."

"And me," said Agnes Agar firmly, "of a man, pale and small and smug, and a white devil."

"What," she went on, discarding the Head of the Sparrow, "sent Charters Darrach out into the storm last night?"

"God knows. Kettlewell went down to investigate, and came back wetter but no wiser. Seven circles! He says that the place in the storm was enough to give anyone the woosies."

"Eight bamboo!" interposed Marion Crofts.

"The place is all right," said his hostess carelessly, konging the eight bamboo. "It's the people who live in it. I wish we could get the boy away to school. Five circles!"

"He'll go only if you produce the murderer of his mother. One character!"

"Is that intended for a pun? It Mah Jongs me," gurgled Marion, exposing her hand of Thirteen Angels.

"Lord! What luck!" groaned Clarke Helmer, paying the limit for East Wind. "Have a heart!" he implored as his hostess commenced rebuilding the wall. "I'll say nothing about this young woman who is your guest, but she has all my money."

"What can you expect when you play mixed hands?" criticized the winner.

"I suppose your Thirteen Angels are all of one feather."

Agnes Agar was counting and methodically dropping her ivory tallies into their proper compartments.

"I think," she said, "that we have had enough Mah Jong. Marion plays like a mandarin, and must be seven thousand points ahead. Curious how the luck runs."

"I know what's wrong with my game. I work too hard at it. If you work too hard at anything you spoil your luck."

"You don't mean that," said the girl incredulously.

"But I do mean it. The other day a popular American weekly printed an article in which the four leading financiers of the country attributed all their success to thrift and hard work. The article was the usual bunk, but the photographs of the old millionaires got me. All nice fatherly men who looked truthful, and yet here they were lying like anything just for the fun of it."

"Perhaps," suggested Agnes Agar, "they know that most people won't be lucky, but if they work hard and save what they earn they won't come to absolute misery."

"And after all, we can't stop work and go wandering about trying to be lucky. Anyway, you owe me seventy-eight hundred points, Mr. Helmer, and since you are such a hard worker you may as well figure it out at a twentieth of a cent."

East Wind laid down three dollars and ninety cents, and proceeded to quote:

*"The method employed I would gladly explain,
While I have it so clear in my head,
If I had but the time, and you had but the brain—
But much yet remains to be said."*

"Thanks!" said the nurse, dropping the coins in her vanity case. "Do you know any more?"

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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 26

"Lots, but I want to talk to Mrs. Agar about luck."

"I do not think that I know much about luck," confessed his hostess dubiously, "not good luck, that is."

Marion Crofts glanced around the room with its exquisite old furniture and its hangings of soft silken amber.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "it seems to me that you have everything," and blushed crimson. For it was current gossip in Glenlogan that Mrs. Agar had everything—and nothing.

In the silence that followed Clarke Helmer produced his cigarette-case.

"Who disputes the law of three, dies" he admonished, and extinguished the match after the second light.

"When I was a child," said Agnes Agar, disdaining the neutral ground, "I was haunted by two dreams constantly recurring. In one I was seated before a deep dark pool, and a presence behind me placed a fishing-rod in my hand and told me to fish in the murky waters. Instinctively I seemed to fear what I might bring to the surface, but not daring to refuse I cast my line and dragged up hideous mis-shapen crawling things, until all around me the ground writhed with them. It was horrible. The other dream, though not so loathsome, terrified me by its continued repetition. Always I lay prone upon the ground while a huge black animal stood over me. Sometimes it left me for a short distance, and at other times it appeared to sleep, but let me raise my head ever so little and it was back, growling in its deep black chest. Always it returned to prevent me raising myself."

With the delightful responsiveness which was her chiefest charm, Marion Crofts took up the subject of dreams.

"From a medical standpoint," she argued, "they were only beginning to be understood. People might laugh at Freudism with its theory of inhibitions, but Science could not afford to be merely amused. It must investigate."

"For myself," she went on, "I have never failed to receive a warning if danger threatened. I have even dreamed of a somewhat trivial conversation which six weeks later actually took place. Doesn't this prove that we are not free agents, since the very words which we are to speak a month from now are possibly taking form in the ether tonight. Another curious thing is that all my psychic dreams are short, as if the sender had difficulty in getting them through. Sometimes they are no more than a line of type held before my eyes; sometimes a voice speaks the message in my ear, and invariably chokes on the last word. I asked a saintly Parsee whom I nursed in India to explain it to me, but he was very sick and very old and very holy, and strayed off into a dissertation on symbols. If you are interested, Agnes, I will interpret your dreams according to his symbolism."

"Will you? I should love it."

"The leading idea in Parsee theology," explained the girl, "is Monotheism. That is, there is only one God. In spite of this they teach a speculative philosophy of Dualism, that is to say, that everything in the invisible world about us is symbolized in the material world in which we live."

"Now as water is a symbol of pure life, the muddy pool which terrified you as a child was this material life which we see below. The old Parsee would have unhesitatingly named the voice which bade you fish as Maya or Illusion. It is the voice which Hindu and Parsee agree bids us to eat, drink, marry and bear children, and be bound

for ever on the wheel of material existence. The slimy things, he would have said, were the loathsome experiences which come to all of us more or less, and which differ only in degree, until purified by endless lives of suffering we lift our thought to the realm of spirit."

The other woman put out her hands in a helpless gesture of protest.

"But how can we lift our thoughts, when all about us the slimy things crawl. All modern sects say, 'Stop wrong thinking,' but all disagree as to what constitutes wrong thinking. Besides, we do not think what we choose but that which comes into our minds."

"How about the other dream?" inquired Clarke Helmer uncomfortably.

"Never mind about the other dream," replied his hostess with an attempt at lightness. "Perhaps I understand the other dream better than I let on."

"Like Kettlewell. That man pretends that apart from several suspicious circumstances which point to the doctor, he has made absolutely no progress in the Townsend case. Frankly, I don't believe him. I told him the other night that I believed he was waiting for me to confess that I did it."

"What did he say?"

"Smiled blandly, and said exactly nothing."

"There is going to be another tragedy in that house, if the Lone Star Mine continues to spout gold."

"Mrs. Agar! He wouldn't dare."

"Not murder. No, I do not think he would. But suppose he wanted to get control of the boy's fortune. He is a physician, and I tell you he will do anything for money. A heroin addict can be made in a week."

"Pardon me! I do not think so. And anyway, suppose he succeeded in anything so horrible, what is the advantage?"

"Can't you see? Without any risk he becomes the boy's absolute master. An addict will do anything for his drug—anything. Will pay any price in money, in kind, or in blood."

"I really think," intervened Marion Crofts reasonably, "that we are all letting our imagination run away with us. After all, Doctor Townsend is a physician in good standing, and as a registered nurse I for one do not feel justified in working up a set of thrills over his family affairs, which after all remain a matter for conjecture."

"I'm sorry, Marion," apologized her hostess.

Clarke Helmer wriggled uncomfortably in his chair, and thanked his God that at that moment the telephone rang.

While her guests struggled with the dumbness which fastens on choice souls, who with no desire to listen to a conversation not intended for their ears, can think of nothing to say, the usual preface with which Long Distance prefaced her connections floated in from the hall.

"Hallo!"

"Yes! This is Glenlogan speaking. Hallo, Vancouver Hallo!"

Silence, followed by a complaint to Long Distance that Vancouver is not on the line.

"Hallo, Vancouver! This is Glenlogan speaking. Yes! Mrs. Agar."

"Hallo, Jack!"

"Hallo! Yes, I can hear you."

"Oh! The wires have been down?"

Yes, quite all right thanks."

"Only the stockings from the Hudson's Bay, and the bulbs from Riordans. Six hyacinths, two lilies, and a cyclamen, please."

[Continued on page 28]



MY SECRET?
DON'T LOOK—DON'T LISTEN—
JUST SMELL!

And what a secret to learn! How to have clothes sweeter and fresher and whiter—with less work. Because the naptha you smell in Fels-Naptha means that the Big Golden Bar is *two* helpers instead of one. It means that Fels-Naptha brings you greater cleansing power—power to get out the most obstinate dirt without hard rubbing.

But don't get the idea that Fels-Naptha is "strong." It isn't. The soap itself is mild and the

naptha in it is so gentle, that dry cleaners use it on the filmiest fabrics. Fels-Naptha contains glycerine, too—and that makes it friendly to hands.

Fels-Naptha does a grand job any way you use it. In tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or cool water; for soaking or boiling. Get a few bars at your grocer's. Use it for every soap-and-

water task. Then you'll realize the value of Fels-Naptha's secret—it brings you *extra* help.



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH

THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



"My dentist and my purse suggest the same toothpaste"

"DAD said we had to come down to earth—and meant it—so mother and I started to cut corners. Necessity brought me to my senses—in more ways than one. Fifty cents *did* seem a lot for toothpaste—even in boom times. I found Colgate's at a quarter cleans my teeth—if anything—better than ever—and it tastes better, too. And you should have heard the recommendation my dentist gave Colgate's. So here we are—saving a quarter—and a lot better off—because between you and me—I never did quite believe those extravagant claims some high-priced toothpastes make."

25¢



MADE IN CANADA

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 27

"What? He asked Riordan. Who did? Please speak louder, Jack. What did Riordan say?"

"He told him? You say he told him?"

Above the banalities of a forced conversation, Clarke Helmer thought he heard an exclamation of terror, but his hostess re-entering the room with the beautiful serenity which distinguished her, he concluded that he had been mistaken.

Later, the strangled utterance returned to disturb him, for the hand which Agnes Agar extended as she bade him good night was icy cold, and the wide grey eyes had the piteous expression of an animal hurt and trapped.

VISITING hours at the Glenlogan Hospital were from three to five on weekdays and from two to four on Sunday.

At five minutes past three on the Friday following the storm, Clarke Helmer presented himself at the desk, and learning that Charters Darrach was not in a condition to receive visitors, handed his offering for the sick-room to the nurse on duty. Just then Miss Marion Crofts, smartly attired in a suit of pencil blue homespun checked with brown, let herself out of the front door.

"Friday," said the young man, overtaking her in the first block, "is my lucky day. That is because I was born on a Friday. What is yours?"

"I don't know. But I do know that Thursday is my unlucky day, and unless things change for the better, I shall go under my bed on Thursdays and stay there."

"I take it that yesterday was no exception to the general run."

"It was not."

He glanced at her russet walking boots.

"And you are going to walk off a state of mind, or temper, or something, on the hills. May I come?"

"You may. I'm going past the Townsend place, but I'll try not to mention the murder."

"Thank God! I'm just about fed up. That murder follows me like a homeless cat tags along after the fish man."

They talked gaily of other matters until crossing the bridge his old aversion for the place settled on him.

"Why," he asked gloomily, "do they call it Calamity House?"

"They didn't until recently. But the country around here was always considered unlucky. Cattle are said not to thrive although the grass grows lush green to the summit of Chilli-hitchie's Mountain. If the hay is harvested and used for winter fodder animals fed upon it grow lean and sicken. I know myself that the nuts on the mountain are always empty when they fall, and the raspberries and loganberries shrivel on the bushes. In the old days the Indians from Spillamen fought the Thompson River tribe all the way from Spences Bridge to Glenlogan, and here where the Nicola and Coldwater join the battle became a massacre. By thousands the Thompson River Indians were killed or pushed into the icy river, swollen with spring rains and melting snow. The Spillamen Indians in those days were not above a little forbidden flesh, and it is said that right where the Townsend house stands a horrible feast took place, at which the son of the Thompson River chief was present, on a plate."

"Good God!"

"There are details about the death of the chief much too loathsome to

repeat, although the old prospector who told me the story unfortunately did not think so. But, anyway, the place has been considered unlucky ever since. Everyone around here avoids it, and the Indians ford the river higher up rather than pass, but no one said anything when a wealthy English mine-owner bought it, and built the home to which he brought his bride. It was a beautiful place in those days, I am told. But the war came, and twenty-four hours later the Englishman closed down his mine, and with his wife and baby caught the first boat to England, leaving the gardener to pack up. He rejoined his old regiment—I think it was the Leinsters—and was killed at the second battle of Ypres. The first Zeppelin which came over got his wife and baby, and people began to talk about the ancient curse and the place being unlucky, which was absurd, for of course he would have been killed anyway, and she was not the only English woman to lose her life and her baby. But the Fifeshire miners coming home from nightshift began to see things, and Doctor Darrach bought the place partly because it was cheap, and partly because he was obstinately determined to convince the townspeople that their superstitions were foolish. He died without convincing them in the first 'flu epidemic, and at his funeral a man coined the phrase 'Calamity House.' Mrs. Darrach, who was left with the place and a boy of ten and not a great deal beside, married his assistant shortly afterward.

"The marriage took place in the late summer of 'nineteen, and until the murder nothing occurred to justify the ill name which attached to the place. That is nothing tangible. But it was not a spot that one cared to pass late at night, and it began to look down at the heel, and the name of Calamity House stuck. A miner returning from his work swore that he saw the English woman flitting through the garden, and it wasn't long before the whole town had seen her run out of the front door at midnight, with her dead baby in her arms. Mrs. Townsend was frightened. But then she was thrifty too. And the ruling passion won. The doctor laughed at the whole affair, and shut himself up in his surgery at night, to work on some chemical discovery which was to bring him wealth and the Nobel prize, and everything else he had ever heard of. His wife told me that when she heard any noise she simply cowered under the clothes; nothing would induce her to navigate the stairs and that narrow, gloomy passageway, in order to call her husband. Besides, he had impressed on her that his experiments were delicate and dangerous, and it was better that he should not be disturbed."

She laughed ruefully, and added, "I rather think that on the whole it was better. Do you mind a stiff climb?"

"I do not. I'd like to climb so high that I'd never see Calamity House again. Do you know I'm so fed up with the Townsend murder that I sometimes wish I'd been hanged for it."

"Ungrateful person! The owner of the Republic which I commandeered tells me that his truck will never be the same again. It appears I did something to its rear end in addition to burning out the brakes. The Workmen's Compensation Board have refused to indemnify the village hangman for the loss of his right hand, his injury not coming within the meaning of the Act, and although Major Kettlewell is too well-bred to complain, my impetuous entry took him away,

[Continued on page 41]



WE PRESENT

FOR YOUR CANADIAN ALBUM



MR. MACK SENNETT

ONE of the most surprising things about Mack Sennett, Granddad of Motion Picture Comedy and Patron Saint of Bathing Beauties, is that he never married. During the past twenty years, he has been surfeited with feminine pulchritude: crop by crop, glorious girls have passed before him. He calls his mother his best friend and treats her accordingly. Thanks to him, she is queen of a 200-acre ranch in the Province of Quebec, where Mack was born. He has been in the picture business since the days of the jumpy little films and the nickelodeon.

Today, the Sennett comedies are of world-wide fame, and he directs some twenty-seven two-reelers a year, in addition to a number of single reels. As a discoverer of talent, he is the original Hollywood Columbus. Here are a few of them: Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson, Mae Busch, Polly Moran, Louise Fazenda, Ramon Novarro, Betty Compson, Harold Lloyd, Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Harry Langdon, Marie Prevost, Wallace Beery, Chester Conklin, Roscoe Arbuckle, Phyllis Haver. And Mack is still discovering.



Fredric March and Norma Shearer in one of the emotional scenes in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production—"Smilin' Through."

William Powell puts his makeup box on the trunk on the back of his car and proceeds to get ready for the next scene of "One Way Passage."



SHADOW LAND



Helen Hayes, star of the stage and screen. Miss Hayes portrays the war nurse in the picture, "A Farewell to Arms," co-starring with Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou.



Sally's Doggy Compact: Sally Eilers uses a new style in vanity cases. It is four inches in diameter, of wafer thickness, enameled in light blue and has a saucy little "Scotty" in black, with a pink bow about his neck.



Joan Bennett entertains her mother, Mrs. Eric Pinker, the former stage celebrity, Adrienne Morrison, at her new home at Malibu Beach.



The prowling photographer snaps Harpo Marx as he catches a few winks of sleep during late-night scenes for Marx Brothers' comedy, "Horse Feathers."



Nancy Browne, the young Australian girl, whose dark beauty and fine singing voice have earned for her the coveted role of Teresa in the British picture "The Maid of the Mountains."



Henry Kendall, who recently returned from Timbuctoo where he has been on location for the filming of the British picture "Timbuctoo." With him is Acca, the chimpanzee, who plays an important part in the film.

SHADOW LAND

Herbert Marshall, British leading man, who has the male lead opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Blonde Venus."



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in true Russian gallantry, and living up to the costume he wears in "Son of Russia," kisses Kay Francis' hand as he bids her bon voyage to Europe.



George Raft, Paramount featured player, who has one of the leading roles in "Night After Night," with Nancy Carroll, Wynne Gibson, Mae West and Alison Skipworth.

How would you like to be called Potters Philanderer, even by such a beautiful mistress as Helen Vinson? Neither did Potters, we judge, for his name was successively shortened to Stagedoor Johnny, and, later, to plain John. He is shown here with Miss Vinson, who is engaged in filming "They Call it Sin."



R·a·d·i·o·l·a·n·d



Abe
Lyman



Phil
Cook



Jesse
Crawford



Pat
Barnes



(Above) The Three Bakers—Left to Right; Jack Parker, Frank Luther and Darrell Woodyard
(Below) Clara, Lu 'n' Em.

and his success in this production was followed by several other engagements. For the last three years he has been heard on the air and is now a member of the famous Three Bakers Trio, appearing on Fleischmann Yeast programme. Luther has made a great number of records for phonograph companies. Occasionally he ventures into the gymnasium to box. He is an all-around sportsman, both outdoor and indoor. In his younger days he was a noted football player.

Darrell Woodyard, bass of The Three Bakers, was born in Pond Creek, Oklahoma. His parents were musically inclined and encouraged him to study music. He has been broadcasting continuously since February, 1927.

LIKE a story from a fairy book is the rapid rise to fame of Clara, Lu, 'n' Em, the three gossiping girls who have risen in a few months to fame in the radio world. The characters of Clara, Lu 'n' Em were not born of radio. The three girls who play the parts first used them to amuse their sorority sisters at Northwestern University, where they were graduated not so long ago.

To begin with the girls themselves, Clara's birth certificate reads "Louise Starky." She was born in Des Moines, Iowa, where her father was a lawyer.

Lulu Casey receives her mail, other than the fan variety, under the name of Miss Isabelle Carothers.

Emma Kruger is known in her home town of Peoria, Illinois, by the name of Helen King.

In a sense, the girls have found a mentor in Will Rogers, for apparently, "all they know is what they read in the papers." A careful digest of the day's news is made each day for use in their nightly bit of gossip, under the sponsorship of the Colgate Palmolive Peet Company.

ABE LYMAN, whose Californians are heard thrice weekly over the ether, on the Sterling Products programme, used to be a taxi driver in Chicago, his home town. . . . Played drums from childhood. . . . Has made

more than 250 best-selling phonograph records. . . . Has written several song hits.

Looking back over the last few years Abe Lyman recalls most vividly the following incidents:

Helping Paul Whiteman hire the men for his first dance orchestra job in the Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles. Whiteman was playing with a five-piece string ensemble in the same hotel at that time.

Cashing the \$75 pay check for a young actress on the MGM lot who used to come to the Ambassador Hotel every Saturday and who was seen quite often with one of Lyman's saxophone players. . . . Joan Crawford.

Watching Ricardo Cortez, Norma Shearer and Billie Dove take their first screen tests.

Loaning \$20 to a young good-looking foreigner, who had been unsuccessful in his attempts to get into pictures, so that he might take out a girl. . . . the late Rudolph Valentino.

Giving saxophone lessons to a 15-year-old boy who always asked to be allowed to sit on the platform with the band an hour each night. . . . Howard Hughes, producer of "Hell's Angels."

Allowing another young boy to sit up with the band several nights each week. . . . Carl Laemmle, Jr., of Universal Pictures.

PHIL COOK, radio's versatile one-man actor army, recently created thirteen distinct characters in one broadcast. He has acted hundreds of different parts during his career before the microphone.

Cook is known in radio as composer, comedian, humorous sketch writer, singer, guitar player and artist. He was born in Coldwater, Michigan.

While in school, he never had time to attend college, Cook studied the violin and drawing. Then he went to an art school in New York City, later going into commercial art where he gained an enviable reputation and finally became head of his department with an advertising agency. His human interest paintings were accepted for front covers of many leading

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THE THREE BAKERS. . . Jack Parker, tenor, has been a vocal soloist since the age of seven. His first job came at the age of seven, as a soprano soloist in the choir of the Grace Episcopal Church in Englewood, N.J., where he was born. For five years he sang there, his voice improving in tone and volume all the while. His first job after school was in the chorus of the "1923 Follies." In that edition of the Follies he played with Lina Basquette, Johnny Dooley, Bert Wheeler and Charles King, all of whom have since become celebrities. Before coming to radio in 1926, he was a tenor soloist and exclusive artist for the Edison Recording Company. Jack Parker is thirty-two years old. He is a business man as well as a radio artist, being president of a wholesale millinery house, and owning an orange grove in Florida. His leading hobbies are golf and yachting. Much of his spare time is spent on his yacht, the Ansean II. Once he was fond of playing the stock market, but since the crash that has ceased to be a hobby.

Frank Luther experimented with a number of jobs before he definitely cast his lot with radio. First he was an evangelist. He was ordained a minister of the gospel, and in that capacity travelled to California. There he preached in churches and on street corners. His voice proved an excellent asset. Going back to his birthplace, a Kansas ranch, he joined his father in the business of cattle raising and became an authority on live stock. Coming East he joined "The Student Prince" company,

FAVOURABLE— AND OTHERWISE

By Jerome Carver

"Winner Take All"

"**W**INNER Take All," starring James Cagney, is the most amusing screen comedy that I have seen in a long, long time. It is excellently played and moves with a lively pace all the time.

The film opens with a scene in Madison Square Garden between boxing bouts. The managers have brought into the ring a young lightweight boxer who is ill and has been ordered to go to the southwest to recuperate. He has no money, but the huge audience of fight fans, whom he has often entertained with his gritty, clever boxing, respond enthusiastically to the manager's plea for help and they shower money into the ring.

So Jimmy is sent west to a sanitarium where he begins to win back his health and, incidentally, he falls in love with a young widow, a former chorus girl, who has brought her little son to be cured at the same sanitarium. The girl runs out of money and is faced with the prospect of going back to New York to hunt for a job. Big-hearted Jimmy, loving her and pitying her, risks his health by getting into the ring again to earn enough money to pay for the completion of the little boy's cure. His successful fight brings him good advertising, and when he goes back, healthy and vigorous, to New York, he is booked for several big fights. The girl is to follow him as soon as her little son is well, and then they are "to live happily ever after."

But—alas!—when Jimmy begins to make a name for himself in New York, he is taken up by a rich, smart set who think his rough manners and Bowery accent "very quaint." He is their fad of the moment. They consider his crudities very diverting. But Jimmy takes himself seriously. He believes himself to be a social lion, and his vanity knows no bounds. He becomes infatuated with a rich girl who flirts with him because she thinks it amusing to make a conquest of a rather famous pugilist. Now no hat is big enough for Jimmy. His old girl comes back from the west to find that his ardor has cooled and that he is too flattered by the attentions of society to bother with a poor little nobody. His fight manager discovers that he is too busy ordering dinner jackets and cutaways to bother with such inelegant articles of apparel as boxing gloves.

Finally Jimmy, who is not making all the headway he desires with the society siren, decides to improve his ring-marred features. He goes to a plastic surgeon who restores his broken nose and cauliflower ear to their original pristine beauty. Fearful of damaging his expensively remodelled face, he changes his ring tactics. No more close fighting or clinches for Jimmy! His new technic consists of running backwards and preventing his adversary from landing any damaging punches on his neo-Greek "schnozzle." His popularity with the fans begins to wane; the sports writers ridicule him; and the siren ceases to find him amusing. How he fights for the lightweight championship and finally recovers his good sense cannot be described in cold print. You must see the film to enjoy this uproariously funny climax.

While the whole cast is excellent, all the honors go to James Cagney for the cleverness and comedy sense with which he plays the role of the vain but likeable young pugilist. The direction of the film is swift and effective. The quieter beginning of the picture is pleasing without being oversentimentalized, and at the finish the picture works up to a splendid comic climax. The occasional dashes of rather rough comedy are quite in character, and therefore not at all objectionable. The boxing sequences are first-rate and will make a strong appeal to the men in the audience.

"Skyscraper Souls"

FOLLOWING the success of the stage version of "Grand Hotel," the movies brought out a series of films featuring cross-sections of life in one particular setting. In this cycle belong the picture version of "Grand Hotel" and films picturing happenings in an ocean liner, in a railway station, etc. The latest picture in this category is "Skyscraper Souls," in which the hundred storey building is really the main theme dominating and influencing the lives of various people living and working in the huge building.

This might provide an engrossing story, but, unfortunately, the scenario is as undistinguished as the novel from which it was adapted—"Skyscraper" by Faith Baldwin. The dullness of the scenario is relieved to some extent by the good acting of the cast and many clever touches in the direction.

The central figure in the story is the financier who built the skyscraper. He is as ruthless and unscrupulous in his business dealings as he is in his numerous love affairs. Other characters are the business associates whom he double crosses, the secretary who loves him and whom he betrays; hard-working young typists and brokers, girls of easy virtue who are gambling on the market with their precariously earned money, men and women of countless occupations who swarm in the great hive of the skyscraper. Warren Williams is good as the Don Juanish financier. Norman Foster makes a pleasing juvenile lead, and Jean Hersholt is excellent in a small but very sympathetic role. Feminine roles are well played by Verree Teasdale, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Anita Page.

The most amusing sequences are those showing the young lovers doing their courting and quarreling in the crowded elevators. The players and director tried very hard to make the film a good one, but they struggle against a cheap and poorly contrived story.

"American Madness"

AMUCH better picture of the same type as "Skyscraper Souls" is "American Madness" in which all the action takes place in a large bank, with the vaults, tellers' windows, private offices and



(Top) Victor McLaglan, Adrienne Ames and Edmund Lowe in "Guilty as Hell."

(Centre Left) Tom Brown in "Tom Brown of Culver."

(Centre Right) Walter Huston and Constance Cummings in "American Madness."

(Bottom) James Cagney and Marion Nixon in "Winner Take All."

board rooms making the background for the plot. The characters include the employees of the bank, both high and low. The story, exciting and melodramatic, includes some tense mob scenes during a run on the bank. The story preaches a timely sermon against hoarding, and should be of strong topical interest.

An excellent cast includes Walter Huston, Gavin Gordon, Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings and Kay Johnson. The film is cleverly directed and the economic propaganda it contains does not slow up its dramatic action.

"The Love Contract"

THIS new British-made picture will undoubtedly win more fans for old country films. The plot of the love story is not very original, but it is handled in a fresh manner and given many surprising twists. The acting is unusually good. Owen Nares, matinee idol of London, proves that he still has plenty of charm for the ladies, and Winifred Shotter, a graduate from small parts in London farces, blossoms forth into a charming comedienne. She has that rare combination, unusual good looks and a real flair for comedy.

The director of "The Love Contract" is Herbert Selpin, a young German who obviously is full of bright ideas. Under his direction, the picture moves at a fast pace and a very ordinary plot is made distinguished by clever and original treatment. "The Love Contract" is well worth seeing.

"Love on Wheels"

STARRING the attractive Jack Hulbert, "Love on Wheels" is another very pleasing British picture. The cast and direction are unusually good. The scenario provides Jack Hulbert with a great many opportunities to sing and dance, and, although sometimes the excuses for introducing a song seem rather thin and forced, Hulbert's work is so clever that we forgive the director. The camera work in this picture is interesting also, and shows that the English studios have been influenced by the methods of some of the clever French and German directors. Although it is not so good as "The Love Contract," "Love on Wheels" is quite an attractive picture.

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Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne

EVEN in this enlightened day and in the progressive state of California, there are individuals who think that Canadians largely live in igloos and travel by dog-team. A man from Colorado visiting the Olympiad said to me: "You Canadians all have such good teeth. I suppose it's the result of chewing frozen buffalo-meat."

A member of the staff of the scenario department of one of the largest film companies told me that he had just been reading an amateur scenario sent in from Canada and that it showed promise and might have been used had they been buying "originals." "But there was one thing the author forgot to put in, and that was the Mounted Police," he said. "We'd have had to write them in ourselves, because we couldn't let the picture public down like that."

In the magazine field the "typical" Canadian story is usually a terrible dirge, all about the hardships of farm life and some patient woman's struggles to overcome a distasteful environment. This gloomy theme does us much harm abroad. We cannot very well complain when we find ourselves misunderstood, can we? It creeps into the scenarios too. A member of the scenario staff of another company has just finished reading a script that featured every conceivable horror from the murder of an old woman in a well on a lonely Canadian prairie homestead to a picturesque suicide-pact. "I didn't sleep for hours, last night, after reading that, and I'm not what you'd call soft-boiled," he told me. "The Russian dramatists had better look after their laurels, I think!"

A native of Los Angeles was invited to a convention in Canada a couple of summers ago. He travelled via Chicago and Minneapolis, and not being very certain of our climate he decided to be prepared for emergencies so at Minneapolis he went to some trouble purchasing a fur coat and a fur cap with earlaps. He was very diffident about telling the rest of the story, but it seems that ever since he has been dubbed "Eskimo Bill."

MARY PICKFORD has been letting her hair grow, and it is now shoulder-length. No more bobs for her, she says. The other day she left for New York to look over the new offerings on Broadway with a view to a purchase, but when asked what particular play she had in mind she shook her head and smiled shrewdly. "If I mentioned that," she said, "up would go the price!" It's a sharp business man that will get the best of Our Mary.

Harold Lloyd has been telling me something about the making of screen comedies. It all looks so easy and spontaneous in the finished form but it's tough work, this business of raising laughs. "The talkies brought us a lot of new problems too," said Harold, swinging those glassless "specs" lightly in one hand as he spoke. "We have to be so careful not to let the dialogue kill the pantomime. You know, when the fan is listening closely to what someone is saying he may miss a bit of comedy business being done by another player and which has cost us a lot of time and work, in all probability. We keep one man watching for just such things as that. Then, often something that we think funny while we are doing it falls flat when it's run off before a sample audience. It's all a gamble."

He enjoys talking shop but never poses as a know-it-all, although he has been the most consistently successful comedian in the business. Much of his success is due to the fact that he isn't temperamental but more is due to a splendid organization around him. "Nobody 'misters' him—he's just Harold to us all," one of the men said to me. "He's a regular fellow. Why, all through this depression he has kept a lot of men on the payroll, although he hasn't made a picture in two years till this one!"

Harold Lloyd's most recent film is "Movie Crazy," the epic of a simple youth who sings his wings on the bright lights of Hollywood. It is calculated to make you forget, for at least two hours, the grocery bill and that cut in salary.

A CHINESE fan has written me a letter containing some apt criticisms of the pictures. It is too long to quote in full but the gist of his remarks, all couched in the most polite language, is to the effect that Americans "fixed up like China boy or girl" make him laugh. He says that the so-called Chinese mannerisms taught them by the directors are either out of date or greatly exaggerated. "Chink gent of high degree does not cross hands on stomach," he points out. As for those mincing steps the girls use, they went out with footbinding years ago. But he really warms to his subject when it comes to our deplorable habit of poking fun at mothers-in-law. He is shocked at the rough treatment given her on the screen. He has seen her chased by cops, falling into a tub of water, climbing hurriedly over back fences closely pursued by a bulldog, and otherwise shorn of her dignity. He mourns "strange American custom of throwing custard pies at honorable mother-in-law," and hints that it is the barbarian streak in us. In China they have no mother-in-law problem. When a girl weds she goes to live with her husband's mother as a matter of course and the elder woman is boss so long as she lives. So my correspondent is puzzled and distressed by this screen persecution, which is but the reflection of life as it is lived on this eccentric continent. He closes with: "Yours, feeling very bad.—Ah Sing Wo."

It will be good news to him to hear that a forthcoming picture with Chinese background is to have in its cast a genuine Chinese girl. This will be "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," and the girl is Tashia Mori, nineteen, and a resident of Los Angeles' Chinatown. We must all agree with Ah Sing Wo that the producers' insistence on realism has not hitherto always extended to Chinese characters. Another of the new season's themes will be "The Mask of Fu Manchu," a Sax Rohmer story with Boris Karloff, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt, and David Torrance as principals. Miss Loy essays the role of a Celestial maiden and is, perhaps, rather more convincing than the usual faked player.

CAREY GRANT is a young actor worth watching. He had a part in "The Blonde Venus," and Paramount is to bestow the final accolade of its favor on him, a Valentino role. Grant is British, I believe, and rather modest. He will play the tragic Toreador in the talkie version of "Blood and Sand," an Ibanez story of the Spanish bull-ring.

"The First Year," with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, is a study of young married life, the moral of which seems to be that if a couple can survive that initial twelvemonth the rest should be easy. My own opinion, if it be worth anything, is that had this pair omitted the serving of gin at their parties it might have helped a lot.

A fan has written to inquire what has happened to Esther Ralston, luscious blonde favorite of a few years ago. The answer is, plenty. She has been

abroad making pictures for a British company, and has starred in four and has a full schedule for some time to come.

Ethel Barrymore, first lady of the footlights, has been in Hollywood for the purpose of making a picture based on the drama of the late Russian Empire, and in which her two brothers, Lionel and John, will also play.

"Night of June 13" will see the return of Lila Lee, following a long absence, due to illness. In the cast are Clive Brook and Adrienne Allen, and at present the company is on location at Ontario, California. Gary Cooper has commenced work on "A Farewell to Arms," with Helen Hayes of stage fame, and Adolphe Menjou. Marie Dressler, who is extremely sociable and just can't stay home and relax and read a book when she is off work, called round at the Paramount studio to watch Cooper and Tallulah Bankhead finish some shots for "Devil and the Deep," now released. "Hello!" Marie hailed them. "I just wondered if you needed anyone to play the devil."

Katharine Cornell visited Norma Shearer on the set of "Smilin' Through" one day, and Charlie Chaplin dropped in on Marion Davies working at "Blondie of the Follies." It has been a great season for set-visiting. Lionel Barrymore has made another of his hits, this time in "Washington Masquerade," and the same picture sees the reappearance of Nils Asther, who was on his way to stardom when the sound pictures arrived and revealed his thick Swedish brogue. Young Asther deserves much praise for keeping doggedly at the self-appointed task of learning to speak English without guttural effects. He has about succeeded. "If that fellow was a Scotsman he couldn't be more determined," one of his fellow workers said to me in admiration. "He'll come back, and how."

OUR American friends are, I think, the world's clubbiest people. They are keen on the community spirit, and as a race seem destined to lead all others in social welfare work. I couldn't begin to recount, even in the generous space allotted me here, the many charitable activities of the film people. Even in this Utopian clime there is poverty and want quite unconnected with the picture industry and its seasonal vicissitudes. One splendid enterprise has as its presiding genius Mrs. Abraham Lehr, whose husband is associated with Samuel Goldwyn in the film business. This is the Assistance League Tea Room where the waitresses are film players. It is housed in a neat little building shaded by a graceful pepper tree, and not far from the Fox Studios on Western Avenue. It started as a modest eatery where light teas and lunches were served but it didn't thrive and so Mrs. Lehr interested herself in it, at first experimentally, but under her reorganization on a sound basis it has flourished like the proverbial green bay tree. More than five-hundred lunches are served daily, the feminine film-famous giving their services free for sweet charity's sake. The tea room is on the second floor and underneath is a gift shop and women's exchange through which the tea customers have to pass, a well-calculated arrangement since with most of them purchases are inevitable. The goods for sale are the work of needy women. A staff of seventy-five is kept employed in the manufacture of homemade cakes, jellies, pickles, and candy, and in the making of fine lingerie and embroidered table linen. As the League is not in business for commercial reasons the highest prices are paid the employees. In this way the less fortunate folk of the film city are helped to help themselves.

ECHOES of the great Olympiad continue to be heard, and like bridge post-mortems the various events are discussed and argued about over every luncheon table. Some of the visitors, it is almost needless to state, became stay-overs and these are still getting their money's worth of thrills. One sees them everywhere. The majority

A characteristic bit of comedy business from Harold Lloyd's latest picture "Movie Crazy." Siphoning a wicked bouquet with soda water. This film is calculated to make you forget, for at least two hours, the grocery bill and that cut in salary.

Nils Asther, who was on his way to stardom when sound pictures arrived and revealed his Swedish brogue. He deserves much praise for keeping doggedly at the task of learning to speak English without guttural effects. He has about succeeded.



—Some Amusing Misconceptions About Canada; The New Pictures; Visiting on the Sets; The Famous Breakfast Club; Echoes on the Olympiad.

of the contestants however seem to have packed up their tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away. I need not be accused of partiality when I say that the Canadians struck me as the best-looking of all the participants, the girls especially. You needn't take my word for it. Will Rogers said practically the same thing. He told a mixed group of us: "In my opinion the Canadian girls are the prettiest of all our visitors, and they wear the smartest pullovers too!" Norma Shearer, who, for business reasons one supposes, took out American citizenship papers recently, is still very much a Canadian at heart. She shook hands cordially with all the Canadian contestants and not only wished them the best of luck but occupied a ring-side seat and cheered them on. She seemed particularly taken with a winner of the high jump, a brawny young masculine specimen whom she personally congratulated. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford too made a point of meeting the Canadians. I don't think Fairbanks missed a day at the Stadium, and more than once he was to be seen with Harold Lloyd and Gary Cooper, all cheering wildly. I saw Bebe Daniels there nearly every day also. She tells me that she is interested in every variety of sport and I knew her to be an all-round athlete, but since she holds the feminine fencing record for the film colony she was naturally very keenly engrossed in that particular sport. Once, while recovering from a serious illness in New York, Bebe had a Canadian nurse of whom she was very fond, and she says she has had a special liking for Canadians ever since, so she too had some nice things to say about the work of our stalwarts.

Wherever an unusually dense knot of spectators was to be observed it was whispered that that was Marie Dressler completely surrounded by admirers and totally invisible to the naked eye. She signed so many autographs that she was threatened with paralysis of the arm. Joe E. Brown, the comedian whose upper lip resembles the roof of a snowshed, was similarly mobbed, but whenever his arm gave out he turned to the performance of stunts. He seemed to be looked on as chief jester for the Olympiad. Once he snatched the turban from the dignified head of a Hindu visitor and donned it himself, nobody being more amused than the Hindu, after his first shock of surprise. Brown is a baseball fan. He used to play with the New York Yankees, and he owns a much-prized collection of balls autographed by the various kings of the diamond. Another baseball enthusiast is Edmund Lowe, who, by the way, has an M.A. degree from Leland Stanford, and at twenty was the youngest member of the faculty of Santa Clara College. Lowe told me that he still gets a kick out of being asked for his autograph.

It should be of interest to Canadians to learn that Adrienne Allen, in private life the wife of Raymond Massey, a Canadian and a producer, has made many friends in Hollywood. It will be remembered that this charming girl starred on Broadway in a play called "Cynara," and that recently she had a featured role with Fredric March in "Merrily We Go To Hell." She has taken a lease on a house in Hollywood, and is signed for more picture work.

A balloon floating over one of the large studios piqued the curiosity of the visitors for a time, till it was learned that this was to warn aircraft to keep away because sound pictures were being made below. The most subdued whirring of a propeller will register on the hypersensitive "mike" like heavy thunder—and a lot of aircraft clutters up the Californian sky at all times.

OLYMPIC VILLAGE which housed the male athletes of all nations was very monastic—absolutely no women allowed past its gates. As a consequence a constant stream of femininity besieged the gateman. When news of Johnnie Weissmuller's arrival got round they tried everything from tears to out-and-out bribery. One bewitching blonde flapper coyly offered the gift of a ten-dollar bill.

"Say, lissen," she coaxed, "just let me get a look at Johnnie. You know who I mean—he played the ape-man in Tarzan. I saw it six times. Whatta man!"

But it was of no use. As she went resentfully away the gateman remarked to a bystander: "Isn't it a laugh? They made that picture for the youngsters and here the women go and get goofey over this guy Weissmuller, the human fish. Are the movies a gamble? That's the answer."

One girl actually did crash the gate, by virtue of several members of the gallant Irish team who aided and abetted her. They dressed her in one of their green sweat suits, with a beret to cover her hair and with her boyish figure she got by. But they had also given her a 32-pound "shot" to carry, and this was her undoing. The only way she could hold it was on a shoulder and her hand gave the whole show away. An eagle-eyed guard turned her out again, but she had penetrated fully fifteen feet into the sacred masculine enclosure.

The Finns had a specially constructed bath that gave off a powerful, dry heat designed to induce plenty of good old perspiration, and then they would beat one another with birch wands to stimulate the flow of blood. One of the Canadians decided to



This is Cary Grant, newest aspirant to matinee idol honors. You will see him with Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall in "The Blonde Venus." Then he will portray the role of Gallardo in "Blood and Sand," a role made famous in the silents by Valentino in 1922.



(Left) Adrienne Allen, in private life the wife of Raymond Massey, a Canadian and a producer. She starred on Broadway in "Cynara," and was featured on the screen in "Merrily We Go To Hell." The picture is taken in the garden of her Hollywood home.

(Top) Visiting on the set of "Blondie of the Follies," Charles Chaplin is entertained by Marion Davies, Billie Dove and Director Goukling.

(Below) Marie Dressler is always a welcome visitor on every lot. Here she calls on Charles Laughton, Gary Cooper, and Tallulah Bankhead, while they were working on "Devil and The Deep." Marie hailed them with "Hello, I just wondered if you needed anyone to play the devil?"



The eyes that hurl a million volts:—Marlene Dietrich, Paramount's glamorous siren in one of the many bizarre costumes she wears in "The Blonde Venus."

trv this drastic stunt. "I didn't stay with it long," he told me. "When I quit I looked like a freshly-opened can of tomatoes. I told those Finns that that was the finnish as far as I was concerned."

CANADIAN visitors attending the popular plays of The Pasadena Community Playhouse were interested to observe the name of Sir Montague Allan of Montreal at the head of a long and impressive list of sustaining members which is printed on the backs of the programs. Those whose history is a trifle rusty learned that Drake discovered Drake's Bay out here in 1579, and that up in San Francisco there is a hotel named for him. There is also a theatre christened for Marion Davies, but everyone knew that.

Various groups of the large Canadian colony in Los Angeles entertained their compatriots with a series of luncheons, teas,

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Criticisms: Favourable—and Otherwise

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"Thark"

AND yet another entertaining British picture is "Thark," the film version of one of the most popular farces that ever kept audiences roaring with laughter at the Aldwych. The story is set in a haunted house in the country, and the mood alternates between thrills of horror and cheery slapstick comedy. It is not as effective as the original stage version, but it is thoroughly amusing, all the same. Tom Walls, who directed the picture and plays the leading part in it, is also noted for having won the Derby this year with his horse April 5th.

"Guilty as Hell"

THIS is a film adaptation of the stage play, "Riddle Me This," whose title the Hollywood producers evidently thought was much too tame to retain. It is a murder story—with a difference. The usual movie mystery is a rather dull affair, full of tricks and artificial thrills and very forced comedy. In "Guilty as Hell" we are given a different pattern. The thing that principally distinguishes this picture from other murder plots is that the audience is confided in and from the very beginning knows the identity of the murderer. Then the audience has the fun of sitting back and watching the detectives follow false clues down blind trails; and the suspense is kept up because one never knows if the guilty man will be caught or an innocent man suffer for the crime.

The picture begins sombrely enough with the murder, but after that the mood of the story, despite some thrills and a lot of suspense, is comic in mood.

The cast is competent. Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglan are back in roles that give them plenty of opportunity for their "sez vou—sez me" wise-cracking. Richard Arlen, Ralph Ince and Adrienne Ames are also in the cast.

"Doctor X"

IF "Guilty as Hell" forsakes shivers of horror for suspense and comic relief, "Doctor X" goes to the other extreme and tries to out-Frankenstein Frankenstein. Murder follows murder, and the picture is just one horror chill after another. Of its kind, however, it is well done. In the cast are Lionel Atwill, giving a fine performance as Doctor Xavier, Lee Tracy and Fay Wray. Miss Wray's acting has improved a great deal since her recent experience on the stage. "Doctor X" is made in color photography.



This composite photograph of scenes in Maurice Chevalier's starring picture "Love Me Tonight," shows the star, Director Manouliian, Jeanette MacDonald, Charlie Ruggles, Charles E. Butterworth, Myrna Loy, C. Aubrey Smith and other members of the cast as they work before the camera.

"Tom Brown of Culver"

PRACTICALLY all of the films I have seen this month would either be unsuitable or uninteresting (or both) for children. "Tom Brown of Culver," however, is a good picture for young people to see, and it is one that will also interest grown-ups. It gives many glimpses of life in a military school, of the boys' pranks and adventures, of the bullying of the seniors and the hazing to which the freshmen are subjected. Against this background an effective story is unfolded. The young hero is played by Tom Brown, and a comedy part is well done by Slim Summerville. H. B. Warner is excellent as Dr. Brown, and the rest of the cast is thoroughly competent.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

ALTHOUGH most adults will find this new talking version of an old story rather too sweet and goody-goody, it is nicely played and directed and should be popular and harmless screen fare for young people, particularly the young girls. Marion Nixon and Ralph Bellamy are attractive in the two leading roles.

"The First Year"

ANOTHER picture that provides pleasant and harmless entertainment for the whole family is "The First Year," featuring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. An adaptation of the very successful stage comedy depicting the trials and tribulations of the first year of married life, the scenario is better than many used for the Gaynor-Farrell team. The comedy is homey, kind, and pleasantly amusing.

"Bird of Paradise"

HOLLYWOOD gives us a new version of "Bird of Paradise," a story that has been worked so hard that I thought it had worn out long ago. Fortunately King Vidor, the director of the present version, evidently realized that the old story was pretty hackneyed and he has jazzed up his version with earthquakes, life-imperiling sharks, flows of hot lava and what have you. Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrae are the two chief players. The film is packed full of banal situations and good old-fashioned hokum, but it is quite interesting and contains some really beautiful photography.

Radioland

Continued from page 32

magazines, including Colliers. Cook played around with writing during his spare time and wrote three musical comedies which appeared on Broadway. Then he decided to take a chance with radio. He admits that it was a gamble.

He now puts on two distinct shows each day and goes on the air three times, the morning program being broadcast twice, early for the East and later for the Middle West. Each show is prepared the day of the broadcast and each requires about six hours work. He goes to bed at 1.00 a.m. and gets up at 6.00 a.m. Each show contains a collection of jokes, original songs and his Newspaper Capers, or sidelights on the day's news. He has gained wide publicity as the Quaker Man on the Quaker Oats program.

The actor is tall and solidly built, six feet in height and weighs 185 pounds. He is blonde and recognized as one of the handsomest men in radio.

JESSE CRAWFORD received his early musical education under the supervision of the Roman Catholic priests, and at the age of fourteen, Jesse was somewhat of an accomplished pianist. It wasn't a long jump from the obscurity of odd jobs in theatres to the Grauman Theatre in Los Angeles where Sid Grauman was looking for an organ soloist. From Los Angeles, Crawford went to Chicago to play for Sam Katz at the

Chicago Theatre, one of the largest and most up-to-date houses in the country. There Crawford added tremendously to his reputation and his responsibilities.

In a neighboring theatre a young woman, Helen Anderson, was the organist. It wasn't long before she became Mrs. Jesse Crawford. And then the two began playing together at the Chicago Theatre at twin consoles. This started a vogue in theatre organ circles which brought the Crawfords to New York where they have been playing for the past six years on Broadway at the Paramount Theatre.

Since going on the air Crawford has won an even greater reputation as a popular organist. The Crawfords have a daughter, Jessie Darlene, five years old, who is already well on the road to a promising organist's career.

PAT BARNES: He was born in Sharon, Pa., and christened Patrick Henry Barnes. He studied horticulture but left his profession for the stage. He first appeared before a microphone in Pittsburgh in 1921. In 1924 Barnes became a staff announcer of a Chicago station and was shortly promoted to chief announcer-director. In 1927 he won the Radio Digest's gold cup for the "World's Most Popular Announcer." Has created some of the most popular of radio characters, including Mr. Kelly, the Old Timer and the naive Rookie. Since April, 1931, he has been playing several characters in his humorous monologue broadcast daily on the Swift Company hour.

Little Rambles in Hollywood

Continued from page 35

garden fetes and dinners, everybody displaying a vigor of national spirit that would have delighted the home folks. I attended one luncheon that featured charming place-cards done in hand-painted maple leaves, and even the ice-cream was moulded in maple leaf form. Over the entrance to the banquet hall were hung the Union Jack and the Ensign which we must call the Canadian flag till we insist on creating one of our very own, and underneath a long strip of bunting cordially announced: "Greetings Canada!"

An old gentleman of eighty-eight from the Maritimes—where nobody ever looks his age, he confided to me—was among those present. He was a genuine sports fan and could talk of little else but the fine showing the Canadians were putting up. I had seen him in the Stadium watching the speed, grace, and skill of Joan Archibald of Canada in a fencing bout with a Mexican senorita of no mean ability, and the old fellow was standing on his seat and yelling and waving his hat like a college boy. It ended in a triumph for the Canadian queen of the foils, and I thought the old gentleman would burst a blood vessel. In fact one spectator did shout: "Look out for your blood-pressure, grandpop!" But the octogenarian merely rolled his chewing tobacco to the other side of his mouth and kept on cheering till someone behind pulled him down on his seat.

ONE isn't here a month till one is pressed to join at least half-a-dozen clubs and organizations, and if you are known to be connected in any way with the studios invitations come in flattering numbers to this, that, and the other thing.

To be invited to the famous Breakfast Club is regarded as a high honor. It has

a membership of several thousand and is unique, so far as I am aware. You must be an early riser in order to participate for the clubhouse is five miles from Hollywood and breakfast is served at eight, sharp. Stragglers are hooted at and there are, I believe penalties for yawning or making derogatory remarks about alarm-clocks that failed to go off. The clubhouse is near the famous Griffith Park, largest municipal park in this part of the world and which covers 3,751 acres, and the origin of the institution is interesting. A small riding-club composed of film players and writers used to meet every morning in the Park for a canter before work, after which they would stop at a little roadhouse for bacon-and-eggs and coffee. Out of this developed the present Breakfast Club which now assembles each Wednesday morning and has breakfast before starting the day's activities. Usually there are about eight-hundred members and guests, but when ex-President Coolidge was entertained some time ago not less than five-thousand breakfasts were served. Ceremonies begin with the singing of the Ballad of Ham-And-Eggs. An orchestra occupies a platform at one end of the great hall and a "mike" is installed at the president's chair, with loud-speakers affixed to the pillars throughout the room and in the patio beyond, where the overflow guests are cared for. Celebrated guests of honor make short speeches, have their photos taken, and generally impart lustre to the occasion. Guests come in every variety of attire, informal sports togs, riding clothes, and, in the case of studio folks, made up for the parts they expect to play on the morning's set. You aren't restricted to bacon-and-eggs by any means. If your fancy strays to marmalade and buttered toast, well and good. Many Americans wouldn't call anything a breakfast that didn't include a stack of wheat-cakes, with syrup.

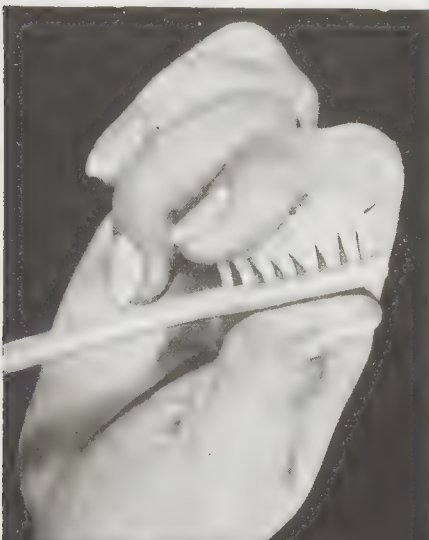


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cost

Tek

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MADE IN CANADA
AT ALL DRUG STORES

MCLEOD OF DUNVEGAN

Continued from page 13

Breton nurse along—far into the interior and so to civilization.

At intervals and bit by bit the nurse conveyed various bundles to the Indians, who took them across the Nelson and the isthmus separating it from the Hayes. Here was a ruined fort of Pierre Radisson's, where Roderick had them cache a supply of dried meat, tea, rice, ammunition, a few tools and warm fur robes. While they were supposed to be foxhunting, the Crees managed to rebuild a war canoe, which lay on the bank at the deserted fort.

In the meanwhile, time often hung heavy for the ladies of La Grange's menage. Fort Bourbon afforded little amusement but that of the chase.

Bored to death himself, their leader looked eagerly for spring and a ship from France with a message that their exile was at an end.

The red-haired woman with amber eyes, La Grange's favorite, found the Indians strangely attractive. It was she who thought of having them in to dance one night.

"Kitchokemow" at their head, they filed into the low-ceilinged room. Women in silks and brocade, men in velvet, lace and buckled shoes! Strange folk on the Bay of Hudson where Eskimo finery had heretofore been the height of fashion.

At either end of the heavy beamed room fires roared and crackled in chimneys built of mud and wattles. Polar bear skins hung on the log walls for warmth and decoration. Draped over rough benches, seal skins gave a note of richness. Antlered heads of moose and deer, brass-trimmed muskets, swords and cutlasses decorated the spaces above fireplaces, doors and windows. The ladies and gentlemen of France scarcely harmonized with such a room.

From under a headdress of eagle feathers, Roderick desisted Yvonne in a far corner beside the stolid nurse. His gorge rose that she should be in such company.

"Dance for us," La Grange commanded. "We hear your 'Hi Ya! Hi Ya' every night to your drums. Show les femmes these barbaric dances of your tribe."

A word from their leader and the tom-tom started with hollow beat, slow as a tolling bell at first, gradually increasing to a sustained roll like light cannonading. Each with a rattle in his hand topped by a blood-stained scalp, the Indians began to circle slowly. Then the beat changed to the wild music of the war dance. The goose-step movement quickened. They shook their rattles aloft and gave the war-whoop of attack, imitated the tumult of victory, springing straight into the air with wild gestures and strange cries. Then the pursuit—breath short—perspiration pouring from their naked torsos and the motion of a knife plunged into the fugitive. The war-whoop at the end blanched the women's faces and curdled the Frenchmen's blood.

Only the red-haired woman's eyes looked unafraid, flashing and cruel. McLeod's eyes were gleaming under his long black hair. "Dance with me, you who have not danced!" she ordered, advancing upon him.

He looked at her. "An Indian may not dance with women," he answered, proudly, in the broken French he affected. "I dance alone."

His Indians were ranging along the wall like wolves. He signed to one of them. The savage produced two

[Continued on page 38]

Three Girls competed in this BEAUTY CONTEST and she who Won had a Lovely Skin



"When she entered the room, she entered one of life's daily Beauty Contests. The other girls were as smartly dressed . . . as talented. But her skin was exquisite. She won this evening's Beauty Contest. The others lost!"

If you are a woman, you are in a daily Beauty Contest. You are competing with every woman in your social set . . . with strangers, too. But if your skin is lovely, you will surely win! Let gentle Calay help!



Lather your face well with Calay and warm water. Then rinse with cold water. Now your skin is immaculately fresh—ready for your other beauty aids.



This is creamy-white Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Look for it in the new green and yellow, Cellophane-sealed wrapper!

YOU'VE often heard it said, "Her face is her fortune." What is true of the woman with beautiful features is equally true of the woman with lovely skin. For if your skin is fresh and vibrantly alive, you've passed the most important test of beauty.

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first step to an exquisite complexion is deep cleanliness. And Calay's creamy lather keeps your skin immaculate—soft and fresh and flower-like.

Calay is the safest beauty soap of all for your precious skin. Safe—because it is pure and mild. No coloring matter—no harsh "chalkiness" to dry the natural oils. Try Calay. Get a dozen cakes today!

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THE SAFE WAY TO REDUCE

CHEER UP THE COLD JOINT

HP SAUCE

MCLEOD OF DUNVEGAN

Continued from page 37

skinning knives, each over two feet long, and crossed them on the floor in front of La Grange's sister. The Indian drum beat a two-four measure. The Scotchman bowed low to the woman of his heart. He whirled and poised on one foot between the crossed knives.

Then began an intricate movement on the toes, from one side to the other, between the four angles formed by the knives. Again the tempo quickened, accompanied by a wild shout at intervals, a twist, and the dancer's fingers snapping in the air. It was the Sword Dance of Scotland.

Yvonne's eyes sparkled. She alone of the watching throng knew it for a dance of her mother's land. Now Roderick leaped in a last mad paroxysm of movement, moccasined feet, quicker than light, playing between the flashing knives.

The drum stopped suddenly on an up beat. The Scotchman whirled his eagle headdress high above his head. The room rang to the battle cry, "Cha gheil! Cha gheil!"

A breathless silence. He whirled like a tiger, then sank slowly on one knee before Yvonne. Tearing an eagle feather from his coronet he presented her with it, and in a voice low and sweet as a purling brook, "Nigheann man ghaol," (queen of my love), he murmured in Gaelic.

When he rose, La Grange's pistol was at his breast.

"Your name?" he said, hoarsely, "you who have posed amongst us as a savage!"

McLeod of Dunvegan looked contemptuously upon this drunken libertine.

Crazed with anger, his hand trembling, La Grange pressed the trigger. Even as he did so, Yvonne flung herself against her brother. The bullet tore through Roderick's deer-skin shirt, missing his heart by inches, and struck the copper kettle filled with water which hung over the fire at the far end of the room. There was an explosion and a cloud of fine white ashes filled the room. Bedlam broke loose. Women's shrieks, cries of rage from the Frenchmen and a half score swords drawn in a moment.

Roderick threw Yvonne over his left shoulder, snatched up one of the skinning knives and, holding it at defence like a sword backed for the door.

Shouting an order in Cree to his Indians, two of them sprang and snatched a woman each from the milling crowd. Swinging them off their feet by their top hair the savages held their knives over them in a suggestive attitude, plainly intimating that the scalping operation would be performed upon these "Mutchesqui," (loose women) whom they despised. The four other Indians held their knives like spears, ready to throw.

Seeing his retreat covered their leader turned and leaped for the door with his burden.

Just outside, a train of dogs, heads on their paws, lay quiescent in their traces. Roderick flung Yvonne into the carriage and snatched a long thonged whip from the snow. Cracking it over the brutes' backs, he roared, "Marche, donc!" and sprang on the backboard. The dogs leaped into their collars and raced for the river entrance.

Thinking it was some of the Indians going on their usual night hunt for white foxes, the sentry flung the gate wide.

In the meantime, the Indians, still holding their victims in front of them, had backed slowly. Suddenly, raising

the women high above their heads they threw them right into the faces of the crowd and jumped backwards through the door, pulling it after them.

Before the astonished sentry could realize that something was wrong they were through the gate. Springing down the bank, they soon caught up to the dog train streaking it across the Nelson for the island and the cache.

La Grange's men were close behind them. The cannons were run out and fired, but the black boulders in the shallow channel suffered little. The high-heeled dancing shoes of the pursuers sank into the snow and deflected their aim, for they were firing as they ran. A thin fog that drifted in from the sea confused them. They wandered over the ice, shouting and firing. Finally, half frozen and exhausted, they gave up the chase.

La Grange, though wild with fear and grief for his sister, yet spent the remainder of the night drinking cognac and crying.

THE cold mist sifted through the holes in the roofs of Pierre Radisson's deserted fort on the Hayes. Roderick ran the carriage into one of the least dilapidated of the buildings. Scarcely a word had he addressed to Yvonne since the beginning of the Lochinvar episode at the fort. Now he drew some heavy robes from the cache in the corner and covered the carriage with them.

"Rest, Yvonne, and do not fear. My Indians guard you outside the wall. I go to get the Breton woman and the priest."

The Indians stood panting after their ten-mile run to keep up with the dog team. Without a parting caress, for which they would have despised him, he slipped through the door and across the clearing on his snowshoes.

A crashing in the brush ahead of him. "Mon Dieu! My back, Monsieur le Cure . . . it will break! This horse is very sharp . . . a saw horse, I make no doubt!"

"On, on, good nurse! We must find this wild Highlander ere he escapes with this poor child."

Roderick peered out from behind the willows. Two lean ponies, bearing the priest and the nurse, struggled through the snow and felled logs of the clearing.

McLeod rose suddenly in front of them, his musket in a loose grasp at his side. The priest reined sharply, and then seeing who it was, "How now, my friend, who carries off a noblewoman of France as he would a hare from the woods. You . . ."

"I was returning for the nurse, and —well, you wouldn't have been the first holy man to be kidnapped by a McLeod, when purpose served," and Roderick raised the rifle higher in an easy hand.

Owing to the darkness, he missed the satire in the chaplain's face. The priest leaned forward and tapped the Scotchman's chest.

"Hark ye, my son, thou art too fond of raidings and abductions. Wouldn't rather have thy takings in that fashion? Nevertheless, hadst thou requested me to make one of thy party, I had not been so unwilling to leave yonder brothel."

And that is how it came to pass that McLeod of Dunvegan Castle married the Lady Yvonne La Grange in Radisson's old log fort. Knee deep in snow they stood and forgot the incongruousness of it and their betrothal in like strange circumstances.

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MCLEOD OF DUNVEGAN

Continued from page 38

Of how the light canoe was dragged up the Hayes on the snow by dogs and men till the river broke; how the priest baptized Indians they met and tamed those of the party; how McLeod's wife and her nurse were the first white women to traverse the thousands of miles of water to Winnipeg and the great lakes there is no record today, except in Roderick's letters to his mother, lost in the forgotten drawer below the settle by the fireplace in the great hall of Dunvegan Castle.

It was to Boston first that they went, and then to Port Royal, in Acadia—Annapolis Royal as the New Englanders named it when they captured it in 1710.

Strange that the sons were all small and fair, like Yvonne, though of a strength and fierceness like wildcats. And the daughters tall and dark and stately, breaking the hearts of French and British officers alike with a fine indifference, or ignorance, if you will. It is proud, dark women who never

sense the pain they leave with men who have loved them in vain.

A grandson, tall and dark and back to the McLeod strain founded Fort Dunvegan, in the Peace country, in 1805. He ruled it with a rod of iron, and his canoes, bound eastward, were sunk to the gunwales with their loads of furs. No one knows the grave where he lies buried by the Peace, for a landslide double-covered it years ago. Another landslide may reveal it.

Yvonne's three times great granddaughter, Yvonne, is small and fair. She delights to wear her golden hair piled high on her dainty head in the fashion of that old painting of La Grange's sister.

Princes dance with her, at Ottawa. Thanks to the fur trading monies from the McLeod coffers, she is the richest woman in Canada.

The most charming, also, which is what matters to the Count de Chevenault of a foreign embassy—a man black and courteous, but with as untamed a heart as even Yvonne's Highland ancestor carried in his bosom.

MEET MISS POMEROY!

Continued from page 7

It seemed so fit a setting for her, and he was so certain of seeing her in it, that when he rose and faced a girl he had never seen before, a dark, pretty, slender girl, who held his letter of introduction in her hand, he stood before her stunned into speechlessness.

Little by little, as she talked on, he grasped the situation. It was so pleasant to meet a friend of Mrs. Wetmore's, she said; Mrs. Wetmore had been so sweet to her and her cousin Eleanor. They had hoped to come South in *The Waterfowl*, but a letter from her mother, who was not well, had made the speaker anxious to return to Nashville at once. Eleanor had decided to go on to Chicago to visit the Rexfords. Charming people; possibly he knew them? He did? Then he knew how delightful they were. Kitty Rexford was Eleanor's dearest friend, and as mother was not seriously ill, it had seemed better for Eleanor to make her visit now instead of later. Oh yes, Eleanor's name was Pomeroy, too; their fathers were brothers.

As one in a bad dream, Archie drank tea and ate teacakes, talked small talk, and finally got away. As he passed down the great hall on his way to the front door he caught, through another door, a glimpse of her, and stopped. It was her portrait, full length and extraordinarily vital.

Seeing him hesitate at the threshold, his hostess hospitably urged him into the room, babbling explanations. "That's Eleanor," she explained. "You see, this is her home as well as mine. The artist painted the portrait in London last year, and it made a sensation at the Academy this spring."

If it had not been for the portrait, Hibbard might have abandoned what he mentally called his "wild-geese chase;" but, looking into the painted eyes, it seemed to him that he had met Eleanor, after all, and the encounter was fuel to the flame of his purpose. Beyond question he was a fool, but there was something divine in such folly and in letting it have its way. He was going on to Chicago, he told his hostess, and if she would give him a letter to her cousin, he would be glad. Of course he would see the Rexfords there. Possibly there was some commission?

He carried the letter to Chicago in his breast pocket, and sent it with his cards to his hostess and Miss Pomeroy.

"Why, Mr. Hibbard, how perfectly delightful this is! It's ages since I've seen you. Wasn't it at the 'Senior Prom' the last time, five years ago?"

The voice was the high-pitched but agreeable voice of Mrs. Rexford, and she had shaken hands with him and asked a dozen questions before he found it possible to remind her that he had hoped to see Miss Pomeroy, too. The corners of Mrs. Rexford's pretty mouth drooped mournfully.

"Why, you know, she didn't come," she explained. "At the last minute she decided to stay out the week with some friends in New York, and come here later, as originally planned. How long shall you be in Chicago, and won't you put up with us?"

But it became evident that Mr. Hibbard's visit in Chicago was the briefest episode, merely a touch on a branch on his flight back home. He was returning to New York that day, on the limited—and he did so, though unsustained by any fair prospect, for Mrs. Rexford had not given him the names of Eleanor's new friends.

ARCHIE was in a very bad humor when he reached his New York house the next morning, and he was not soothed by the butler's obvious pleasure in his return, nor by the welcoming joy of the sister and the elderly aunt who made up his domestic circle.

"You've only got twenty minutes to get into fresh clothes for luncheon, Archie," Mollie reminded him. "I'm so awfully glad you're home again. It's horrid without you. Besides, I want you to do lots of nice things in the next few days."

He gave her shoulder an absent pat and went to his room, where he dressed gloomily, feeling horribly let down and depressed. All the savor had gone out of his life. True, he could chase up Haxton again, but Haxton had proved a broken reed, and he was beginning to fear that a malignant fate had taken a hand in his affairs. Perhaps, after all, she was not in the world for him. If he could accept that idea and realize that he

[Continued on page 52]

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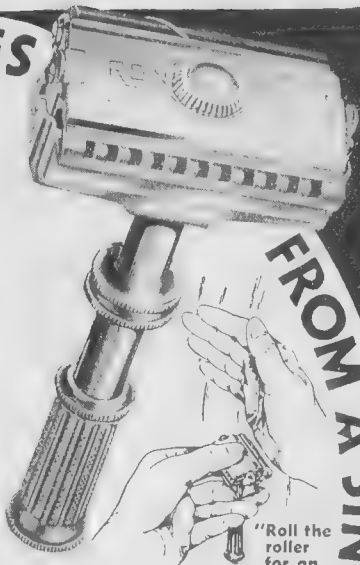
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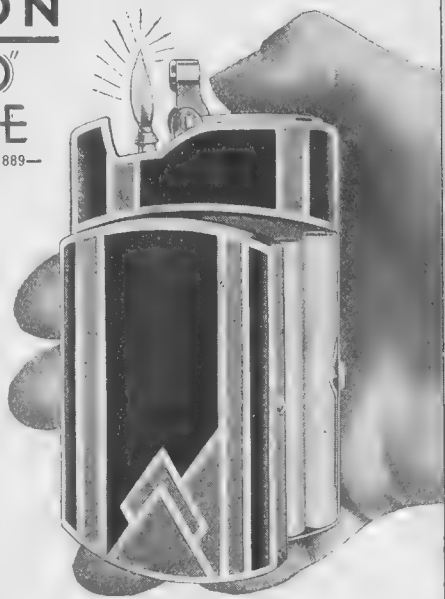
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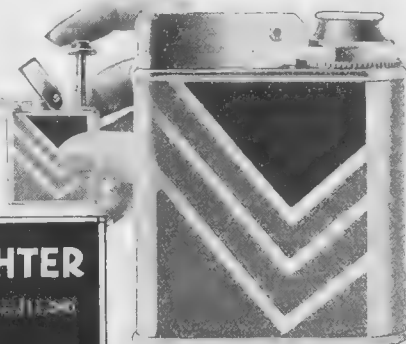
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TRAPPERS

Continued from page 15

and turned the key in the heavy, old-fashioned lock that Harding boasted he never used. He was not going to leave his gold to any passing stranger's mercy, nor was he going to risk the chance that his erstwhile host might be lurking in the nearby woods.

"We never lock our cabin doors—it's the law of the North! Bah!" he sneered. "And look what the poor dumb fool gets for it!"

He dropped the key in the pocket of his heavy mackinaw. No, he reflected grimly, he never left anything to chance. That was why he was following in Harding's trail.

It was an easy task. Travelling swiftly on his snowshoes he traced the other's floundering footsteps for the whole of fifteen miles. Then, as the swift darkness came down, he halted for the night and made camp in a little gulley some five miles from the forks of the Wolverine, where he knew his fire-flames would be invisible to the wretched man crouched by the empty cache.

At dawn, or rather in the dusk of a sub-arctic winter's morning, he set out again, for he had heard the quavering howl of wolves once or twice in the night, and wanted to reach Harding before them. Drawing near the cache, he saw some six or seven of the grey, ghost-like beasts circling about it in the snow, and realized he was only just in time. For a few moments he hesitated, dismayed at their number and impudent boldness. However, a shot or two sent them trotting to a more respectable distance, and he approached the cache.

As he had expected, Harding lay there, huddled up in the snow, his body already stiff with frost, his face blue and swollen, on it the horror of the awful death he had died. Tyson suppressed angrily an involuntary shudder—this was no time to be squeamish, if his perfect crime was to succeed—and set to work to build a fire.

Twenty minutes later, by the roaring blaze he had conjured up, he callously stripped Harding's body, and exchanged clothes with the dead man. He was careful to leave definite marks of identification on the corpse—a watch, engraved with his, Tyson's name; a belt, with his initials on the brass buckle. He wished that there should be no mistake as to the conclusions his pursuers would draw when the body was eventually found, as it would be, since the cache lay on the main trail.

Finally his gruesome task was completed. As far as dress and belongings were concerned, the body was Tyson's. As far as build and stature went, it was also very similar. Only the pathetic swollen face was markedly different, and the wolves would attend to that.

The wolves! He checked a shudder as he looked round the circle of waiting beasts. For during the time of his occupation they had been gradually closing in, despite his occasional yells to keep them back, eager for the ghastly feast to come. Now they sat on their haunches, their tongues hanging out, a good dozen of them all in a ring a bare hundred feet away, watching him with impudent, hungry eyes—and from far off across the drear expanse of snow came other quavering howls.

Yes, they would do the job alright, and he would leave them to their feast.

"You poor dumb fool!" he said. "What chance had you got against a wise buddy like me?" And with that epitaph he turned from the body.

Tyson was dead, perished while fleeing from justice through the barren lands. Such would be the assumption, and here at the forks of the Wolverine the chase would end. Now for the cabin, the gold, some supplies—then Alaska and freedom! The circle of wolves parted to let him through, but immediately closed again, and before he had gone a hundred yards he could hear them yapping, quarrelling over their prey. He did not look round.

HALF an hour later, trudging through the soft snow that made progress so slow and difficult, he became aware that lean, grey shadows were hovering in his wake, too close for comfort. Several times he stopped and yelled to scare them away, but still they came on, joined from time to time by others that had finished with the grim feast by the cache. So bold were they that by noon he was forced to fire. Yet despite some temporary respite while the beasts tore the one he had shot into bloody rags, they were presently loping along behind him once again. But for the fact that the cabin was not far distant, he would have been much afraid, for he realized now that these were very hungry wolves indeed, and that, having once tasted human blood, they were ravenous for more. As it was, he did not worry, for he knew that it was extremely unlikely they would actually attack an armed man by daylight, and with reasonable care he still had enough ammunition to last him until he reached safety.

By mid-afternoon he was a little uneasy, for it was beginning to snow again, fine, driving stuff, sure sign of another approaching blizzard, whirling from the north with death in its icy blast. And the swift sub-arctic night began to fall, gripping at his throat with freezing fingers. It was with a feeling of relief that he at last emerged from the thin fringe of stunted timber, and through the swirl of wind-whipped flakes saw the cabin looming up before him. It was high time, the wolves were getting far too bold. He could hear them yammering, an eerie, whining sort of hunger-song. Almost at the door he was forced to turn and fire again. He had only a few shells left now.

Not that it mattered. Here he was at the cabin door—a turn of the key, and he would be safe to triumph in his perfect, fool-proof crime.

A turn of the key!

Suddenly he had ripped off his great fur gauntlets, was frantically delving in his pockets, tearing open his heavy garments, heedless of the biting, searing cold in his agonized search, an awful fear and certain knowledge dawning in his heart.

With a long-drawn howl a darker shape detached itself from the dusk and lunged towards him. He grabbed his rifle and fired in blind panic into the closing crescent of hovering, snow-veiled beasts, till he heard the click of an empty magazine. Then suddenly he was beating desperately, insanely, on the stout log door, first with the rifle-butt, till that smashed off short in his hands, then with his bare, half-frozen fists.

"For God's sake!—For God's sake open and let me in!"

The key lay in the pocket of a torn and bloodstained mackinaw, twenty miles away.

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 28

from his precious finger-prints and also made it possible for the bootleggers to make a clean getaway. Perhaps we may meet the bootleggers this afternoon."

"Let's go back," he pleaded. "I'd rather get mine at the Government Store."

He put out a hand to help her over a fallen cottonwood, and rejoiced that with each step the ground grew more rugged.

After that they went on in silence, up the sparsely wooded slope to the heights, where the giant pines shut out the sky. The sun dropped behind the mountain, but relenting flung back a coral shaft to soften and adorn the Aspen Grove Draw.

"Look!" said the girl reverently.

Far below lay the fair valley, with the town of Glenlogan besmirching its proud loveliness. But even there, Iron Mountain flung a contemptuous shadow, hiding the starkest ugliness, and like a silver thread the Nicola hurried to ally itself with the stately Coldwater, until at Calamity House they joined forces and swept onward to the sea.

Where the two stood the shadows deepened. A motor-car lit its lamps and commenced the seven mile descent of Hamilton Hill, but in the Aspen Grove Draw the rosy glow persisted, and the peaks which it sundered were mauve and tipped with gold.

"We must go," said the girl regretfully, "the climb was bad enough, and I'm afraid the going down will be worse, but it was worth it."

With the spell of beauty upon him, Clarke Helmer made no answer. Straight and tall and vermilion trunked the pines sheltered and shut them off from the sordid little world below. He wanted to stay on the heights with her for ever.

And then, over in the Aspen Grove Draw, darkness laid its hand on that slender shaft of rosy light, and with its absence the whole scene changed. The pines seemed less friendly now, as though with the night they had suddenly changed deities, and fighting a vague uneasiness the man seized the girl's hand and hurried her down the mountain-side.

The ground was rough and uneven. They lost the path almost immediately and spoke to reassure themselves.

"With the lights of the village ahead of them, they could not lose their sense of direction."

But the village sprawled all over the valley. From the collieries of the Diamond Vale the dump fires beckoned, but the mine was two miles from the hospital, and the nurse's leave expired at seven. After hastily discussing their position they decided to set their course by a single light, which they decided must be the one which burned before the gateway of Calamity House.

It lacked a quarter of six, but already the darkness was Stygian. The rank undergrowth, rooted in a soil seamed with watercourses and littered with rocks and stones, opposed their every step, while the lights of the

village rendered more bewildering the oppressive gloom.

Of a sudden the man drew back and flung out a protecting arm. Far below a loose stone crashed. After that timely warning they found themselves sticks and cautiously prodded their way forward, skirting the ravine. They were leaving the lights of the village, but it could not be helped. By a tacit understanding they had abandoned all consideration of time.

After half an hour the pines thinned, but the stunted growth grew more dense and their progress increasingly difficult.

With an exclamation which he failed to stifle, Clarke Helmer crashed into the thorny branches of a spreading hawthorn, when a pale light pierced the inky blackness, and the girl looked directly into the interior of a cabin in the doorway of which a heavily built man stood blinking and cursing.

From his words the nurse gathered that he had been expecting someone who was late, and was at all times a fool.

A slight pressure on her arm warned her not to speak. Meanwhile the man in the doorway grew impatient.

"Come out and show yourself," he admonished with an unprintable oath. "Honest folk don't skulk in the dark. Come out, or you'll get a charge of buckshot for a damned highbinder."

"Don't you think we had better speak?" whispered Marion, as the man disappeared into the house with the evident intention of making good his threat.

"Wait!" urged Clarke Helmer. "here's another of them."

From the rear of the cabin stumbling footsteps approached, and like a giant will-o'-the-wisp a spot of light flirted overhead. The man reappeared in the doorway bellowing his intention to shoot, and out of the darkness a soothing voice counselled patience and less noise.

At this the man in the doorway broke into wilder profanity. It was all right for the other apparently, but it was a "helluva" life for a man who lived like a damned crow on this mountain.

"Be quiet! I tell you," commanded the newcomer, with a concentrated ferocity which somehow made the other's threat seem vapid. "Who were you threatening with that gun?"

"How the hell would I know? Someone cussed in the dark. Was it you?"

"It was not. Come inside, you can't shoot a man for cussing; and in future don't be so handy with your gat; you'll spoil everything if you get shooting."

"You weren't so damned cautious," jeered the other, "the day you got mad and stiffened your wife."

Marion put out a startled hand which Clarke Helmer took instantly and gratefully in his own.

Protected by the friendly shadows they slipped silently past the cabin. When they looked back the door was closing on the man who had stiffened his wife.

To be Continued Next Month

I simplify my razor's work



by using
**PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM**



I OFTEN used to wonder why my razor, although perfectly sharpened, would scrape and pull. Then I tried Palmolive Shaving Cream. This is what I found. It softens the beard in one minute and greatly simplifies the work of the razor. No more pulling or skidding. The razor shaves clean at the base of the beard without effort. Do as I did. Try this ideal cream, and you'll always think you are shaving with a brand new blade.

No risk!

We are so sure that you'll like Palmolive Shaving Cream that we make the following offer. Buy a tube and use half. Then, if you're not satisfied, return the half-empty tube to your dealer. Your money will be refunded without question.

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is specially designed for those who desire financial independence at 55 or 60. You can have an income of \$100 a month for life when you are sixty—plus substantial accumulated profits. Your family is also protected in the event of your early death. This policy is one of the soundest, most satisfactory and profitable investments a man can make. Mail the coupon now.

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533 Vine Ave., - Toronto 9, Ontario

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to sew for us at home. Sewing machine necessary. No selling

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TORONTO 8. Dept. 203, ONTARIO

October Days

Bring the cool peppy air that sharpens the appetite. Study Gertrude Dutton's pages on economical but health giving dishes and you will satisfy the clamourings of both hubby and the .. children..

Gas in the Stomach Is Dangerous

Recommends Daily Use of Bisurated Magnesia to Overcome Trouble Caused by Acid Indigestion

Gas in the stomach accompanied by a full, bloated feeling after eating are almost certain evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous because too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get from any druggist a little Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This will drive the gas, wind and bloat right out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralizes the excess acid and prevent its formation and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder form—never in liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

Dollar and Cent

MARKET PSYCHOLOGY

THE peculiarities of human nature are nowhere better mirrored than in the securities markets. All of us know, most of us to our cost, what hectic enthusiasm and unbounded optimism prevailed in the midsummer of 1929, and this midsummer we probably witnessed the depth of the depression with its lack of confidence in the possibility of business ever recovering and its abject loss of faith. The stocks of quite a number of large and substantial companies were actually selling at less than the value of the cash and government bonds in their treasuries, so far had investment morale fallen.

Suddenly, almost overnight, the public seemed to realize how foolish it had become. The bond market showed sustained and consistent strength, stocks shot up in price, wheat, cotton, copper, sugar and other commodity markets advanced and kept on advancing. Yet indices of business, such as car loadings, electric power consumption and bank debits have shown, if anything, the further progress of the depression. Naturally, the thoughtful man asks if the strength in the securities markets is well based, and whether we may not have another such a slump after our present optimism as we had in the spring of 1930 or in the middle of last year.

History may teach us something in our dilemma. In the first place depressions, as a rule, do not last longer than three years, although there were a few instances (in the 70's and the 90's) when they continued for five or six years. Then, too, the bond market usually shows consistent strength for a considerable time before improvement in business comes. The bond market has shown a sustained rise this summer. In 1921, after the big post-war slump business did not improve till well into 1922, although the stock market reached its low late in August and rose steadily after that.

The truth of the matter is that the later stages of depression are chiefly noted for loss of faith amounting almost to demoralization. Under such circumstances prices of commodities and securities fall far below their real values. When the public realizes this, the markets will advance for some time without evidence of tangible improvement in business. That is what happened in late July, August and September this year. The optimism generated by rising security prices is often transmitted to business and industry, especially after a three-year slump, and thus a rising cycle begins. If by October there is not some tangible improvement in business evident, a pronounced reaction in security prices will likely occur. Generally speaking, however, such an emphatic rise in the market as has recently been experienced usually marks the end of a major depression in business.

There have been a number of happenings in the political world recently that have done much to clear the outlook. The conference at Lausanne foreshadowed the eventual scaling down of war debts and the wiping out of the greater part of reparations. The Imperial Economic Conference showed the British Empire acting as a firmly-knit economic unit, despite its loose political and constitutional ties. The pumping into the financial structure of

the United States of billions in new money and credit in a last super-human effort to quell the hysteria of that mercurial nation has apparently had its effect there. It may be taken for granted that the organized forces directing this movement will do all in their power to keep things moving the right way till after the Presidential elections in November. Other hopeful influences are the subsidence of Russia as a factor in world commodity markets and the good wheat crop in our own West in the face of slightly less-than-average crop throughout the rest of the world.

The auspices, therefore, begin to look favorable, especially if the initial rise is long continued without corrective reactions, but at last a gleam of brighter day seems to be dawning on the financial horizon, with the promise of a much brighter 1933.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Wetaskiwin, Alta.

Q.—Do you consider it wise at present to exchange some Dominion of Canada 5 per cent bonds for some Alberta Government 6 per cent bonds and a few City of Edmonton 7 per cent bonds in order to take advantage of the higher rate?—C.J.H.

A.—We believe both Province of Alberta and City of Edmonton bonds are safe investments, and an investor who also holds some Dominion of Canada bonds as a backlog, would be justified in exchanging part of his holdings of the latter for the former, to secure a higher yield.

Nanaimo, B.C.

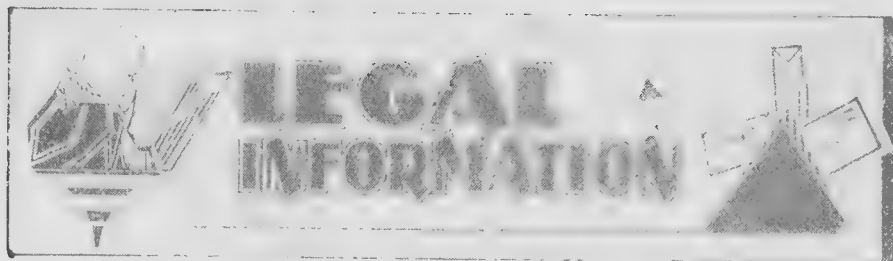
Q.—Could you tell me if there was ever a pool formed or what information can you give me regarding Advance Oil (New). In May 27, 1929, I was advised to buy Advance at \$5 a share and was assured my money would be back in ten days at the very least as a pool had been formed and so it must be sold out. I have never had my shares sold and can get no explanation. Are those shares of any value now?—F.G.S.

Pools are private organizations and there may be three or four working in a stock and the public know nothing about it. A pool may or may not sell all or any number of shares it holds, but they are not compelled to sell in any given time. Judging by the character of the sales talk that was used on you we venture to say you have been victimized. Advance Oil, though it has a drilling arrangement with Imperial Oil, is very speculative and has a very thin market.

Upper Falmouth, N.S.

Would you kindly give me the following information: Allen Paint & Varnish Co., 159 Kendall Avenue, Toronto; Holland Varnish Co. Ltd., 6,700 Park Avenue, Montreal. The history of these two companies. How long have they been in business? What class of goods do they make? What is the price of their shares? And any other information you can get.—W.L.

A.—Holland Varnish Co. was taken over some time ago by International Paints (Canada), Limited. Allen Paint & Varnish Co. is a very small company. All these companies, as their names suggest, deal in paints, varnishes, oils and colors. Both Holland and Allen have no public interest in their shares and there is no market for them.



ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Parrsboro, N.S.

Q.—If a pensioned soldier in N.S. dies from other causes than he is pensioned on, large or small, will his widow or dependents get a pension?—"Z."

A.—We understand that if a soldier pensioner dies from the causes for which he was pensioned his widow and dependents will continue to receive their share of the pension. If, however, the pensioner dies from other causes which cannot be directly connected with the disability for which the pension was paid, the allowances will cease.

Mono Road, Ont.

Q.—I should like to ask you re some lots described as (1) Lot 44, Block 28, Plan 1374, Parish Lot 60/3, St. Boniface; (2) Lot 23/4, Block 25, Plan 1094, Parish Lot 546, St. Boniface. Do you think they are worth holding or are saleable?—M.H.C.

A.—The properties to which you refer are in outlying districts of the city. There is no building in the immediate vicinity and there is very little demand for the property. It would appear to us that it will likely be some years before there will be any real market for the lots. If you can sell them for more than two or three years taxes we consider that you would be making a good deal. If you cannot sell the lots before they are sold for taxes we think you would be well advised to save the money which would otherwise have gone into taxes.

Alta.

Q.—A man owns a store, and is also the Postmaster for the district. Can he send his bills and private mail (for local delivery) through the Post Office without paying the 2c due on all sealed letters? Can a person refuse to accept such letters, and is he liable for omitting the necessary postage?—S.H.P.

A.—The question will resolve itself into whether the man who is the Postmaster is merely handing out his bills to his customers or whether he is actually forwarding same through the mails. There is room for argument that he is not using the mails at all.

The addressee of the letter, whether stamped or mailed or not, is never obliged to accept delivery of the document. At the same time the creditor is not bound to notify his debtor of the amount of the debtor's account. It is a fiction of law that the debtor must seek his creditor.

As above noted, we are unable to state on the information given whether the merchant should be putting postage on such letters.

Inland, Alta.

Q.—I am a Canadian by birth, my people as well. I was married in Ottawa thirty-one years ago the 23rd of this month. Came out to B.C. 19 years ago. My husband is an Englishman. Well, he went overseas to the Great War. Was over about four years. When he came home he never was contented, always on the move. He left me and his five children several times, then he went away and we've never heard from him again. He nearly drove me wild wondering what happened to him, and in the meantime I worked as the children were all going to school, excepting the baby. I had to leave him to others to look after. I have had some good chances of getting married again but I would not come to that not knowing if H.S. was dead or not. I have never heard from him and he has never come home for ten years now. Last year I was living in New Westminster. Since then I have been housekeeping at different places. I had a little help but this last five years no help, just what I got for myself. I have been told that I can marry but I would like to know what I can really do.—E.S.

A.—There is a rule of law that when a person has disappeared and for a period of seven years has not communicated with those with whom one would naturally expect him to communicate, that thereafter for certain purposes he may be presumed to be dead. This is merely a presumption and is based on the fact that the man would be expected to communicate with his relatives within the seven years. If the circumstances under which he left are such that it would be unlikely that he would communicate with his relatives, then the presumption will not arise.

It is rather a difficult question for us to decide from your letter whether your husband would be likely to communicate with you. Also you state that for many years you have travelled around to different addresses and it is possible that your husband would have been unable to communicate with you if he had desired to do so. It would also be necessary for you to have made some efforts to locate him which have proved unsuccessful.

If you have used reasonable efforts to locate him and have been unable to do so then the law would permit you to marry again. If at a later date it should appear that your husband is not dead, then the second marriage would be bigamous and void, but if the presumption of death had arisen you would be protected from any criminal consequences from the double marriage.

DAWNING OF TOMORROW

By Elva Mary Shortreed

There's always a star in the sky, it seems—
There's always a hoping, the dreaming of
dreams,
There's always the wonder if dreams will
come true—
And sometimes I know that they do, do you?

Perhaps there's a weariness, just for a while,
A wistfulness, hiding behind the smile,
The star in the sky has been hidden away
And tucked in the fold of a cloud, today?

But the cloud is a soft, grey moving thing
As harmless as rain on a robin's wing;
And the star must twinkle, mysteriously—
Down in its depths, of things to be!

Then the cloud must pass, and the star must
shine,
And the song in your heart is the song in
mine!

For the star of Tomorrow has packed away
The tears in the cloud of Yesterday!

MONEY

IN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT NEVER DEPRECIATES



No matter what your other investments may be, you should keep an adequate Savings Account. It is the most liquid and dependable form of investment you can make.

If all your money is in stocks or bonds or other property, you may have to sell at a loss to obtain cash in an emergency, for even good bonds fluctuate in price. But money in a Savings Account is always ready for use, earns a steady 3% interest—and never depreciates in value.

In any Branch of The Royal Bank of Canada your Savings Account will receive capable and courteous attention, whether the amount be large or small.



The Royal Bank of Canada today is one of the ten or twelve great banks of the world, with 881 branches, deposits of more than 550 millions and total assets of over 725 millions. Every office of The Bank commands information and experience gained in more than sixty years of effort and has a personnel trained to be efficient and accommodating.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital - \$35,000,000

Reserves - \$39,155,106

Total Assets - over \$725,000,000

Nurse Loses 7 lbs.

"I weighed 145 lbs.," writes a nurse, "when I bought the bottle of Kruschen Salts which I have just finished. I have taken a good half-teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning. Now I weigh 138 lbs., a loss of 7 lbs. I am very glad to have lost weight, especially without trouble."—M. H. R. (Trained Nurse).

Unlike most salts, Kruschen isn't simply a laxative. When you take Kruschen Salts you not only stimulate your liver and kidneys to function naturally and perfectly, but you supply every internal organ, gland, nerve and fibre in the body with Nature's own revitalizing and rejuvenating minerals.

Get a bottle of Kruschen Salts today, and take one-half a teaspoon in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast.

Before the bottle is empty you'll feel years younger—eyes will brighten—step grow sprightlier—nerves steadier—you'll sleep sound, enjoy your meals, and after a hard day's work you'll be ready for wholesome recreation—one million women already know all this.



NOISY HINGES BALKY LOCKS

When hinges grumble and locks are stubborn, just use a little 3-in-One Oil!

A few drops and hinges can't even murmur! The stiffest lock turns easily! Use 3-in-One often on latches, tools, toys and household appliances too. Specially blended from three good oils, it does three jobs at one time. As it lubricates it cleans and prevents rust.

Three-in-One comes in handy cans and bottles. All good stores have it.

Three-in-One Oil Co., Windsor, Ontario

3-IN-ONE OIL
CLEANS - OILS - PROTECTS

Correspondence
COURSES
as given by THE SHAW SCHOOLS, Toronto, are effective and inexpensive. They have opened the door to fine positions to thousands of our Canadian People during the past thirty years. Curriculum Free. Write 1130 Bay St., Toronto.

ALEC'S PURP

Continued from page 17

The door was thrown open, and through the gloom they saw a brown and white bundle stumbling uncertainly towards them. They switched on an electric torch—it was Chick, all right, Chick, carrying a huge dead lynx in his jaws!

But what a Chick! He was covered with blood from nose to tail, and though he wagged the latter most stupendously, he was hardly able to stand.

"There's pluck for you!" exclaimed Alec, looking proudly at his partner.

Steth stooped down and patted Chick's head. "You blame little idiot!" he said. "Oh, you pig-headed chunk of stupidity."

They took Chick in, still dragging his prize. "That's the old lynx that killed our last bunch of chickens," stated Alec. "Now she's gone, we can start in with a fresh bunch. I say Steth—some dog!"

But Chick was in a sad state. His ears were in ribbons, and it was clear from the outset that he was going to lose one eye. He never left his bed for three days, but Steth knew something about dogs, and nursed him unceasingly.

SO, IN due course, the new chickens were installed, and having killed one of them and been thrashed for it, Chick settled down to defend the survivors with his life. He would not even allow the squirrels to look at them, but in spite of all this he and old Steth remained at loggerheads. Chick seemed to regard Steth's slippers as his natural prey, which annoyed Steth unspeakably, but the truth of the situation was just this. Steth had come to love Chick, and he was irritated by the fact that Chick did not return his affections. If Alec was about, the dog would not look at Steth, and at any time, if in Steth's company, Chick would tear off, deaf to Steth's shout, on hearing his master. "The blame swipec won't take no notice of me," growled Steth. "He'd as leave bite me as look at me. I wish you'd get rid of him and buy a proper dog."

Then it was that Steth received the surprise of his life. "All right Steth," replied Alec, "since you can't get on with the dog, I will get rid of him. Old Berry Newman down at Nelson wants him badly, and that will be a good home for him. I'll take him down on the packet tomorrow."

Steth stared. For a time he was silent, then he said, half apologetically—"Of course I ain't that kind of a swipec, Alec, as stands between a man and his dog. I don't want to influence you. Chick's all right—ain't you Chick?"

"I know," replied Alec, "but I've been thinking over all you've said, and perhaps Chick isn't the right kind of a dog for a bush camp. It don't seem quite fair to him to keep him with winter coming on. As you say, he'll probably get frost bite in his paws, and suffer no end. It isn't fair to him. He'd be better down in the Kootenays. I'll take him tomorrow."

No more could be said—for what could Steth say without acknowledging weakness?—and on the morrow Alec took Chick to Nelson, and left him in the kindly charge of old Berry Newman. "He's sure to fret a bit," said Alec, "but he can't get back to us because of the water. He'll settle down in a bit."

Chick did fret. He got free once, and climbed aboard the steamer that had brought him to his new home with the idea of going back on it. But the steamer was going the wrong way, and Chick travelled to Kootenay

Landing and back to Nelson without a ticket, where hunger compelled him to go back to Berry.

"He'll soon forget and settle down," said Berry, yet at the back of his mind old Berry Newman knew that Chick was not the kind of dog to forget.

THE freeze-up came, and the little ranch on the pine bluff was buried under the snows of winter. Little work could now be done till the spring thawed it out, so Steth and Alec cleaned up their traps, repaired their packs, and set off one bright morning towards the heart of the woods.

There is plenty of fur towards the headwaters of the Mulberry River—mink, marten, wolf, fox, and fisher, and arriving at their trapping ground a few days later, Steth and Alec were not long in knocking a central cabin together. From this they ran out their various lines of traps, building rough shelter cabins every few miles in case they were overtaken by storm. It was a manly life, full of hardship and adventure, but appallingly lonely out there with the silence. At night time they would sit together by their tamarac fire, pegging out the furs they had taken and discussing what they would have for supper and which show they would go to see if they were in Vancouver City. Often they heard the wolves ranging for game, their fierce, sad cries seeming to be the very voice of this unending desolation, and at times they heard the evil caterwauling of lynxes echoing like ghost voices through the vaults of the silence. They came to know many things out there with God, and greatest of all they came to know their own littleness. Man may build his cities and fill the world with his wonders, but after all, they pondered, he is merely an ant crawling on the face of immeasurable space. "I think," said Steth one night, "that if some conceited blighters I know were out here, it would do them good. It would show them that they ain't much, after all."

Only once did they touch upon the subject of the dog they had owned. "I reckon you were right, Steth," said Alec, as the scream of a lynx died away into the stillness. "We could never have kept him out here. He couldn't have stood the cold, and anyway, the wolves or the lynxes would have got him."

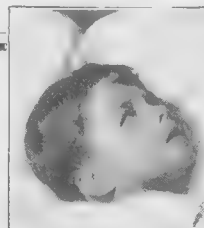
Steth nodded. "Yes," he agreed. "I reckon we was right." And that was all that was said.

A few days later Steth came back to camp with the news that he had seen a huge grizzly away up his end of the range. He had found its tracks and followed them, till he caught sight of the brute, "the size of a street car," crossing a frozen lake. Darkness was coming on, spoiling all chances of a shot, so Steth had hastily returned for a bear trap.

"He's a big silvertip," he explained, "and should be worth something. I reckon he must be a morose old male, otherwise he'd have denned up with the rest of his tribe."

Next morning Steth set out with the only bear trap they had, and reaching the range of the big grizzly he was not long in locating one of its most regular runways, where it had trodden the snow hard under its huge paws. Boulders of rock strewed the ground, and hiding the trap under the snow, together with its chain and three-pronged anchor, Steth left everything as he had found it, carefully brushing out all signs with a branch. [Continued on page 45]

those SLEEP- DISTURBING COUGHS of children



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ALEC'S PURP

Continued from page 44

Nearly a week passed ere Steth, peering down from the ridge, threw his hat into the air on perceiving that the huge grizzly had fallen victim to his powers. It was beginning to snow, and he hurried down the bluff, intent on putting the poor brute out of its misery immediately he was within safe range.

He approached the bear up wind, so that it would not scent, but even when within forty paces he could not see the brute for the storm. He went on more cautiously, another five paces, then with startling suddenness a huge brown shape reared up from the snow at his feet, and stood towering above him, its great paws outstretched.

To say Steth was startled would be putting it mildly. He had misjudged the distance, and almost stepped upon his majestic captive. He flung up his rifle, but somehow the leather sling caught in his gear, momentarily preventing him from bringing the sights to bear. He staggered back, but with a mighty swinging sweep one of the grizzly's forepaws just grazed the barrel, and the force of the impact sent the weapon whirling away into the whiteness.

In that hairbreadth instant Steth himself had an opportunity of realizing the gigantic strength of his proposed quarry. He was sent spinning backward, to fall head foremost into a drift, buried to the shoulders. Had there been a tree there instead of a drift his career would have ended.

He got up, half dazed, wondering in which direction his rifle had fallen, when to his horror he saw the bear stand up again, and make one gigantic rat-like leap towards him. There was no time to rise, so Steth simply rolled—rolled as he had never rolled before, to come up eventually in the depth of a windfall. He peered out through the branches, and saw the bear lying where he had lain but a second or two ago, tearing savagely at the trap still fast to one of its hind legs.

Yes, the trap was still there, but the chain was broken! With a sense of sickening dread, Steth realized his predicament.

What should he do? He had only his hunting knife in his belt. Should he bolt? If so, the grizzly would certainly pursue, and he could never hope to evade its lightning charge. No, he would lie low, and leave it for the bear to make the next move. There is never any telling what a bear will do, and the brute might even yet turn tail and flee.

Next moment, however, all idea of anything of the kind left Steth's mind. He was up against it, and no mistake. Unable to get rid of the trap, the monster stiffened up, sniffed the air, then came straight towards him in a rolling, swinging stride, dragging one hind leg. It knew Steth was in the windfall, but had not quite located him. It stood up, then crashed down on to the prostrate tree, waiting and listening, and evidently expecting Steth to bolt from the other side like a startled rabbit.

Steth realized that to remain here would be folly, so creeping under the trunk he made his way to a point as far distant from the bear as possible, then calmly got out, looking the huge brute in the eyes. He was hoping that a show of boldness might save him, but when he saw the red fire in the little eyes of the fur-clad giant, he wisely decided to get out of the way with as little delay as possible. He fled to the next thicket, hampered by his snowshoes, and dived into it, while the bear lost time by reason of

the fact that it had to go round the windfall.

Yet with a thunderous snarl, that brought a feeling of weakness to Steth's knees, it immediately pursued, while Steth gained the thicket, dived through it, and scuttled like a wounded partridge in and out among the chaos of logs that lay criss-cross among the undergrowth. He was a quick and wiry man, and knew that he was fighting for his life. He reached the other end of the thicket, heard the bear somewhere behind him, slipped noiselessly out into the open and so on to the next thicket, hoping in this way to regain the vicinity of his rifle.

But the bear judged his direction and came silently round, and a shuddering cry of fear broke from Steth's lips as once again he found himself on the point of annihilation, and once again dashed headlong into the cover. Steth was no coward, but he knew that he was face to face with death, and dodging, creeping, sprinting, he was, ere long, reduced to that state of nervous panic into which the bravest of men may fall when beset by perils from which there seems no way of escape. The bear was silently intent on business, and but that it was hampered by the trap, Steth would have stood no chance. It was clear that the brute rightly blamed him for its predicament, and did not mean to abandon the hunt. Its rage was kept at boiling point by the jaws of the trap, still clinging tenaciously to its hind leg, and in all probability the animal was under the impression that, the man being at the root of the trouble, the first thing to do was to kill the man, after which affairs would automatically straighten themselves. At all events, it was clear to Steth that unless he could find his rifle it was merely a matter of time ere the grizzly ran him down.

The latter, however, seemed to know what Steth was after, and persistently barred the way. Its ominous silence added, if anything, to the horror of the hunt, for when a wolf or a bear hunts in silence it is a clear indication that it is sure of its quarry.

Steth was rapidly becoming exhausted. His dash and quickness were already gone, while his adversary was keeping up the same steady speed, ambling from point to point, swinging back again to cut off his retreat. Its eyes were blood red, and saliva was dripping from its huge yellow teeth. Once or twice Steth succeeded in hiding, whereupon the bear would proceed to beat the timber, crashing and listening, and so trying to flush him, but always after a few seconds his heavy breathing gave him away, and the brute would charge again.

The snowstorm had passed, and if only Steth could get back he would be able to see his rifle. Again and again he tried, but each time at mortal peril, till his strength gave out. His face was cut by the branches, and the blood, streaming down his forehead, got into his eyes. His hands felt like fire, and were bruised and grazed; his clothes were in rags, and both his snowshoes were gone. To endeavor to cross the open would mean certain death, for he might sink to his shoulders.

What now should he do? To keep up the awful pace any longer was impossible, for he was exhausted. He clutched at his hunting knife, savagely determined to fight to a finish, and for a moment an awful rage—such rage as he had never felt before—possessed him. He dashed out into

[Continued on page 46]



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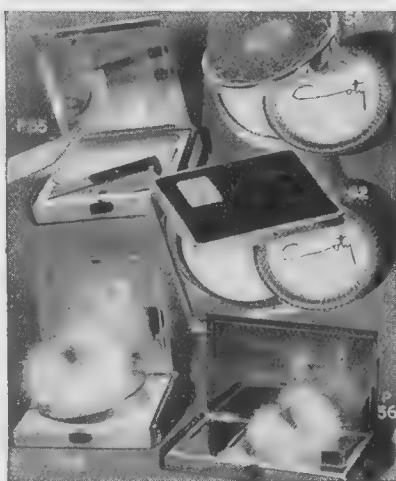
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ALEC'S PURP

Continued from page 45

the open, intent on a final fight, but his legs simply refused to support him, and he fell. What he did next he did instinctively. He lay on his face, arms outstretched, and shammed death. He did not move firstly because he was too tired to move, secondly because he knew that to move meant to die.

Steth felt the huge brute amble up to him, felt its hot breath about his ears, felt its hot muzzle thrust against his neck. It clawed him over with one huge paw, sniffed his face, but still Steth lay limp as the dead. It was an ordeal such as few men have experienced, for every moment he expected to feel the rending of those terrible fangs, yet somehow he was dead to all fear.

At length the brute left him, ambled off a few paces, and sitting down began to gnaw and wrestle again with the trap. Steth knew that it was watching him, only waiting for him to move, and now a new peril came into existence. Steth was saturated with perspiration, he had lost much of his clothing, and the thermometer was far below zero. He felt the sweat on his face crystalize into ice—he felt the cold penetrating to his limbs with such severity that it was like the touch of cold water. A very few minutes of this and he would most assuredly lose consciousness, and thereafter freeze to death.

Thus, no sooner out of one difficulty than face to face with another, Steth decided that it was better to face any peril than coolly lie there and die. His fingers closed on his knife again. He would rise, and approach the bear with knife uplifted, and if the worst came to the worst he hoped at any rate to get in one blow.

SCARCELY had Steth decided to carry this hopeless plan into effect when a strange sound burst upon his ears. It was a familiar sound, yet he thought he must be dreaming. He knew that he was all in, so concluded that his imagination was playing tricks with him, for what he heard was the sharp yap-yap of a terrier.

No, it was no dream. The bear had risen and was ambling away—ambling towards the sound. Some Indian had arrived with his dog—arrived in the ace of time. With hope renewed, Steth struggled up and looked—and saw!

He saw a small white dog, absurdly small beside the great grizzly, rushing with reckless bravery to meet that monster, apparently blind to the fact that the grizzly was charging him. Steth dashed for his rifle. The bear saw him, and changing its direction again charged him, then Steth floundered into a drift, and sank to the hips. He saw the bear coming on, he saw the terrier close behind it, and then—then the bear turned and struck out savagely at its small opponent. The terrier dodged, then snapped again—snapped at the monster's hind legs with a fury that penetrated to the bone.

No bear on earth could calmly endure such treatment, and Steth saw his chance. The terrier was holding the grizzly at bay, preventing it from charging, and not a second was to be lost. If one of those gigantic paws so much as touched the smaller animal it would be literally hurled over the tree tops, and clear it was that the terrier was taking enormous risks.

On all fours now, staggering, falling, clawing his way through the snow, Steth tottered back towards the point at which the awful chase had begun. Yes, there was the three-pronged anchor, but where was his rifle? He groped and searched desperately, but could not locate it. The bear was

roaring horribly now, and Steth knew that if for an instant the plucky terrier relaxed its attack, the grizzly would be upon him in the twinkling of an eye. Sick with disappointment, he had almost given up hope, when his foot struck something in the drift. It was his rifle—thrice blessed find—buried deep down with its muzzle first.

Steth dragged the weapon out, and raised it. It seemed to weigh a ton. His hands were trembling so that he could hardly bring the sights to bear.

Steth did his best, and pressed the trigger. He saw the grizzly rear up, clawing at its neck. He pressed the trigger again, and as the echoes rang through the timber, the mountain of fur and muscle collapsed slowly backwards into the snow.

Steth muttered a prayer of thankfulness, then he saw the little terrier clutch the mammoth by the fur of the shoulders, and try to shake it.

"Chick!" cried Steth. The words broke from his lips in a tone that seemed to suggest that he could not believe his own eyes. "Chick! Our Chick! Now how in Jupiter do you come to be here? O, you glorious little pig-headed chunk of stupidity!"

And next moment Chick, unscratched, without even a chilblain, was showering his kisses on Steth's torn and unrecognizable countenance.

A little while later Alec came stumbling up. "So he found you, did he, Steth!" he cried. "Say, that's a wonderful dog!" Then Alec looked round—beheld the dead bear and the other tokens of the terrible battle that had taken place. "Hullo, what happened?" he queried, a new anxiety in his voice. Steth told him, and for a while Alec was thoughtful. He bathed Steth's wounds, and made him some hot coffee.

Later Alec said—"There are a heap of things we can't understand, Steth. It isn't difficult to realize that Chick might find his way back to the ranch fairly easy now that the lakes are frozen, but finding the ranch deserted, how did he know to come on here? How did he know where we were, or knowing that, how did he find his way out to us? He came to the cabin door just after you had left this morning."

Steth shook his head. "No man can ever say," he answered. "I once had a dog follow me slick across Alaska, but—that was a malamute."

Alec grunted. "The mystery don't end there!" he pursued. "At about eleven this morning, when I was going the round of the traps with Chick at my heels he suddenly began to whine, then to yap, till I thought he was mad. He set off back, heedless of my calling. I kind of felt something was wrong, so I followed. He went back to the cabin, and struck your trail. He followed it at a run, while I followed him—sure now that there was something askew. So we got here—him a mile or two in front, and only just in time, it seems."

"Just in time," quoth Steth. "Only just in time."

Alec regarded him curiously. "Steth," he said, "I reckon that a purp that can thread his way through a territory alive with wolves—a purp without grub, mind you, and having only a month-old scent trail, and that covered with snow, to guide him—I reckon that a purp that can do that—" Alec emphasized, beating his fists together, "ain't going to take much harm in this north country."

Steth leant forward, and tapped his companion's knee with his pipe. "See here, Alec," he said, "if ever you talk again about giving that purp away, you and me is going to quarrel!"

ALL FRONT AND NO SHIRT

Continued from page 18

personal enterprise. One would assume, for example, that domestics might reasonably expect to receive their wages when they fall due. Yet there are innumerable cases of servants going unpaid for three and four months at a time.

A stenographer who was thrown out of work when the depression was at its worst, finally succeeded in securing a temporary, part-time job which paid \$15.00 a week. Her employers were two college women who had built up a highly successful girls' camp and training school for dancing, dramatics, riding and swimming. They had an expensive apartment, rode daily, took all the up-to-the-minute courses in the field of their special interests, entertained freely and went often to the theatre. At the end of the first week's employment the stenographer received nothing in the way of pay. Although she needed money badly, she said nothing, thinking that probably it was the custom of her employers to pay every two weeks. At the end of the second week she was again disappointed. When she finally screwed up her courage to the point of asking for something, the women explained their delinquency by saying they were short of ready cash just then and disliked taking money out of the bank unless it was absolutely necessary! It was four weeks before the girl was paid.

THE professional classes, because of a code of ethics which prevent its members from hanging pay-as-you-leave signs in prominent places in their offices, are particularly hard hit at the present time. None, probably, more than the doctor. It is almost traditional that doctors' bills are the last to be paid. In times like these the attitude of the general public is even more discouraging. There seems to be a question in people's minds as to whether doctors should be paid at all. Yet, except in the case of practitioners who have adequate private incomes, doctors are as definitely dependent for their living on the prompt payment of their accounts as are the charwomen and the day laborers. The difference is that the charwomen and the day laborers usually get their pay, and the doctor, with amazing frequency, does not.

There are hundreds of doctors throughout Canada and the United States today who, with thousands of dollars of unpaid accounts on their books, are finding it almost impossible to pay office rent, car upkeep and living expenses. A man who is in a position to know exactly how things stand has been quoted as saying that in one small city alone there are fifteen doctors who have been obliged to get relief from their municipality.

One doctor tells of treating a family for years without receiving a dollar on account. His patients lived in a fine residential hotel and lacked for nothing. He finally decided to bring pressure to bear, and had his lawyer write a letter to the head of the family. He received, in reply, a suave message from the debtor informing him that there were already judgments amounting to \$10,000 standing against his name in the courts, and advising him not to institute proceedings, as he would only be further out of pocket by so doing!

Another doctor attended a family prominent in his city over a period of several years until the account reached the sum of \$500. All he ever received were two musk-melons with a note from the grateful patient announcing proudly that he had grown them himself.

That these are by no means isolated instances is indicated by the serious discussion of the situation which took place at the conference of the Dominion Medical Council last summer.

Everyone has sympathy with those who are in need of food, clothing and medical attention and who have no money to pay for it. No indictment can be brought against these unfortunate people. The quarrel, first, last and always, is with that other large group which may be divided roughly, into three classes—the Elect, the Evaders, and the All-front-no-shirt aggregation. The Elect are individuals of unassailable social and financial position who assume the attitude that all business and professional activity is carried on for their personal convenience. They settle their accounts, when they get around to it, with the air of royalty distributing largesse to the rabble, and they consider "dunning" an unpardonable offense punishable by the withdrawal of their distinguished patronage.

The Evaders are people of means who are apparently afflicted with a congenital aversion to parting with their money. They usually have to be sued before they can be persuaded to pay their bills. The newspapers offer many instances illustrative of the paying habits of this group. For example: a woman living in an exclusive suburb has an attachment of \$3,250 filed against her bank account by a French specialty house. It seems she purchased goods amounting to \$5,250 over a year ago, paid \$2,000 on account, and left the balance for future reference. According to the news story, the articles purchased included seventeen hats at \$45 each, nine handbags for \$100, a hat costing \$175, and two dozen pairs of stockings at \$15 a pair.

There is also the case of the woman who allowed her laundry bill to run until it amounted to \$810. And the case of the comedian of international fame who was sued by his secretary for \$500 back salary. And the case of a pretty and famous young movie star whose lawyer was obliged to sue for \$20,000 which was owing him for legal services over a long period of time.

The All-front-no-shirt group are perhaps the most exasperating of all. For them the best is none too good, as long as they can obtain it on credit. They pay for one luxury, if they must, by the simple expedient of not paying for another. When the lawyer's letters come too thick and fast, they pay a bit all round and begin the game all over again. Their insignia is a well-laundered shirt-front, rampant on a field of unpaid bills, and their battle-cry "Appearances, first, last and always." They live in the right section of the city, go to the right places at the right time of year, wear the right clothes from the right shop on the right occasion, and mingle with the right people.

It does seem that a general decline in decency is indicated by this growing unwillingness to shoulder personal responsibility, and history proves that when decency declines the whole foundation of the state is threatened. Perhaps in some happy future time credit organizations will be able, if not to instil morals, at least to protect creditors of all kinds against the carelessness or the dishonesty of those who lack them. And in the meantime the red ink columns lengthen, the depression continues merrily on its way, and the delinquent debtor continues to live in the style to which he has become accustomed—at someone else's expense.

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The Fall Catalogue of designs, which caters to a wide diversity of taste, is now ready and will be mailed to you postage prepaid upon the receipt of 25c sent to

THE NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

DEVIL'S GARDEN

Continued from page 19

farmer. There is no evidence of what became of him. It is certain that a visit to the garden is a wonderful experience and a breath-taking panorama of the country about.

IT IS difficult to imagine more pleasant surroundings while traveling by rail in the comfort of modern transportation. The Ottawa-Montreal run is no exception to this rule. Either way it is only a short span to Rigaud. Although it is only a small, scattered village, most trains stop there. Rigaud has other attractions which call many thousands of visitors. Within the leafy shadow of the garden, hewn from the very rock which forms its strata, stands a Catholic Shrine.

Climb to this and turn to your right; keep straight on and follow the winding track which finally leads round to the left and either way will bring you out to the mountain top. Here lies the mystery of all time—the "Devil's Garden."

What a sight for the geologist, the rock crusher and the concrete builder. The old farmer must have planted more potatoes than the Dominion of Canada has ever grown.

Here is a great clearing, acres in extent and surrounded by a wall of stunted trees. Within its confines lie a wilderness of smooth-faced stones. As far as the eye can see, as clean and water-washed as the boulders of the seashore; sparkling like a million diamonds in the sunshine, dazzling and almost unbelievable in extent, are the potatoes which were turned into stones.

Big ones, little ones, round ones, oval ones, white ones and dark ones, granite everywhere and then some. The finest ballast and road-making material in the world. A rough estimate, and nobody could do better, would be one million tons. As the depth of them was never ascertained, that guess might be only a quarter or fraction of the whole.

Engineers have tried to find the depth of this deposit. Construction men have sunk wooden cribs to a depth of forty feet or more. Rotted timbers stick from the garden like the ribs of a derelict ship. Trial-holes, surrounded by heaped-up mounds of stone, tell the story of many futile attempts to strike a foundation on the crest of the mountain. All have failed.

The natives of Rigaud look upon these explorations with a silent distrust. Legend is dear to their hearts. They will tell you that every stone removed from the "garden" will bring disaster and unmitigated trouble to the one who risks the vengeance of the devil. They relate about one old man who toiled up the mountain and took home a small stone as a souvenir. From that day everything turned out wrong. Sickness, misfortune, debt, all these crowded on top of each other. Finally he took the stone back to the "garden" and all his misfortune changed like the darkness before the sunlight. Beware lest you be tempted like that man was.

But there are men living today who have risked even greater trials than these. One stone may cause a heap of trouble. What will tons of them do? The devil goes after his property. He must be pretty mad at me. I erected the finest and most up-to-date stone-crushing plant that was ever put in to battle with the granite of the "Devil's Garden." And like the other attempts, it failed.

Before erecting the plant, samples of stone were sent into Montreal and analyzed. The report was very favorable. Nothing better could be found

anywhere. My next job was to give the "garden" the "once-over."

After the inspection I came to the conclusion that no one could blame the natives of Rigaud for their explanation of the deposit. At one time the mountain top might have been the shoreline of the Ottawa River. Hence the water-washed stones. Perhaps they were carried there in the "Ice Age," and as the glaciers melted the stones were left behind.

Science tells us that at one time the world was mainly volcanic. Had some great upheaval churned those boulders into the air? I put this opinion as last of all. The stones are too smooth. The river idea seems more to the point. Perhaps Noah's dove had cast an eye over that desolate waste before it found a more fertile spot wherein to pluck a leaf for its master's guidance. Who knows?

I left the "garden" by another track which led me out to a shallow ridge of brush and stone. Half way down I saw the wreckage of a quarry plant that had been abandoned. The trestle bridge, track, engine-shed, stone bins and everything that goes to make a modern stone-crushing outfit, was left standing in a mass of filth and rust. One would think that a plague had swept the country about. I wouldn't have been surprised to see a human skeleton here or there.

When I mentioned this to my hotel manager, he smiled grimly.

"You can't crush the stones from the 'garden,'" he said. "Other people have tried. Thousands of dollars have been wasted. The place is haunted."

"And do you believe that trash?" I asked.

He nodded and turned away. Well, it seems that he was right. I let the matter drop and plunged into the fight.

IT WAS part of the agreement that the labor should be recruited from the men of Rigaud. I put fifty men to work. Supplies arrived quickly. There was no lack of money for the requirements. Time was the only precious thing. Long freight trains pulled into Rigaud each week. Great beams of B.C. fir, fifty feet long and over a foot square, arrived by the carload. Bags of cement, lifting tackle, hand-winches, boards, drills, dynamite, everything that I required was got immediately. Money was no object.

From the derelict plant on the ridge, we bought a thirty-ton stone crusher, and ordered another of the latest cone design to be sent as soon as possible. It weighed six tons. Sheds were built. Roads cut through the brush. Forms erected. Foundations laid. Teams of six horses hauled and struggled as far up the mountain as possible. Inch by inch the big crushers were rolled over mud paths and stony places. The slope was often thirty degrees or more.

Half way up the hill I unearthed yet another ruin. There were scattered timbers, rotted with age, old concrete foundations, junks of rusty iron, even a spade, worn to paper thickness by sun and rain and snow, evidence and signs to show where men had toiled in a futile endeavor to win from the devil his hard, stony garden.

For weeks it was a mad scramble over the burning hot granite. The sun beat down with relentless force. Boots and shoes wore like as much paper. Time was precious.

Wages were good for unskilled labor. Coaxing, explaining, threatening, pushing the construction to the

[Continued on page 49]

DEVIL'S GARDEN

Continued from page 48

limit, I realized that we were at last making a bold endeavor.

The trestle-bridge, which started from the mountain top, ran out for six-hundred yards. At that point it was nearly one hundred feet high. It passed over the tower-like concrete form which held the big crusher. To get this ponderous piece of machinery to its high bed, we spent an anxious week of jacking and packing. The smaller cone crusher was slightly below the larger one. This was lifted with a derrick.

Perhaps the hardest job of all was to get a twenty-five ton "dinkey" engine onto the trestle. With it went six seven-yard dumping cars. Three miles of track had to be laid through the brush and up the mountain side. Great holes were bridged over. Men toiled and cursed that bucking, jumping, backsliding dinkey. I took her up the steepest grade under her own steam. Several times she jumped the track and threatened to crash down the hill. At last she was running and rocking on the trestle. The worst job over.

From the crushers a conveyor belt sloped down the mountain side to the main road. It was nearly two thousand feet long and the twenty-inch rubber belt came in one piece. It was one of the longest in Canada and weighed five tons.

At the bottom it ran over a grading bin of five-hundred tons capacity. Here the different sizes of crushed stone would go through the shakers and be sorted out for various purposes.

I mention these particulars to show what a determined effort was made to crush the stone from the "Devil's Garden." He must have been on vacation while we were building. Several times I expected to see some careless or inexperienced workman make a slip which would help to strengthen the legend of the "garden." But nothing happened.

Orders for crushed stone were arriving before the plant was completed.

We hoped to ballast the rail roads from coast to coast. There was ample supply to do so. Success lay "just round the corner."

However, the early frosts were glistening on the mountain before we had time to breathe. My work as superintendent of erection was finished. After a short trial run the plant was closed until the following spring. The devil was licked at last.

That was two years ago. Only the other day I heard the sequel to my story. The plant did run and a few stones were crushed. There was no fault or weakness in the construction or machinery. But something went wrong.

Perhaps "Old Nick" himself had a hand in the matter. It is certain that no plant like ours had ever been erected at Rigaud. It was the opinion, even of the locals, that the "Devil's Garden" was about to be conquered. We were bound to get results.

And yet, there it stands, rusting and rotting away like the other futile attempts. A stone-crushing white-elephant. I never heard where the few tons of crushed stone were delivered to. I'd hate to think the devil is acting according to tradition and watching his property from the mountain.

Perhaps, during a wet spell, some northern road has washed out or sunk beyond repair. Perhaps it lifted with the frost beyond all reason and calculation. Some keen-eyed cement finisher might have found his granite dust sailing into the air and no cause for the blow-out. A lot of things might happen when the devil takes control of his stolen goods. But I doubt it.

However, any tourist or traveller by rail from Ottawa to Montreal can pause a while at Rigaud and see this devil-infested garden. Then, and only then will he agree with me that "Old Nick" must have placed his wicked spell on the potatoes which he turned into stones.

DECORATION AS IT AFFECTS
YOUR CHILD

Continued from page 20

decide what line you want that inspiration to take, and be sure that the pictures you use are reproductions of famous artists. Reproductions of masters are quite reasonable; if you can't get them, do not put up anything. Remember nothing but the best should ever be put before children. For good line go to some of the old Greeks.

Watch the reactions of your children to the different subjects, they may open your eyes to talents and tastes that have been lying dormant.

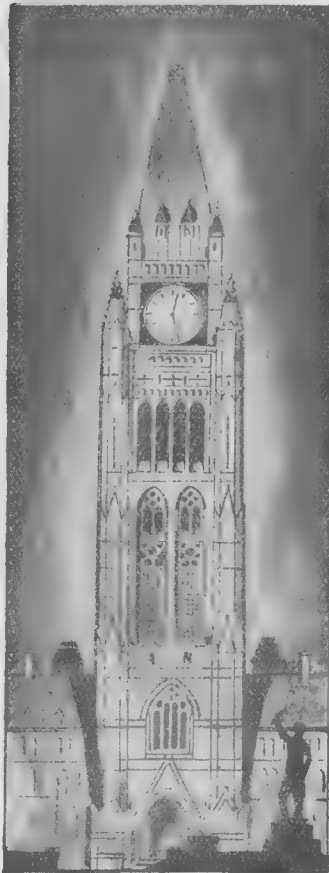
If you want to make their religion more real to them, hang one of the many good pictures of Christ, Holman Hunt's wonderful painting for example, in their bedroom and no other. In this respect the Japanese idea of having only one painting up at a time has much to commend it. Religious pictures should never, in my opinion, be used in a nursery, but are most appropriate in a bedroom.

CHILDREN appreciate having a place of their own where they can keep their toys and play and make as much noise as they like without disturbing their elders. If it is attractive enough they will not want to leave it even when mother is entertaining, especially if they are allowed to have a little tea party there of their own. They can also unconsciously be taught the value of neatness if along one

wall there are built-in lockers for toys. It would be a good idea to have a locker for each child with its name printed on the door and divided into two parts, one side for toys and books and the other side for outdoor clothing.

It does not do to have too much furniture in a bedroom or nursery, but there should be a tiny desk in the nursery and a big cosy chair or couch for a tired little person to curl up on. If possible have a globe or failing that a map of the world. It will help to give your child vision. A well-known engineer told me that in his boyhood days he would wander down to the harbor of the city in which he lived and sit for hours and dream about the ships that came from distant parts. He has travelled much and done big things, and it is hard to say just how much those dreams influenced him, but I should say a very great deal. Not every child in this country is lucky enough to have his imagination stirred in such a way. It is only by their surroundings that some can be inspired, so their bedrooms and nurseries should be treated as stage settings for the plays of make believe that are bound to influence their future and form their taste. What they see every day will inevitably affect their thoughts.

"As a man thinketh, so is he." And the child is father of the man.

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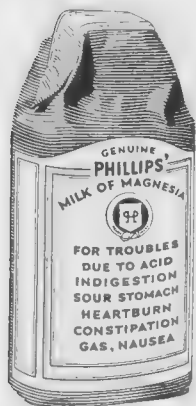
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THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

Continued from page 11

disturbing trade with foreign countries. Thirty-eight per cent of Canada's exports go to countries of the Empire, but sixty-two per cent to foreign countries. Of our imports seventy-five per cent are of foreign origin. One cannot change violently the direction of either of these streams of trade without in some measure destroying the trade itself.

Each British nation at the Conference faced its own peculiar problems. Ours were different from the others because of our proximity and close financial and commercial relations with the United States. Over 60% of our imports over a period of years have come from that country. It absorbs almost 40% of our exports. A flippant writer of the daily press, the casual sophist of the political platform may talk of tearing up the trade with one country, rushing away with it and transplanting it in different soil, but unfortunately the process is like moving poppies while in bloom, the blossom perishes, the plant may die.

Not only is there a problem as far as total volume is concerned but there is one equally great in so far as the particular type of commodity is involved. The distribution of our export trade into raw, partly raw, and fully manufactured products for the fiscal year of 1931 was as follows:

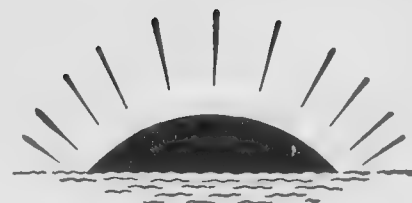
To United Kingdom	
Raw Materials.....	\$133,347,523
Partly Manufactured..	19,385,704
Fully Manufactured..	66,313,272

To Other Countries	
Raw Materials.....	\$171,833,394
Partly Manufactured..	123,067,216
Fully Manufactured..	285,595,558

In the three classifications our market outside the United Kingdom was much greater than our market in the United Kingdom and our Canadian representatives in considering the facts of the case could not be moved solely by personal desire to divert trade to Great Britain, they had to consider very seriously all the implications which might result from drastic attempts to switch trade from one country to another.

If you want to glimpse still more clearly some of the difficulties which stand in the way of radical changes in the direction of Canada's trade, consider some of the aspects which must be faced. Through financial connections, through personal relationship, from propinquity and for other reasons, many of our manufacturers feel compelled to buy their raw materials in the United States. Canada and the United States have grown up under similar conditions. Our needs are their needs. Their styles, shapes and specifications of products are similar to our own. Their products have been evolved to suit the particular needs of their country and on these basic matters the United States is similar to Canada.

Then Great Britain is the greatest creditor nation in the world. British funds have gone into the development of South America. British stockholders and bondholders control the railroads of the Argentine. A blow to Argentine trade would be a blow to Britain. Canada and New Zealand want to market their dairy products in Great Britain, but Denmark, Holland, Norway and Sweden are low tariff countries and Great Britain was not particularly anxious to place a barrier against the trade of these friends who still maintain fairly open markets in the tariff ridden continent of Europe. [Continued on page 51]



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THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

Continued from page 50

On top of all this there was the Russian situation. The determination on the part of Canada to block Britain's trade with Russia was perhaps natural—so also was the equally strong feeling on the part of a good many of the British delegation that Russia was one of the greatest potential markets in the world and that any adverse act on the part of Great Britain so far as Russia is concerned might in the long run work out disastrously to the cause of British trade. Do these troubles seem sufficiently large to engage the best brains of the Empire for a few weeks? Then add to them the whole gigantic problem of exchange and currency and you catch a glimpse, only a glimpse, of the stupendous task. In summing up the difficulties one is appalled at their magnitude and must reach the conclusion that changes worthwhile must be a matter of years and that a harvest from a Conference can never be reaped in a few short weeks of intensified negotiations, it must rather be attained by mutual understanding, compromise and goodwill on the part not only of governments but of organizations and peoples over a period of years.

THE RESULTS

WE HAVE glimpsed the scene, the men, the task they set out to perform. We have gained to some extent an idea of its vastness. What has been made or lost, if loss be possible, at the Ottawa Imperial Conference? At the moment of writing the story is not complete and will not be until Parliament assembles and the details are published. Even then the reaction of tariff changes in a world of flux and change are exceedingly difficult to estimate. The changes brought about by this Conference will be a subject of bitter political controversy over a long period of time. The press records the tale of reduction of tariff upon one side and the other and captions the story as "What We Have Given—What We Have Received." There can be built up no such trumpety balance sheet as this statement would seem to imply. To do so would be to negative the whole work of the Conference. On the opening day Mr. Baldwin said, "The object of the meeting should be to clear out the channels of trade among ourselves." From that standpoint we must admit that what we have done is good if it has helped in that direction, doubly good if we have assisted also in clearing other blocked channels as well as our own.

To those who say, and truly say, that the world's need for clearer channels of trade, for the breaking down of barriers, is great and progress small it can only be answered that the march of the human mind is slow and progress comes with time. Only fourteen years have elapsed since the Treaty of Versailles. The world has moved a long way since that day in its international relations. A world economic Conference will succeed this Conference. Other conferences will succeed the world Conference. Gradually in time a new spirit will come and we shall break from the chains which bind us. When that day arrives perhaps we may then look back upon this meeting and say, "We made a step, faltering perhaps, hesitant, as we now see things—but a step nevertheless towards clearing out the blocked channels of trade among ourselves and ultimately among the nations of the world." If that has been accomplished at the Conference history will call it a success. Has it? "The inaudible Time" alone can give the answer.



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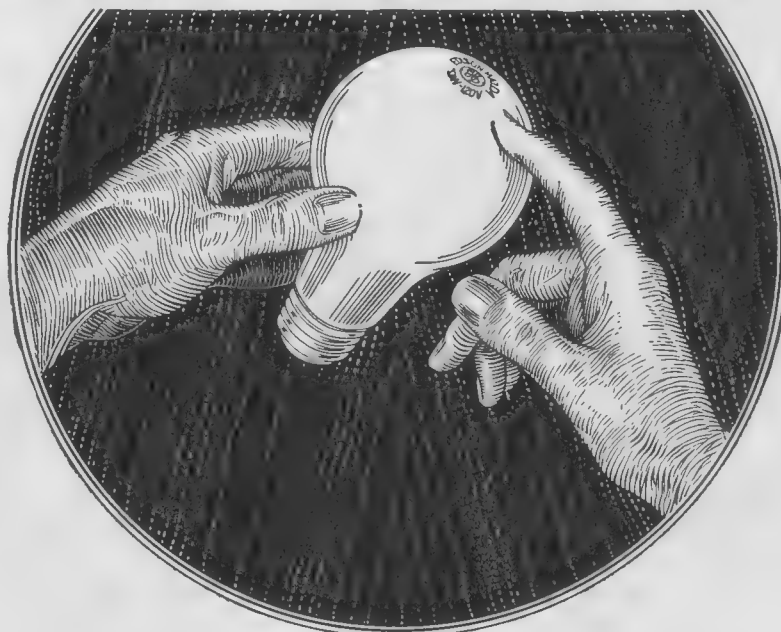
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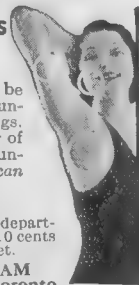
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MEET MISS POMEROY!

Continued from page 39

had struck bottom, as it were, perhaps he'd come to his senses again and think of something else. Before his eyes he saw her constantly, saw the poise of her proud little head, the dimple at the corner of her adorable mouth. Jove! how empty life would be without her! No, it should not be passed without her. He'd follow her to the limits of the earth, if necessary, but he would have her in the end!

With the calm of that decision still resting on his brow, he descended the stairs and opened the door of the living-room. As he did so, his aunt and sister came forward to meet him, and, hanging back a little shyly in the first moment of this family reunion, was another figure which suddenly, inconceivably filled the room with glory.

To Archie all the trumpets of the earth seemed to be acclaiming his triumphant entrance as a victor in the arena of life, but what his ears really heard were the quiet tones of his sister's voice: "Eleanor dear, may I present my brother? Archie, I persuaded Miss Pomeroy to spend this week with us when her cousin went South."

Archie bowed. He simply could not speak; the thing was too overwhelming. Mollie and his aunt prattled on while his thoughts whirled in a delicious chaos.

This week was almost gone. It was already Friday, so there would be only one day more of her visit, or two days, if she remained over Sunday. But Archie, listening to the voices of morning stars singing together, paid little heed to that reflection. Masterfully he drew Miss Pomeroy's arm through his and led her to the dining-room, seating her at his right. The chair opposite his, which his aunt now occupied, would be her place in the future, when they two were married. She could make the house over to suit herself and get a new staff of servants. Yes, certainly, after luncheon he could get rid of Aunt Bertha and Mollie on some pretext, and make love to her. The thing to do with a girl like that was to sweep her off her feet if one could.

THERE was a look of fixed determination on Mr. Hibbard's handsome face when, an hour later, he followed his guest to the living-room. In ten minutes more he had persuaded Aunt Bertha to take her daily nap a little earlier than usual, and had convinced Mollie that a theatre-party for that night was the best possible form of entertainment. With Mollie safely anchored to her desk and the telephone for half an hour, he drew two easy-chairs close together and established his guest in one of them. Then, sinking into the other, he gave himself up to the deep delight of this first tete-a-tete in his own home.

"What kind of a proposal of marriage," he asked, gently, "do you like best?"

Miss Pomeroy's blue-black eyes, which had been glancing absently out of the window, turned and swept his face. She seemed surprised, but not greatly interested, and she did not answer.

"I mean," he continued, "is there any special wording you prefer?"

"No," said Miss Pomeroy, calmly. He sighed. "I'm sorry," he said. "I rather hoped there was. It's nice to know one's taste in such things, don't you think?"

"No," said Miss Pomeroy again. "I don't think it matters very much."

[Continued on page 53]



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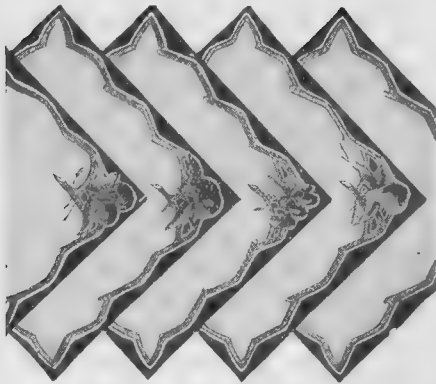
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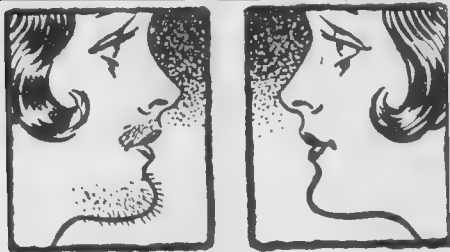
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UNSIGHTLY HAIR GROWTH "banished for ever"

Travellers in Eastern countries, almost without exception, have marvelled at the wonderfully sleek, smooth skin of the Hindoo women. They thought it was natural, and that no pains had been taken to achieve that beautiful, velvety smoothness.

But the Hindoo women profess a religion which forbids superfluous hair and demands absolute cleanliness of skin. How this is obtained has been for centuries a closely-guarded secret, and was only learned by me through a most extraordinary combination of circumstances.

Suffice it is to say that where I was afflicted with most detestable and horrid growths of superfluous hair on my face and arms, a few days' treatment was enough to remove all trace and leave the skin pure and clean. And the hair has never returned.

As I had previously tried many known methods for ridding me of my terrible affliction, you can imagine my gratitude when I once again beheld my face and arms free for ever of the disfiguring growths.

Since that time I have passed on the secret to thousands of women, from whom I hold many grateful letters, proving that what was successful in my case was equally so in theirs.

The possession of that secret altered my outlook upon life completely—it removed the disfiguring growth of hair never again to return—it relieved my mental torture and restored my health.

That secret I am prepared to pass on FREE to all sufferers from SUPERFLUOUS HAIR who send the coupon, or copy of it. It does not matter how old-standing your trouble, you can be permanently cured.

Write today, enclosing coupon with 6 cents in stamps to cover postage, etc., when all instructions will be sent you, and you need never have a trace of superfluous hair again. Address: Frederica Hudson (Folio 274L), No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, W.1., Eng.

THIS FREE COUPON or a copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 6 cents in stamps. Mrs. Hudson: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: FREDERICA HUDSON (Folio 274L), No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1., Eng.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high up in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write to her with every confidence to the above address, where she has been established since 1916.

MEET MISS POMEROY!

Continued from page 52

This was discouraging, but the young man persisted. "But the manner and the method make all the difference," he urged. "Now suppose, just suppose, that I proposed marriage to you. If I said: 'I love you. Will you marry me?'—what would you say?"

"I should say, 'No, thank you,'" declared the lady.

"Exactly. Of course you would. And why? Because the question was too cold, too formal. But suppose I said this: 'Darling, I adore you. You haven't been out of my thoughts for one instant since I first saw you, five days ago. You've made the whole world look different to me. You've given life its meaning. Trust me, love me, marry me!' What would you say to that?"

Miss Pomeroy reflected. "I think," she said at last, "I should say, 'What an extraordinary person you are!'"

Mr. Hibbard's face fell. "Would you?" he asked, disappointedly. "I hoped you'd say something shorter. Just, 'Yes,' or, 'Of course,' or simple, easy words like that. But it proves what I claimed: there's a right and a wrong way."

"It proves that there's a wrong way," admitted Miss Pomeroy.

"So we'll try another. How's this? 'You can't care for me yet, because you don't know me. I don't know you, and still I adore you; but that's different. It's my nature to give freely. If you knew me, you would love me. I've got stunning qualities, lots of 'em. I'll make you love me. I'll make you the happiest woman in the world. I'll give you everything life can offer. I'll tear the stars from the sky and make them into a diadem for you. If there's anything you want, you have only to mention it.'"

"I've always thought," mused Miss Pomeroy, "that I'd like to be a widow."

For a moment Mr. Hibbard seemed staggered, but only for a moment. "All right," he said, "be my widow. I'll make you a widow in fifty or sixty years."

Miss Pomeroy shook her head. "I want to be a young widow."

"But don't you want a lot of beautiful memories to cherish?" urged her host. "Say, twenty years of marriage, and then romantic widowhood?"

"No!"

"Ten years?"

"No!"

"Five?"

"No!"

"One?"

"No!"

"One month?"

"No! And really, Mr. Hibbard, don't you think we've been silly long enough?"

"Why, no; we haven't been half as silly yet as we're going to be," he explained.

AN HOUR later Mollie Hibbard met her brother in the hall, and, according to her custom, promptly buttonholed him.

"How handsome you look, Archie," she exclaimed, admiringly. "I'm glad you're in good spirits, too, for I want to ask a favor of you. It's this: I want you to be especially nice to Eleanor Pomeroy. Will you?"

Archie frowned. "I'll be nice to her, all right," he promised. But you'd better get after her and make her nice to me. Why, Mollie, that girl swears she simply will not marry me till June!"

"W-ha-t?" gasped Mollie.

"June!" grumbled her brother. "A whole month off!"



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Frocks Designed to Flatter the Figure

7565. — Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch printed material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ -yard of plain material if made as shown in the large view. If made with long sleeves on the bolero, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of the printed material will be required. Tie of ribbon requires 1 yard. Price 25c.



7564. — Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, and 54 inches bust measure. Size 48 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. Vestee in contrasting material requires $\frac{3}{8}$ -yard of 35-inch material. Price 25c.



7563

BLOUSE 7586
SKIRT 7587

7567.—Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch figured material and $\frac{3}{4}$ -yard of plain. Price 25c.

7586.—Cotton materials are especially good for this pleasing model. It is also nice for sheer silks, for lace and cotton or linen mesh materials. Deep yoke portions, cut with short sleeve extensions are lengthened by waist portions in which both crosswise and lengthwise tucks are featured. The crosswise tucks give a pleasing belt effect. The waist may be finished with or without the sleeve puffs. One could combine two colors or two materials in this model. White with black or white with beige or blue is suggested. Also linen with gingham. Printed linen with organdy or plain linen.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 2 yards of 35-inch material. The tie of ribbon would require $1\frac{1}{2}$ -yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

7587.—This is excellent in the new woollens, in diagonal suiting, and in crepe satin. Linen and pique are also suggested. The skirt is a wrap around model, the right front lapped over the left, and fastened at the short oblique edge. The skirt may be finished in high or normal waistline.

Designed in 6 sizes: 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches waist measure, with corresponding hip measure. Size 34 will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ -yard of 54-inch material. Also $1\frac{1}{8}$ -yard of belting. The width of the skirt at the lower edge including over-lapped portions is $1\frac{5}{8}$ -yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

7563.—Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material for the dress, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ -yard for the guimpe. Price 25c.



7567

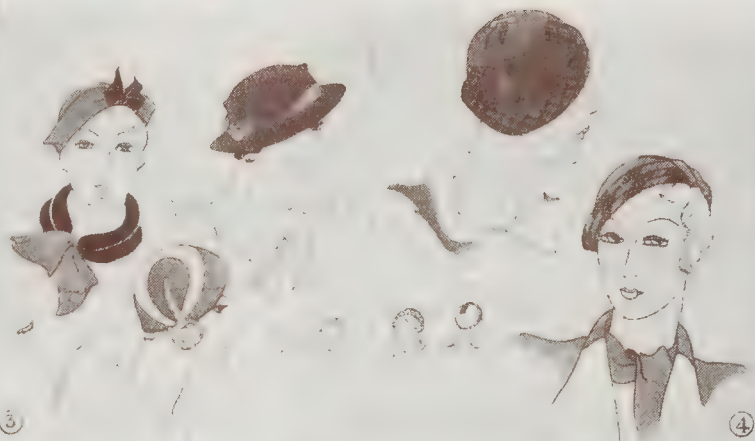
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⑧

⑨

PARIS DECREES WINTER STYLES

By SUZANNE DICKIE

"WHAT is life without coffee!" exclaimed one day Louis XV the Beloved. Life without coffee holds no terror for us, but we shiver at the thought of it without new styles to break the monotony of everyday existence. Thanks to Paris houses of couture nothing so dreadful is likely to happen, and as long as the charming city on the Seine remains, the women of the world will be each year better dressed, and lovelier than the one before.

Sensing the great difficulties in store for their business, on account of the persisting depression, the couturiers decided that their salvation resided in the evolving of a new line for the coming season's fashions, so that, even with their slender purses, women would not be able to resist the temptation of buying new clothes for winter. The result is a decided trend backward to the days of the Directoire and the first Empire periods with their short waists, puffed sleeves and ruffles. This line is particularly predominant in evening gowns which are made very straight, and of a length just escaping the floor. This trend is also evident in the tailor-made suits and coats, although, until now, afternoon gowns have escaped the influence.

The scanty, puffed sleeves, trimmed and banded, reaching half way to the elbow, are also the proper finishing touch to a gown of that sort, while with others they are more elaborate, fuller and fussier. For day wear, sleeves are long and tight, decidedly Directoire, while coats have some of the leg-o'-mutton variety gathered or pleated into the armhole.

This sleeve detail is also the *leit-motif* for the evolving of afternoon gowns of more elaborate designs. Crepe which is again one of the favorite materials, whether of silk or wool, lends itself marvellously to the making of full, loose sleeves as well as of tight, biased bodices and flared skirts. The whole shows a marked tendency to the broadening of shoulders in opposition to the "slenderising" of the waist line.

HAVING settled the question of the new line for evening and formal afternoon wear, the couturiers turned their attention towards the more practical side of life, a side which interests a great number of women, especially on the other side of the Atlantic where feminine activity is more pronounced than over here, England excepted. To this effect several houses showed some sport and day wear collections where charming elegance, allied with smart simplicity, predominated. Tailored ensembles and three-piece outfits were numerous at Vera Borea's openings. They all included the short coat of the slightly fitting variety. The materials were corduroy, very soft and warm looking, and ridged woollens in the new color diagonals. The jackets had large lapels, and the skirts were very straight with the fulness hidden under pleats at the front.

The trimmings included metal clips for fastening, in the shapes of long safety pins, [Continued on page 61]

1. A model in navy blue with a draped crown and a brim edged with a quill polka dotted in white. A small turquoise-blue hat slightly turned up on one side, trimmed with a feather bow knot in black and turquoise.

2. A white felt covered over with a veil dotted in black. A smart sailor hat in beige with a square crown forming a fold belted with crocodile leather and a brass buckle. Another sailor in brown felt and green gros grain band.

3. A small red felt hat saucily turned up and trimmed on side front with a small black velvet bow. A sailor of blue felt trimmed with a band of "peau

d'ange" stitched and braided. A new medium, the reversible felt, is used to make up the smart beret in cherry red finished on the side with a large mother of pearl disc.

4. A very new model in mint-green glaze leather trimmed with stitchings in black, the little ends at the top are finished with a silver arrow.

5. A striking creation in blue felt with a black bandeau and a trimming of small flowers placed at the front.

6. A charming little turban made entirely of ospreys and a twist of "peau d'ange."

7. A dress, the skirt of which is made in green plaid wool material, worn with a bright red bolero, the lapels are white and the tie of the same material as the skirt. A very smart blue dress with large lapels and small basque in red and green plaid.

8. A charming red bacotta dress trimmed with diagonal cut-outs and large buttons.

9. Evening dress in blue and black crepe made along very straight lines. Evening dress in blue crepe with a very short waist inspired from the Directoire. The skirt is entirely pleated.

Better Cookery

By GERTRUDE DUTTON

Cook Your Dinner in the Oven



What is more appetising than a veal and ham pie that has been baked to perfection?

A TIME and work saving custom which is growing in popularity is that of cooking an entire meal in the oven with an electric or gas stove; there is also considerable saving of fuel, when only the burners are used. If the oven is equipped with some form of heat control, the meal may be put in, the control set, and the dinner left to cook by itself, while the homemaker is away enjoying herself, knowing that the oven will be turned off automatically, at the right time. Of course only such foods may be planned as will not be spoiled by standing in the oven till needed.

The first essential is cooking dishes which will fit in the oven, leaving an air space all around the edges of the oven for circulation of hot air, if possible there should also be a small space between each vessel, although in some cases one may be placed on top of another. Very frequently the vegetables may be cooked with the meat. The dessert may be cooked at the same time, or may be chilling in the refrigerator while the hot dishes are being cooked. Soup, if served, will take but a few minutes to re-heat, on the burner used to boil the tea-kettle or to make coffee.

The use of cooking parchment will prevent unpleasant mixing of odors.

Dinner must be started long enough in advance to cook the article requiring the longest time, the others being put in as required, planning so that everything will be finished at the time dinner is to be served. No anxious watching to prevent scorching of foods, saucepans boiling dry, and similar catastrophes, will be necessary. The oven must first be pre-heated to the desired temperature, usually 350°-375° F. before the food is put in it. This will probably require 40-45 minutes. Foods may be prepared during this time, vegetables, salads, etc. attended to.

A few dinners you might like to try.

DINNER I

BAKED SLICE OF HAM SCALLOPED POTATOES
BUTTERED STRING BEANS
BAKED APPLES

DINNER II

MEAT LOAF POTATOES AU GRATIN
CABBAGE SALAD
WARM GINGERBREAD WITH WHIPPED CREAM

DINNER III

BAKED SAUSAGE SCALLOPED TOMATOES
BAKED POTATOES
DEEP APPLE PIE

DINNER IV

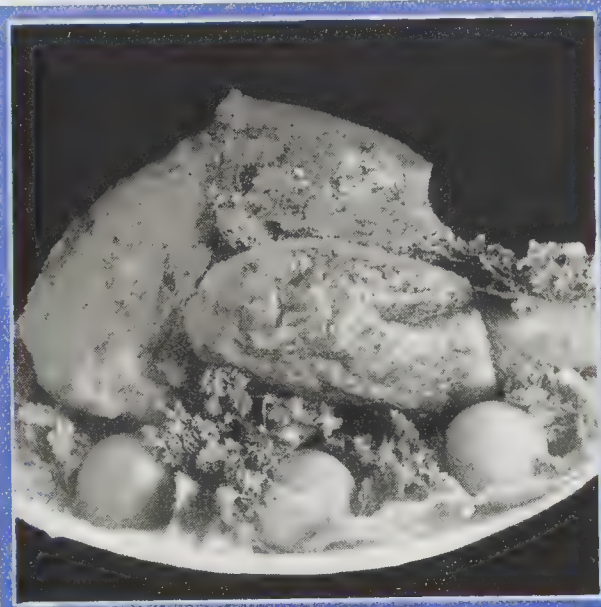
ROAST LEG OF LAMB MINT SAUCE
FRANCONIA POTATOES
GREEN OR CANNED PEAS
FRUIT JELLY COOKIES

DINNER V

SPANISH RICE VEGETABLE SOUP
BAKED CARAMEL CUSTARD
CELERY



Baked Ham is an old favorite. Cooked carefully it is one of the most succulent and tasty of dishes.



Lady Luck has nothing to do with the appearance and eating qualities of your roast chicken. Follow instructions—don't just guess and chance to luck.

DINNER VI

CORNEB BEEF HASH BROWNED CARROTS
TOMATO RELISH
DUTCH APPLE CAKE NUTMEG SAUCE

DINNER VII

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL
STUFFED BAKED POTATOES
CHEESE SOUFFLE VEGETABLE SALAD
BAKED RICE CUSTARD PUDDING

DINNER VIII

STUFFED BAKED FISH SCALLOPED POTATOES
CUCUMBER AND TOMATO SALAD
DEEP FRUIT PIE (ANY FRUIT IN SEASON)

DINNER IX

CASSEROLE OF BEEF AND VEGETABLES
PINEAPPLE TAPIOCA
SALAD

DINNER X
BAKED BEANS WITH BACON
BROWNED POTATOES BAKED BEETS
GRAPE OR APPLE CATSUP
FRUIT SHORTCAKE

DINNER XI

SALMON LOAF TOMATO SAUCE
CREAMED POTATOES VEGETABLE SALAD
BREAD PUDDING

DINNER XII

SWISS STEAK POTATOES
ONIONS
COTTAGE PUDDING CHOCOLATE SAUCE

DINNER XIII

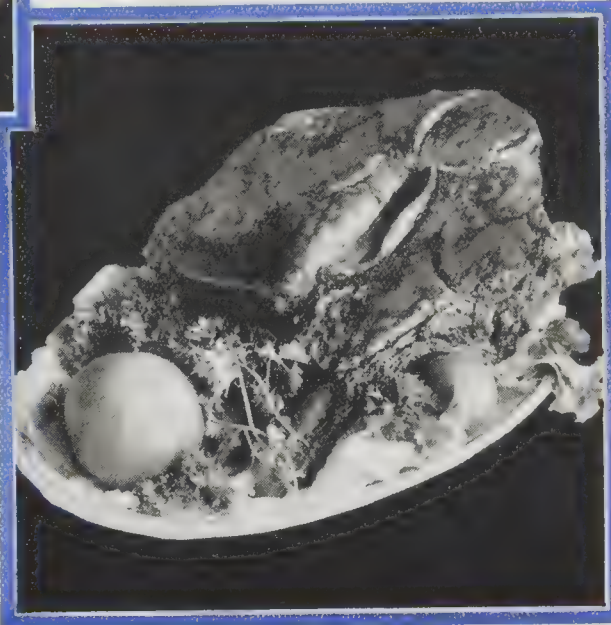
BAKED MINCED MEAT WITH EGGS
POTATOES LADY CABBAGE
CHOCOLATE PUDDING HARD SAUCE

DINNER XIV

CHICKEN MARYLAND BATTERBREAD
CELERY
BROWN BETTY
HARD SAUCE OR WHIPPED CREAM

The dinners suggested above can all be prepared in two hours or less with the exception of the Casserole of Beef, if it happens to be a specially tough cut which requires a long slow cooking, and the baked beans, if they are to be baked that day.

When preparing the first dinner, preheat the oven to 375° F. Lay a centre slice of ham, 1 to 1½ inches thick, in a large covered frying pan, or small round covered roaster. Cover with ½ cup or more of pineapple juice, cover and cook till tender, which will take from 45 minutes to 1¼ hours according to the meat. Half slices of pineapple may be laid on top of the meat half an hour before it is done, if wished. If pineapple is not used, a cup of boiling water may be poured over the ham when it is put in the oven. An hour and fifteen minutes should be allowed for the scalloped potatoes, when cold milk is used. Put in a covered casserole, removing the cover during the last 20 or 25 minutes, to brown them. [Continued on page 58]



A luscious roast of beef; cooked to perfection by the means of a heat controlled oven. This method assures satisfactory results every time.

Try Miss Ann Adam's Walnut Layer Cake

and make it...as she does...with Magic Baking Powder



"I use and approve Magic because I know it is pure, and free from harmful ingredients..."



Miss Ann Adam's WALNUT LAYER CAKE (see recipe below)

MISS ANN ADAM, cookery authority of the Canadian Home Journal, has won outstanding success as a creator of recipes that are both delicious and practical.

"When selecting ingredients for my recipes," says Miss Adam, "I consider three points—economy, health value, and successful performance.

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Magic Baking Powder is used *exclusively* by the majority of cookery experts and dietitians in public institutions and cooking schools throughout Canada.

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Magic Baking Powder has been home-tested and approved by the Home Service Bureau of Canadian Home Journal, Toronto, and was the first Canadian baking powder to be awarded their official Certificate of Approval.



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The new MAGIC COOK BOOK contains dozens of tempting recipes for delicious baked foods. You'll want it when you bake at home. Send for free copy.



Miss Adam's Recipe for Walnut Layer Cake

1/3 cup butter
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs
 1/2 cup milk
 2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
 1/4 teaspoon salt
 1 3/4 cups pastry flour (or 1 1/4 cups bread flour and 4 tablespoons cornstarch)
 3/4 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and slowly work in the sugar, beating well. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored and add them. Mix dry ingredients, sift several times

and add to first mixture alternately with the milk. Add flavoring and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. This quantity will make two good layers in seven-inch layer pans, or three rather thin ones; for a three-layer cake in larger pans, use half as much again of each ingredient.

Bake layers in a moderate oven, 375° F. about 20 to 25 minutes (according to size). When cooled, put together and cover top and sides with Filling and Frosting. Decorate top with walnut halves.

Filling and Frosting

2 cups granulated sugar
 1 cup water
 Whites of 2 eggs
 1 teaspoon flavoring extract
 1/2 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder
 Boil sugar and water without

stirring to 238° F. or until a few drops in cold water will form a soft ball; pour slowly over stiffly beaten egg whites and beat until thick; add flavoring and baking powder; allow to stand few minutes before spreading.

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Who's Too Old for a Thrill?

Young, old, strong or weak, everyone loves to get a thrill. A comfy chair, a snug little fire for the chilly October evenings, and a copy of The National Home Monthly containing that mystery involved story "Calamity House" and you may enjoy thrills galore in comfort.

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To her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in **NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy)**. They cleansed and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists—only 25c. Made in Canada.

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NR TOMORROW ALRIGHT

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The string beans, canned or previously cooked, will heat in their own liquid in a covered dish in 15 minutes. This dish may be set on top of one of the others, such as that in which the ham is cooked, if wished, unless the cover is removed to brown the ham and pineapple. The baked apples will probably take an hour to bake, and may be done earlier in the day to serve cold, or used warm as preferred.

MEAT LOAF

Minced meat, 1 lb. Fine bread crumbs, 1 c.
Cooked vegetables, ½ c. Egg, 1.
Salt and pepper Seasonings, 2 t.

Have the vegetables finely cut, or use a can of vegetable soup. The seasonings may be dried parsley, dried celery leaves, etc. Mix all together lightly, binding it together with the egg, pack lightly in a greased loaf pan, and bake 45 minutes to an hour, at 350°F. Tomato catsup may be served with it, and re-heated gravy or tomato sauce if necessary. If the meat is very lean, it may be basted from time to time with dripping, or slices of bacon may be laid on top of it.

The potatoes, previously cooked are cut in dice, covered with a white sauce, to which cheese may be added if wished, covered with bread crumbs or crumbled cereal such as corn flakes, dotted with butter, and heated in a casserole or bake dish, from which they may be served at the table. Twenty minutes is ample time for this. The gingerbread will require about 40 or 45 minutes to bake. It may be put in the oven with the meat loaf, then removed and kept warm while the potatoes are heating and browning.

In dinner number three, the apple pie and baked potatoes will require attention first, as both require about an hour to cook. The fruit with sugar, seasonings, etc. is put in a deep dish or a casserole, covered with plain pastry, in which several gashes are cut, to allow the escape of steam and baked in an oven heated to about 400° F. Other fresh, stewed or canned fruits may be used. The potatoes may be scrubbed and placed in a flat pan earlier in the day, ready to slip into the oven an hour before needed. If they are done a few minutes too soon, a small gash may be cut in the top of each with a paring knife to allow the steam to escape, so they will not become soggy, then kept warm till needed. The tomatoes, put in a bake dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs mixed with melted butter, will require about 30 minutes. The sausages will require about 30 minutes also, to become crisp and brown. They should be placed close together in a shallow pan.

THE roast leg of lamb needs 15 minutes to the pound, which would be two hours for an eight pound leg. The potatoes may be cooked in the pan with the meat, or in a separate flat pan, as wished. Unless they are parboiled for 8 or 10 minutes, at least an hour will be required to bake them to a golden brown. Then put in the pan, if cooked separately from the meat, pour over them a little melted beef dripping, and baste occasionally with the dripping in the pan. Previously cooked or canned peas may be heated in the oven, in a little of their liquid, in a few minutes. Any available fruit may be set in jelly powder some hours in advance, to be chilling and

[Continued on page 59]



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moulded for dinner. The cookies will be in the cookie jar, or a few may be sliced from the roll of ice box cookie dough in the refrigerator, and baked at any time during the process of cooking dinner. From eight to fifteen minutes will be required.

Vegetable soup, either canned or previously cooked, may be heated in a covered dish in the oven in 10 to 15 minutes. Spanish rice will need about 30 minutes, the rice being previously cooked. Any chopped cooked meat may be used with it, tomato, strained if wished, to moisten it, salt, pepper, chopped onion, and if wished, chopped green pepper for seasoning. Crisp celery makes an excellent accompaniment. The custard will take 45 to 60 minutes. Caramelize the sugar with which a baked custard is made, and add 1 t. vanilla, then, make it as any baked custard, or if caramel syrup is kept on hand, use enough of it to give the desired flavor and color, with granulated sugar to make the custard sweet enough. It may be served hot or cold, and baked in individual dishes or in one larger baking dish. Caramel sauce may be served with it, or a little maple syrup.

The dutch apple cake will require about 25 minutes, but need not be taken from the oven till the dessert is needed, as it may be quite hot. Make a dough of 2 c. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt, 5 t. baking powder, 4 tb. shortening, 1 well beaten egg, and about 1 c. of milk. Spread in a greased shallow cake pan, lay slices of apple in neat rows on top, pressing the edges into the dough, brush with melted butter, sprinkle with $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ t. cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven, cut in pieces, and serve with Nutmeg Sauce. The corned beef hash is made of cooked potatoes and corned beef chopped, which makes it unnecessary to serve potatoes separately. A hot oven is needed, for about 45 minutes, to brown it well on the bottom and sides. Turn over like an omelet, or serve on a large round platter, with the brown crusty side uppermost. Carrots which have been cooked previously, may be browned in the oven for this meal.

IN THE seventh dinner suggested, a hot oven is not required for any of the dishes. The cheese soufflé must be served at once or it will fall, and only requires 20 to 25 minutes. The potatoes, baked earlier, have been cut in halves, lengthwise, the shells refilled with the mashed potatoes, seasoned, and, if wished, mixed with chopped cooked meat, ready to put in the oven for 20 minutes or a little longer, to heat and brown. Cooked rice may be mixed with sugar, beaten eggs and milk, poured into a buttered baking dish and put in the oven when the cooking of dinner starts, and left till ready to serve, about 45 minutes. Earlier in the day, a sauce may be made of 2 tb. butter, 2 tb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. grated cheese, a little pepper, cooked till smooth, then removed from the fire and the well beaten yolks of three eggs added, and the mixture cooled. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, and pour into a greased

baking dish, and bake in a slow oven till, when lightly touched with the finger tip, none of the egg white will adhere.

For a casserole of beef and vegetables, any tougher cut of meat will be satisfactory. Cut in servings, dip in flour with a little salt and pepper and brown in drippings in the frying pan. Put in the casserole or a deep covered bake dish, cover with hot water with which the frying pan is rinsed, cover and put in a rather slow oven for two or three hours, according to the kind of meat. Vegetables such as carrots, onions, potatoes, are put around the meat long enough before dinner time, to cook them. Add more flour to thicken the gravy, if necessary, when ready to serve.

Canned baked beans may have sugar, syrup or molasses added, put in a pan and have slices of bacon laid on top. Cook till the bacon is done and the beans heated—about 20 minutes. Cooked or canned beets may be sliced or cut in cubes, a little vinegar, salt and pepper and dots of butter added, covered and put in the oven for 20 minutes. The short cakes are made of biscuit dough, baked, split open, and any fruit in season, or canned fruit, put between and on top. Whipped cream or marshmallow cream may be added.

For swiss steak we use thick slices of round steak. Pound as much flour as possible with the edge of a heavy saucer, brown in dripping in the frying pan, then place in a casserole or covered bake dish, cover with water (hot), and cook one to two hours in a rather slow oven. Whole onions and small peeled whole potatoes may be cooked in the dish with the meat. Carrots may be added if wished.

Any cooked meat may be used for the mince, or a mixture of meats. Add as much fine soft bread crumbs. Add chopped onion, chopped parsley, salt and pepper and enough water or stock to moisten the mixture well. Put in a baking dish, cover and cook half an hour in a moderate oven. Make depressions in the surface with the back of a large spoon, and break an egg carefully into each hollow. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and return to the oven till the egg whites are set. For lady cabbage, chopped cooked cabbage is put in a bake dish and over it is poured a thin white sauce. The top is sprinkled with crumbs mixed with grated cheese, and the dish set in the oven for 20 minutes. A chocolate bread pudding, or chocolate cottage pudding, eaten warm, with hard sauce, whipped cream or a hot vanilla sauce, are delicious.

Chicken Maryland is one of the most delicious ways of preparing young chickens. Cut in portions for serving, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in egg and fine crumbs, brown in fat in the frying pan, then put in a baking pan and cook till tender, in a rather hot oven, basting frequently with a little melted butter. From 30 minutes to an hour will be required, according to the age of the chickens. Lay on a platter and cover with white sauce, or pour white sauce over the birds, in the pan, leaving it in the oven long enough to heat the sauce.



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Who'd be scared of this
Halloween Witch?

AUTUMN

*There is magic in the tender green
Of Springtime's lilting call,
But I love the browns and crimsons,
Of Autumn, best of all.*

*The bright hued birds of Summer,
With golden notes enthrall,
But I love the cheerful twitter,
Of snowbirds in the fall.*

*Old Winter sends a challenge—
The fireside's friendly call,
But I love the fragrant bonfires,
Of Autumn, best of all.*

—Ruth Miller Kay.

Sent in by R. M. Kay, 9901-107th St.,
Edmonton, Alta.

CONTENT

*I'm well content with simple things,
For simple joys are best;
And so my homely spirit clings
To home and treasures blest.*

*I love the friends around my fire,
The shadows on the wall;
And man's pursuit of vain desire
What is it, after all?*

By Harry Edwards, 5604 Hastings St.
E. Burnaby, Vancouver, B.C.

(Gold buttons go to both these
Cornerites, with the thanks of Bobby
Burke. We have an idea that Harry
Edwards composed his verses himself.)

A LITTLE CHAT WITH BOBBY BURKE

Dear Girls and Boys:

Did you ever think to yourselves how much you are judged by little things? How important the small things of life are? You may be a very clever, very good boy or girl but—and this is a long but—if you are careless about hands, hair, finger nails, and clothes, people are liable to think you are not much good. Suppose some one comes to your house to visit and sees you for the first time, they don't know anything about you at all, and so they make up their minds from the outside of you that they see. Your clothes may be old and shabby, even dirty, if it happens to be garden dirt, or something from the work you are doing, but they should smell fresh and clean, your hair should be combed tidy, your finger nails not too long and not too short, and spotlessly clean—and not, oh please not, bitten. It isn't vanity that makes people want always to look their best, it's just plain decency and common sense. Remember, you are judged by appearances—and they count. This doesn't mean that Bobby Burke is advising girls to spend hours in front of their looking glasses, powdering, painting, and curling—far from it. It means, first of all, cleanliness—second, neatness—third, doing the best you can with the clothes you have. Boys have a way of thinking that it's manly to be dirty, have grubby hands, rough tumbled



BY BOBBY BURKE

hair, soiled collars, and spotty clothes—did you ever see a real man, one whom everyone admired, who wasn't particular? The other day we were driving along a country road and we picked up a barefoot, red headed boy, and took him along a mile or so to his home. He had been away from home all day on a picnic, his hands weren't, of course, shining clean then, but you could see they had been; his clothes were ragged, but you knew he had started out in a clean shirt and he didn't forget to say "Thanks" and wave his hand when he jumped out at his own road. We'll not forget that red headed boy in a hurry, he chatted away as we drove along, polite and yet a real boy—and when he grows up and meets people he'll still have the smile that won us and the nice friendly way, and the clean hands and face. Little things, all of them—not belonging only to the rich or the handsome or the famous but to everyone, so see you have them, boys and girls—tidiness, cleanliness, care, a smile, a pleasant word, and the world won't be a hard place for you, for you'll make friends. Now that's quite a sermon for Bobby Burke isn't it? But we've seen some grown up people lately who evidently weren't told these things when they were young, and now they have a grumpy because no one likes them—and why should they? You can't expect anyone to like a person who looks grumpy, who always has a grumble, a sneer, or a generally unwashed, untidy look. If the sneer turned to a smile, the grumpiness to cheer, the grumble to a song, the carelessness to a clean, neat appearance, the whole world would change for those people. Believe it or not, but it's true!

SOMETHING TO DO IN THE FALL

IT'S time for thinking of Christmas—it doesn't seem possible, but Christmas is not so far away, and by the time you have planned your competition and it reached the Cosy Corner, and results have gone to you, it will be Christmas—so you see we must think ahead quickly and well. What would you like to do for Christmas this year? Something to help someone else, as we usually try to do? Then here goes. We want to start a Cosy Corner Toy Shop. We would like each Cornerite to take an old toy and mend it and fix it up and send it in to the Cosy Corner at the National Home Monthly. The toys will go to the Tribune Stocking Fund, and there will be a prize of one dollar for the best mended and fixed over, or the best made toy. Write a letter with the toy and tell us the condition it was in when you began on it, and exactly what you did to make it usable again. There will be gold buttons for the next three best toys, and perhaps other prizes too, if the toys are really very, very well done. Dolls should be mended and redressed, wigs replaced if necessary, and doll surgery performed. Carts should be mended and repainted; in fact, this is to be a toy hospital and you are the doctors. Perhaps you are clever with penknife and fret saw and can make toys. If so they would be very welcome, so come along Cornerites and see what you can do in the Toy Hospital. All the toys should be sent in before December 1st, and the results will come out in the January Cosy Corner.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

Ida Wonnacott of 10303-122nd Street, Edmonton, Alta., sent us in a nice little verse she had composed about a Butterfly. Ida is only nine years old and we feel sure that if she will read poetry written by some of our good poets she will soon learn to write good poetry herself. Good luck to you, Ida.

Marv Kiblewhite, R.R. 1, Balzac, Alta., receives a welcome to our Corner. Mary would like to hear from some of the other Cornerites of eleven or twelve years old. She also wins a gold button for sending in some bird news which we print here:

A LESSON FROM NATURE

A bird's feathers not only keep it warm but help it to fly. Being broad they act like paddles in the air, and are so light they do not weigh it down. Besides having feathers to help its flight, the bird has little sac-like balloons inside the body which are filled with air from the lungs and from which the air passes into the bones and other parts of the body, making the bird light so that it can fly in the air.

Birds sing so sweetly because their voice-box is made differently from that of other animals. Instead of being near the throat as ours is, it is in the breast. The walls of a bird's voice-box are thin and instead of having cords stretched across there is a thin valve which works like an organ reed.

Edna Bland of Eastford, Ontario, writes that she is twelve years old and would like to correspond with some Cornerites about her own age. Thanks for the poem about the Rose. We will try and print it, but just now so many Cornerites have sent us verses that we would require the whole page each month to print them all.

Tina Froese of Winkler, Manitoba, is another welcome addition to our Corner. Tina is fourteen years old and sends us in a description of a good trick. We are putting the trick in the contest we told you about in our August number, the result of which will be in the November Corner.

Marion Patton, 312 Hampton Street, St. James, Manitoba, writes to tell us how much she enjoys reading about the "Adventures of Puppy" and the little talks about France. Marion was twelve on May 5th and is wondering if she has a twin among the Cornerites. Thank you Marion for the poem called "September."

Walter Koski, Nemegos, Ont., sends us in a true story about a bear and some poetry he composed. We have not enough space to print the poetry, Walter, but here is the story about your bear:

"Once a trapper caught a little baby black bear and gave it to me. He was a nice little fellow and he followed me everywhere I went. Once he killed a bird and I put the bear whom I called Blacky on a chain and collar. One night he got loose. Mother had left a milk pot outside. Somehow he got the cover off the pot and drank all the milk.

In the morning he was found with the pot stuck tight on his head. Then I had to part with him because Mother did not want him around."

Letters of thanks were received from Sylvia and Betty Tillard of Lousana, Alta., both of whom are pleased with their buttons—Sylvia won a star.

We have a letter from Lambeth, Ont., written by a Margaret, but she does not tell us her last name.

All of the following have sent in nice verses, which we will try and publish later:

Elvera Mills, 1229 Lorne Ave., Brandon, Man.; Colin Jones, 1610 East 10th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.; Annie Babouska, Wapipiter, Ont.; Mary and Edna Lund, Dowling, Alta.; Ada Jack, Kitscoty, Alta.; Margaret Halliday, Assiniboia, Sask.; Helen Servage, no address; Aletha Smith, Kitscoty, Alta.; Olive Boles, Oberon, Man.

Just as we were going to press, we received an interesting letter from a new Cornerite—one of our cousins across the line—Denise Eileen Ortman, 5811 Manton Avenue, Chicago, Ill. You are very welcome to our Corner, Denise, and doubtless some of our older Cornerites will correspond with you. Denise writes a very interesting letter and we are publishing part of it as you will all like to hear about Chicago.

"Last week we went down town to visit the Adler Planetarium, which we had never seen. It is a round-domed building, built right out into Lake Michigan. We climbed the stone steps and entered through the glass doors, made of a special cut-glass, so that when the sun shines

through them it causes hundreds of rainbows to gleam all over the Great Hall. We had heaps of fun standing directly in the sunlight, making our slippers and dresses seem to be made of rainbows. Inside the Planetarium we found an art gallery containing endless photographs of sun-spots, nebulae, planets and the like, which we were not extremely interested in—but it did make us realize how vast the universe is. There were quaint old hour-glasses, sun-dials, and maps of the sky and of the earth, when people believed it to be flat. To explain the cause of night and day, summer and winter, there was a small model showing the revolution of the earth about the sun, and in turn, the moon revolving about the earth. After watching this for some time, we mounted a small winding stairway and went up to the top of the building. It was lovely up there, with the cool lake breeze blowing. We stayed for a long time watching the white caps on the green waves and the gulls and the tiny sailboats—at least they seemed tiny from up there. On our other side we had a perfect view of the skyline—which is much prettier at night, I think—with millions of lights twinkling from the black skyscrapers; the illuminated Wrigley Building, the old Water Tower like a fairy castle, the tall Palmolive Building with the Lindbergh Beacon Light flashing from it, easily seen at a distance of one hundred miles, and the many huge electric signs. It takes your breath away at night. In the daytime it is very, very noisy and busy with crowds of people, who are always in a hurry, bustling by.

We also visited the Shedd Aquarium. It is a much larger building than the Planetarium, and we were quite tired after going through, but not at all sorry we had come. Truly, I never dreamed there could be so many fish in all this world. We saw huge, ugly sharks with sharp, pointed teeth and then tiny tropical fish no larger than my smallest finger-nail. We saw great snapping-turtles and wee mud turtles and odd tortoises.

If I may write again, I will tell you of the adventure we had getting lost in the museum, of the queer things we saw there, and the good time we had going home. (Sounds like the "Adventures of a City Girl.")

THE FRENCH PICTURE



Our Friend, the Postman

Wherever we are, the letter-carrier always seems a good friend but most of all when we are living amongst people who do not speak our language. The French man who comes round with his tin box is a welcome visitor especially when he has a letter for "Miss." The box must be rather heavy for a man who has a large number of letters to deliver but it is very convenient when it rains because it has a lid which shuts down and protects the letters. In France the letter-carrier always brings a calendar for every householder on January 1. This is his New Year's gift and the person who receives it is expected to make a suitable acknowledgment in money. All such gifts as these are always given on New Year's day and not on Christmas day in France. The man in the picture was specially pleased when he was snapped because he was due to retire from the service a week later."

PARIS DECREES FOR WINTER STYLES

Continued from page 55

large nickel twists for belt buckles, and rope and leather belts used around the neck as well as the waist. Wooden buttons were another innovation in contrasting colors.

Another collection showed a very arresting model, for street wear, in plaid material in large red and green diagonal squares with an emerald-green wool coat cut with a triangular line in the back. The sleeves were specially new with their fulness caught at the elbow. Other street coats had boat-shaped capes over each shoulder. They were all of medium length lacking three or four inches of reaching the ankle bone.

A coat model in broad cloth in soft shades of begonia pink was greeted enthusiastically, especially as it was trimmed with soft grey fox fur.

Black broadcloth was also used to make up a very distinguished afternoon coat, lined through with ermine. Ermine bands at the elbows accentuated the new broadening of the upper part of the silhouette. A distinct note of this large and handsome collection was the mixing of broadcloth and fur, and the diagonal pin tucks taken at the back and sides of the garments to bring them to the desired slender fitting.

This new season's showings presented a bewildering variety of charming creations in materials. Again Rodier put forth some of his inimitable designs, some of which included nothing less than wool thread mixed and woven with rabbit hair. Shaved rabbit fur having been the rage of last season, made up into short coats, the breeders have the idea of using the waste hair into the weaving of a new cloth. The result is beautiful, soft, light and warm.

Blue polka dots, green polka dots on dark grounds, colored stripes of all hues are the favorite patterns to lighten dark and grey winter days.

Diagonals are leading the mode in closely woven, thin woollens with the diagonal ridges separated as in velvet corduroy, an inch or an inch and a half apart, giving the effect of cording in heavy coat materials.

Silk and wool is also a favorite melange for dress goods, as well as jersey in many new patterns and weave.

It is expected that velvet will enjoy a sweeping vogue this winter, specially the kind with a dull finish which looks like chamois-cloth. The new fuchsia tone with its tendencies towards violets and reds will tempt many. White and black is predicted to be successful again this season for evening wear, being always smart, and in the note. It is also becoming to almost every kind of complexion and hair.

Belts are a much talked about accessory. Among the newest are those made of a chain of gold colored metal evolved by a designer who has also created clasps of great richness, to go with them. Looped string, hemp, rope belts finished with a button hole to slip a large knot through are the latest word for sport wear, while short rubber belts, that stretch to the waist size, are made in all colors, and braided with narrow, round strips of rubber. These fastened also with a knot slipped through a noose.

Metal plays a very important role in this season's trimmings. Sheet brass, and white metal looking like gold, and silver are made into smart bands and braids for dresses and hats. A belt of sheet brass with buckle relieved agreeably the severity of a very simple one-piece frock worn lately by a very stylish Frenchwoman.

Lace of all kinds, including cotton thread lace, is occupying a very prominent place in this season's collections, and so are little capes, tiny jackets, and scarves which are wrapped around the silhouette in cape-like effects. They are made of fur, heavy crepe and velvets. The newest "old style" is the short Victorian jacket worn with a small muff large enough to warm the tips of the fingers.

HAVING feasted our eyes on gowns, coats and such, we went to see what the milliners had to offer us for this season. We were well rewarded, for the modistes have done wonders and their showings are most stimulating.

"Hats are at last different this season!" These were the words on everybody's lips, after having viewed the different collections. One of the most striking notes of this winter's headgear is the placing of trimmings at the tip of the front. This departure is most charming, and quite in keeping with the new silhouette. Whether the hat is small or large, it announces its vintage by being tipped decidedly over one eye and sporting a jaunty bow or a saucy quill right above one's nose. Needless to say how much style, and carefree allure this touch gives my lady who seems immediately to look the world in the eye, and snap her fingers at depression, crisis, and other of this sad world's ills and worries.

The size of hats is another important question that milliners have happily solved by creating so many styles and varieties that everyone will find a "chapeau" to suit features, age, and head size. Uniformity is absolutely banished from the world of hatmakers and each woman will have a chance at last to show her individuality and personality.

The evening hat, which in the gay 1900 was an object of large proportions and many feathers which, worn at the theatre, absolutely obliterated the stage, has reappeared but in discreet manner. Although it is very small it has graduated from a mere hair ornament and insists on being a hat. A smart woman dining out at a restaurant, or going to the theatre, cannot ignore it if she wants to be well dressed.

Many of these, to avoid the suggestion of heaviness, have cut crowns showing the hair through, others are cleverly rolled turbans around a latticed crown.

Materials are as appealing as the new hats. Designers have called to their aid more rich fabrics this year than they have for many seasons back. The new felts, taupes, hatter's plush, reversible felts which can be worked on both sides, angora cloths and the heavy crepes are all mediums which bring creations to a new height of achievement.

Color too is richer this season than ever before. With the anticipated, never failing, success of black as a foundation, milliners have decided to enlighten it with brightness. Ruby is the favorite shade of Agnes, Mado's has chosen a very appealing shade of "ashes of roses" and wine. "Capucines" which is what we call nasturtiums, both as trimming and combination for entire hats, allied with warm rust-red and rich browns give all the richness required to go with luxurious furs and cosy winter coats.

Nothing is thus left for women's heart to desire, and Jack Frost with his accompanying cortege will be almost welcome if only to procure the occasion for my lady to wear all her pretty winter finery.



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CONSTIPATION



The Makers of History

WITHOUT leaders in public life, without the great men in other fields than statesmanship who originate and plan and organize, there could be no progress. And it is right that such men should be spoken of as makers of history. It is no less undeniably true that the real makers of history will be in the future, as they have been in the past, not so much the great men to whose doings the writers of history have usually given more attention than they have given to the forces which actually have shaped human destinies as the men and women who carry on the everyday work of their various occupations and so keep the world (including the great men) going. It is by the brains and hands of the men and women who make up the mass of humanity that the world's work is done.

On Becoming Set in Our Ways

WHEN we are young there is usually no lack of persons to tell us that this or that habit is one that we should break. But as the years carry us on in life there are fewer such advisers. There are fewer people to tell us that we should not become set in our ways, that we should realize that little things that do not really matter should not be insisted on, and that we should not want to have things about us "just so," because we have accustomed ourselves to having them "just so." When a person begins to feel set in his ways he should pull himself up. One should not allow individual habits to become rigidly fixed, so as to be a kind of framework or container in which one lives and moves and has his being, like a tortoise in its shell. To guard against that helps a person to continue young in spirit. But to feel that every little thing which has become habitual is important—this is to grow old.

"Where Never Falls the Snow"

SOME letters from Honolulu which The Philosopher has had the privilege of reading have not restored in his mind the glamor which those "enchanted isles in southern seas" had for him for years after he first read about them in romantic books of travel. Life is not at all as lovely in the South Sea islands, with the surf breaking drowsily on their gleaming sands, with their opalescent lagoons fringed with palms and with their happy, care-free natives wreathed in flowers and performing dances when not disporting themselves in the water or playing ukuleles and singing in the golden twilight, as northern readers of those books liked to believe. One of the letters which The Philosopher has been reading says: "It is amazing to one going to the tropics to discover how overwhelmingly enervating the heat can be." The truth is that such climates do not produce bodily, mental or moral vigor. Energy, self-control and other qualities necessary to progress and to true satisfaction in life are not strengthened in northerners who go to live in such a climate. Such characteristics do not take root and grow strong where snow never falls.

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THE NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

The subscription price of The National Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

Character

A GOOD many years ago in Ottawa The Philosopher heard that a certain young politician asked a man who had been in public life a long time how he could "make some money on the side." The reply was made scornfully, "By having something you are willing to sell." The older man meant his words, of course, to apply to men in positions of trust, as all men in public life are pre-eminently. But a man does not have to be in public life to be in a position of trust. Of what use is any man who is without a sense of his obligations as a man? Of what use is a man if he is not dependable? Character is not easy to define, but among the things it means are a sense of duty, a capacity for unselfishness, a steadfastness in enduring adversity and a high pride in the honor which keeps a man true to his pledged word. Faithfulness is the measure of a man's honor, and the measure of a man's honor is the measure of the man.

On Being Thin-Skinned

A YOUNG woman asked The Philosopher how she could overcome her sensitiveness. He said to her in all kindness that it might help her sometimes to remember that in many cases sensitiveness is nothing but inverted conceit. In saying that, he was not speaking unsympathetically and with cruel lack of understanding. On the contrary, he was suggesting a method which he had been advised to use on himself when he was a sufferer from youthful sensitiveness. Unhappy is the person with an abnormally thin skin in this rough world. Such a person can only do his best to toughen his skin. But in nearly all cases, including The Philosopher's, the reason why people so often feel slighted is because they have altogether too great an idea of their own importance and expect more attention and consideration than they receive or deserve. Wise is the person who rightly and happily realizes his little importance in this great world. Such realization is a basic virtue of the great-hearted.

Boys and Girls in School

"WHERE boys and girls are given the same teaching and the same examinations," said an educationist speaking recently in Toronto, "the highest boy usually obtains a higher percentage than the highest girl and the lowest boy a lower percentage than the lowest girl." And he added: "Why is this? I do not know." The Philosopher remembers that when he was at school most of the boys, including himself, tried to do the smallest amount of work that would save them from trouble. He does not remember any case of a boy working harder to please a teacher, but he remembers hearing of many cases of girls working to please a teacher. Girls are, perhaps, more influenced by a desire to please somebody than boys are and they are more ambitious to shine. Boys who work hard are likely to do so from a desire to get the job done. But, no doubt, the answer to the whole question is not quite so easy as all that.

An Appreciation

THIS page is dedicated to our hundred thousand subscribers west of the Great Lakes; to the newer audience now nearing the same total in the Eastern Provinces and Newfoundland; and to the ever increasing number of advertisers who have pledged their faith in this magazine.

¶ To those in the *West* who have watched us grow in the past thirty-two years from a small sixteen page publication to a magazine with the greatest per capita coverage anywhere, we tender our most sincere thanks. Your confidence in the magazine has in no small measure been responsible for our determination to build up a periodical worthy of the finest Canadian traditions. You have assured us by your continued patronage that our efforts have not been in vain. With this assurance the Monthly was introduced in the East. The result has fully justified our decision to "go national."

¶ We greatly appreciate the reception that has been accorded us throughout the *Eastern Provinces and Newfoundland* in the past year. Never has a magazine in Canada enjoyed such an acceptance as has been ours. The goodwill of our newer readers will be reciprocated through a continual betterment of the magazine month by month. We feel sure that as the Monthly has become an integral part of the Canadian West in the past three decades it will soon be as firmly entrenched throughout the East.

¶ To Our Advertisers. Your continued confidence has not gone unrewarded. Mechanical and editorial innovations from time to time have consistently raised the standard of the magazine. It has been our privilege in the past year to give more for the advertising dollar than ever before, and in 1933 we continue a most liberal bonus circulation policy. As we are delivering the greatest guaranteed circulation of all Canadian magazines in 1932, so may we be relied upon to offer the greatest benefits in the future.

¶ In conclusion, it is hardly necessary, in view of the remarkable success of the Monthly's expansion policy, to offer an explanation of the change in name of the publication. National as it is in spirit and circulation, it is only appropriate that its title also should be Dominion wide. We, therefore, introduce with this, the October number, the new name as the final episode in the most popular move in Canadian magazine history.

The Publishers

Wake up smiling

with this Westclox alarm

QUIET TICK LETS YOU SLEEP

Big Ben keeps still at night. He is as quiet as a watch. No noisy ticking to disturb your rest. Sweet, deep sleep until morning.



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"Time to get up," Big Ben calls gently. No nerve-shattering racket to jerk you out of bed and rouse the whole family. Big Ben's first call is soft, pleasing, gentle.



THEN HE SHOUTS

But if you just won't heed his first call and turn off the alarm, Big Ben shouts. This beautiful new clock speaks firmly when necessary. His loud, clear reserve call insists that you get up.



Big Ben, head of the Westclox family, sells at \$4.75 (plain dial) and \$5.75 (luminous dial).

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WITH QUIET TICK AND 2 VOICES
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WHAT *the* WORLD is SAYING



"S-h-h-h! Kleptomaniac!"

And Advertising Of Many Another

Adversity has been the making of many a man.—Neepawa Press.

Some Of It Still Tastes That Way

Coffee was first used in England as a medicine.—London Observer.

But He Does Not Remember Her Age

A wise husband never forgets his wife's birthday.—Dundee Courier.

Doesn't Any Name With Z's In It Look Hot?

Zizia, in northern Africa, is the world's hottest spot.—Scientific American.

But Look Where She Placed Our Ears

Nature never intended human beings to wear spectacles.—British Medical Journal.

Do Such People Often Read Anything Very Good?

Some people always believe the worst things they read.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Or As Bad As She Sometimes Tells Him He Is

A man is seldom as good as his wife tells other people he is.—Montreal La Presse.

And What An Eugenie Hat Was Like

In a few short years children may be asking who Al Capone was.—Chicago Tribune.

And Even More Necessary In Not Fighting

Footwork, Mr. Jack Sharkey says, is of great importance in fighting.—Detroit Free Press.

It's Seldom That All He Gets Is Up

An old truth worth keeping in mind is that it's the early bird gets the worm.—Indian Head News.

He Forgot The Fellow Who Is Simply A Bellows

"Every man must be a hammer, or an anvil, in this life," wrote the poet Longfellow.—Nanaimo Herald.

And Can Get Along On Less When He Has To

It is still as true as ever it was that man really "wants but little here below."—Calcutta Englishman.

Especially When The Police Have Prints

An English scientist says that a man's character is readily revealed by his thumbs.—Quebec Soleil.

They Were Discovered In This Century

Silk stockings, which Queen Elizabeth was the first woman in England to wear, were invented in the sixteenth century.—London Illustrated News.

Painful, But, No Doubt, Painless

We have read of a scientist who has put a window in a cow, through which to study the action of the digestive organs.—Charlottetown Guardian.

Getting The Right Managing Partner

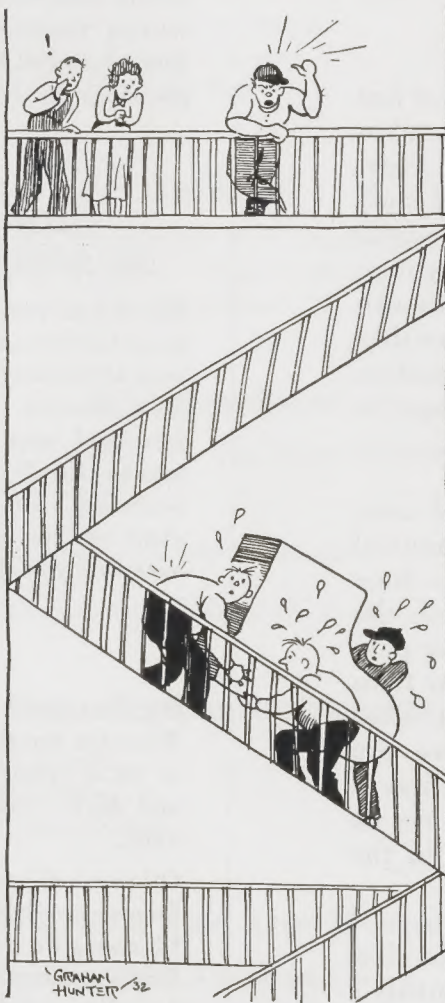
It often happens that success is the reward that a man gets for marrying the right wife and then following the directions.—Red Deer Advocate.

Health Should Not Be One-Sided

We are not at all surprised to see a ruddy glow of health on a maiden's cheek, but it does surprise us to see one cheek glowing more than the other.—Galt Reporter.

Apparently Brevity Is The Soul Of "It"

"Sex appeal," writes a novelist, "is a phrase that did not find itself on every tongue until the arrival of the era of short skirts."—Glasgow Herald.



Head Mover: "Wot 'cha stallin' for, yuh sissies! Dat's only a baby grand!!"

Or, Maybe, A Pair Of Silk Stockings

When the cotton plant is growing "way down South in the cotton fields," it doesn't know whether it is going to be a pail of lard or a bottle of olive oil.—Milwaukee Journal.

We Wonder What He Said

A man in Arkansas who had lost his speech as the result of a nervous shock had it restored by the kick of a mule.—Duluth Herald.

She Is Probably All Of Twenty-six By Now

A postcard sent in 1922 bearing good wishes for her twentieth birthday has just been received by a girl in London.—Yorkshire Post.

But How About Selling It At A Profit?

There is no getting away from the fact that what a man sows he reaps.—Peace River Record.

How About A Housewife After A Moth?

Moderns have nothing to equal the old classic dances in vigor and swiftness of motion.—London Passing Show.

A Blubber A Day Keeps Them Happy And Gay

An explorer says that Eskimos rarely weep. Still it is a fact that they have their daily blubber.—Revelstoke Review.

Imagine The Effect Of An 18-Carat Wink!

The latest words from the beauty parlors of Hollywood is of detachable eyelashes tipped with gold.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

With Us, Quite A Few Do It For Nothing

In the moving picture theatres in Japan they hire a man to tell the story of a film as it moves along.—London Telegraph.

There Really Ought To Be A Law About It

There is such a thing as letting inventors go too far. One is reported to have invented a self-playing saxophone.—Selkirk Herald.

Men Don't Have To Worry About Complexions

A leading authority in psychology says that men overcome inferiority complexes with less effort than women.—London New Statesman.

There's A Polar Bareness Of Traffic, As Yet

A proposed air route to China will pass above the North Pole. Eventually, no doubt, there will be red and green lights on the Pole, and what the Americans call a "traffic cop" there.—London Morning Post.

Clothing Dealers In Mexico Will Not Like Them

The Doukhobors' latest idea of a country that will be more suitable than Canada for their peculiar ideas is Mexico. But we wonder how much the Mexicans will get to like the Doukhobors when they get to know them.—Montreal Devoir.

Such Things As The Cactus, For Example

The Doukhobors may find that there are many things in Mexico that they had not taken into account in their consideration of the advantages of moving to that country.—Regina Leader-Post.

Well, She Might See A Golden Wedding

A film star visiting in England said she expected to see several things she had never seen in Hollywood. Which is about as brainy a remark as was to be expected from her.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.



"Evenin' Burbank! Yer garden's lookin' good!"

Why does **CRISCO** digest easily? Its pure, sweet taste will tell you



24¢ SPICY FIG ROLL

1/2 lb. dried figs	DIGESTIBLE PASTRY:
1 1/2 cups warm water	
1/2 cup sugar	1 1/2 cups flour
2 slices lemon, chopped	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup vinegar	1/2 cup Crisco
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon	4-6 tablespoons cold water
1/4 teaspoon cloves	

Chop figs. Soak in warm water 1 hour. Add other ingredients. Cook slowly 20 minutes, until thick. Cool.

Then make *digestible* Crisco pastry: Sift flour and salt. Cut in Crisco coarsely. Add just enough water to hold dry ingredients together. Roll out. Spread with fig filling. Roll like jelly roll. Put roll, pieced side down, in Criscoed pan. Prick top. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20 minutes. Serve hot with *Foamy Sauce*: Beat 1 egg lightly; slowly add 1/2 cup brown sugar. Add 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons hot water, beating all the time. Cook over hot water. Stir until slightly thickened. Serve hot.



62¢ VEAL FIESTAS

1 1/2 lbs. veal steak	3 large onions, sliced
1 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup chili sauce
1/2 teaspoon pepper	1 1/2 cups hot water
2 tablespoons flour	1/2 cup grated cheese
4 tablespoons Crisco	1 1/2 cups cooked macaroni

Buy veal from lower hind shank. Have it cut into 6 very thin slices—or pound them thin. Season, then dredge in flour. Heat skillet, add Crisco. Fry veal briskly until brown on both sides. (Fry with Crisco, the *digestible* fat!) Cover with onions. Add chili sauce and hot water. Cover skillet. Transfer to moderately hot oven (375° F.) or cook slowly over burner about 30 minutes. Remove cover. Sprinkle in grated cheese. Bake until cheese melts. Remove Veal Fiestas to platter. Put cooked macaroni in skillet. Stir in gravy until heated. Serve as border.



48¢ PUT-TOGETHER

3/4 lb. flank steak (or left-over beef roast)	1 cup diced celery
4 tablespoons Crisco	1 cup tomato soup
3 onions, sliced	1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 green pepper, sliced	1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 cup left-over cooked vegetables	8 stuffed olives, sliced
	1 cup rice

Cut meat in very thin slices. Heat skillet, melt Crisco; fry meat rapidly until brown and crisp. (Crisco is a *digestible* frying fat.) Remove meat. Cook onion and pepper until soft. Add tomato soup, meat, celery, seasonings. Simmer until onions and celery are tender. Add left-over vegetables (peas, string beans or carrots) and olives. Serve with steamed rice.

Steamed Rice: Put washed, drained rice into top of double boiler with 1 quart boiling, salted water. Boil rapidly 5 minutes. Cover. Place over boiling water. Cook until rice absorbs water and is tender.



30¢ WESTERN HASH

3 tablespoons Crisco	2 cups chopped corned beef (cooked)
2 tablespoons chopped onion	2 cups cubed boiled potatoes
1 cup milk or water	

Melt Crisco in frying pan. Add onion. Brown slightly. (Crisco is a *digestible* frying fat.) Mix other ingredients. Add to onions. Mix thoroughly. Then spread out evenly. Cook slowly. As bottom browns, keep lifting and cutting it in, so that crusty bits are worked through hash. Just before removing from skillet, fold hash over like an omelet. Serve with—

Fried Apple Rings: Select 2 or 3 large perfect cooking apples. Cut into 1/2 inch slices. Core. Melt 3 tablespoons Crisco in skillet. When hot, add apple rings. Fry on both sides until nicely browned. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. Fill centers with jelly.

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Which of these
THRIFT DISHES
do you like best?

 They are as digestible as they are good-to-eat

I wish I could be looking over your shoulder now. I'd love to know which of these delicious thrift recipes appeals to you most. Of course, I'm really hoping you'll try all four of them!

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I believe in protecting your digestions, too. So my recipes call for Crisco, the pure *digestible* shortening. I have learned to distrust heavy greasy fats that turn smelly and rancid—*indigestible*.

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